VOGUE

60¢

Feb. 15

The new shape-news—is it for you?

The new shoe beauty—three-ounce sensation

"They loved each other"
by Emlyn Williams

Beauty is in the I. Q.
of the beholder

Fascinating woman's clothes plan
for a life centred around her own house

ADVANCED EDITION

TWO NEW TYPES

NEW
SUPER HOLD
Beautiful Hair
Breck
Hair Set Mist
New
SUPER HOLD
Beautiful Hair
Breck
Hair Set Mist
THE ORIGINAL
Breck
HAIR SET MIST
NEW
GENTLE HOLD
Beautiful Hair
Breck
Hair Set Mist
New
GENTLE HOLD

A NEW SUPER HOLD AND A NEW GENTLE HOLD ADDED TO

Breck Hair Set Mist

Two new types, Super Hold and Gentle Hold, have been added to Breck Hair Set Mist. New Super Hold is for hard-to-manage hair and styles, New Gentle Hold is for soft styles. Original Breck Hair Set Mist has a medium hold, best for most hair types and styles. All three, with lanolin, hold curls softly in place without stiffness or stickiness.

- Use after combing, to hold hair in place
- Use before combing — style as you comb
- Use to set hair

Beautiful Hair

BRECK

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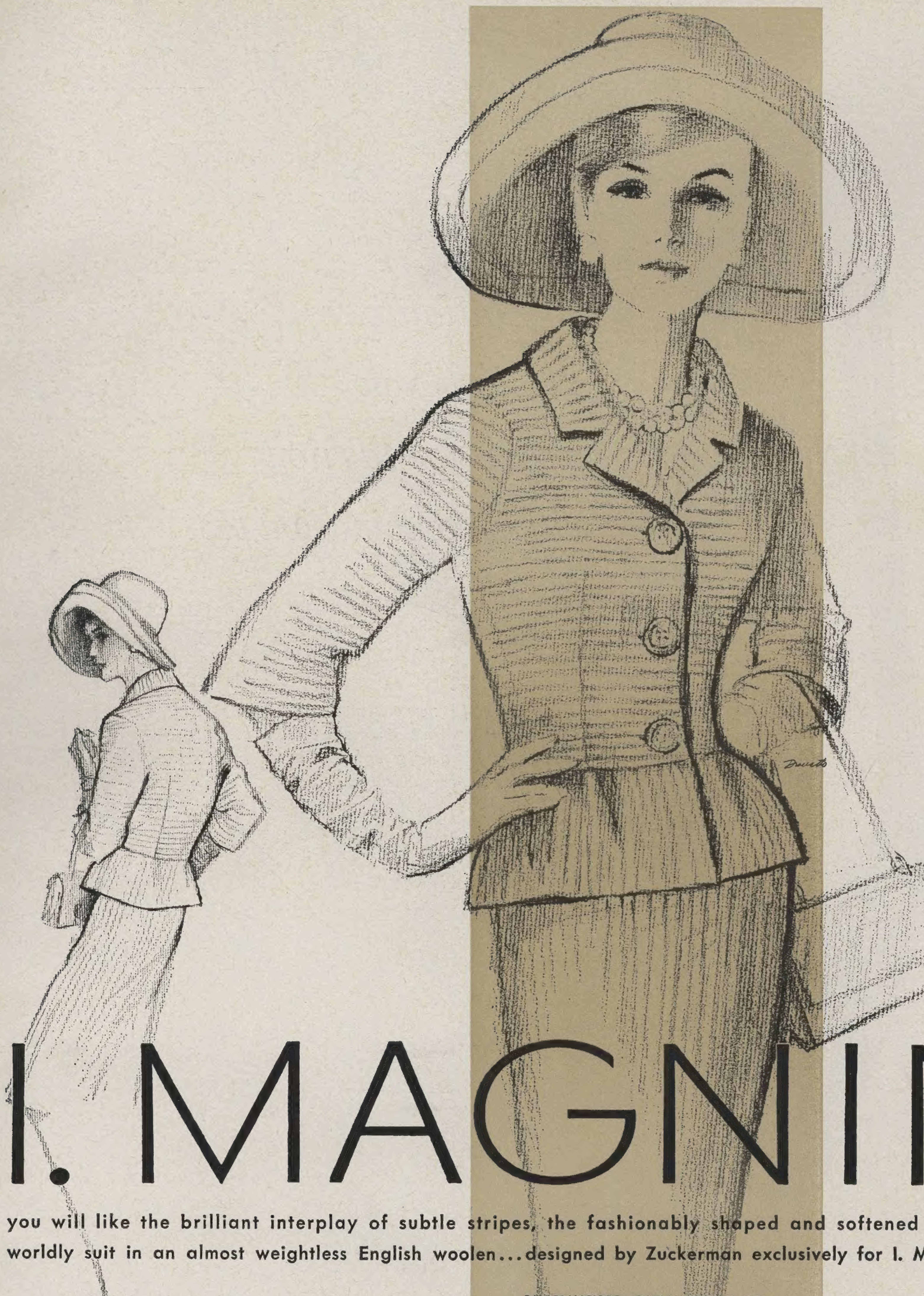
New Super Hold, New Gentle Hold, Original Breck Hair Set Mist: 2 oz. size 65¢, 8 oz. size $1.50. Plus tax.



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& CO.

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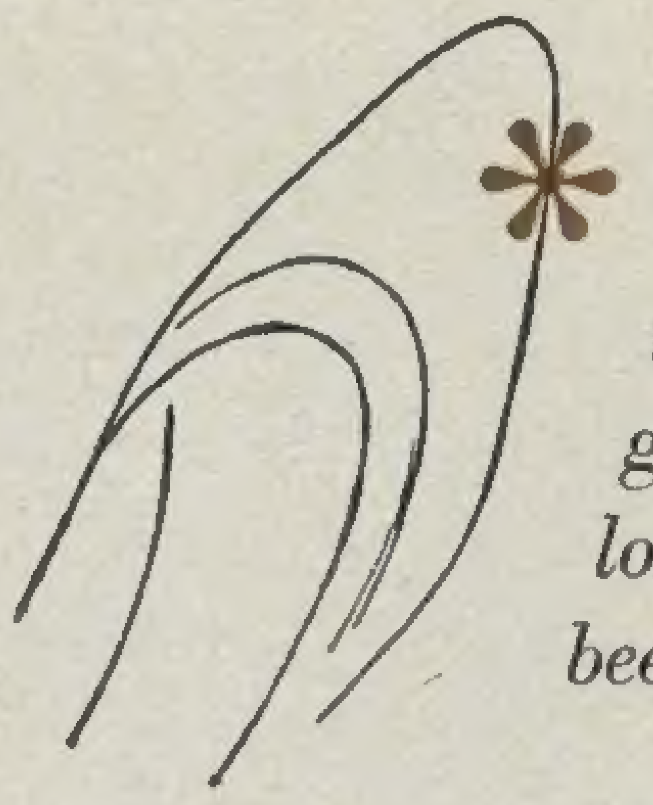
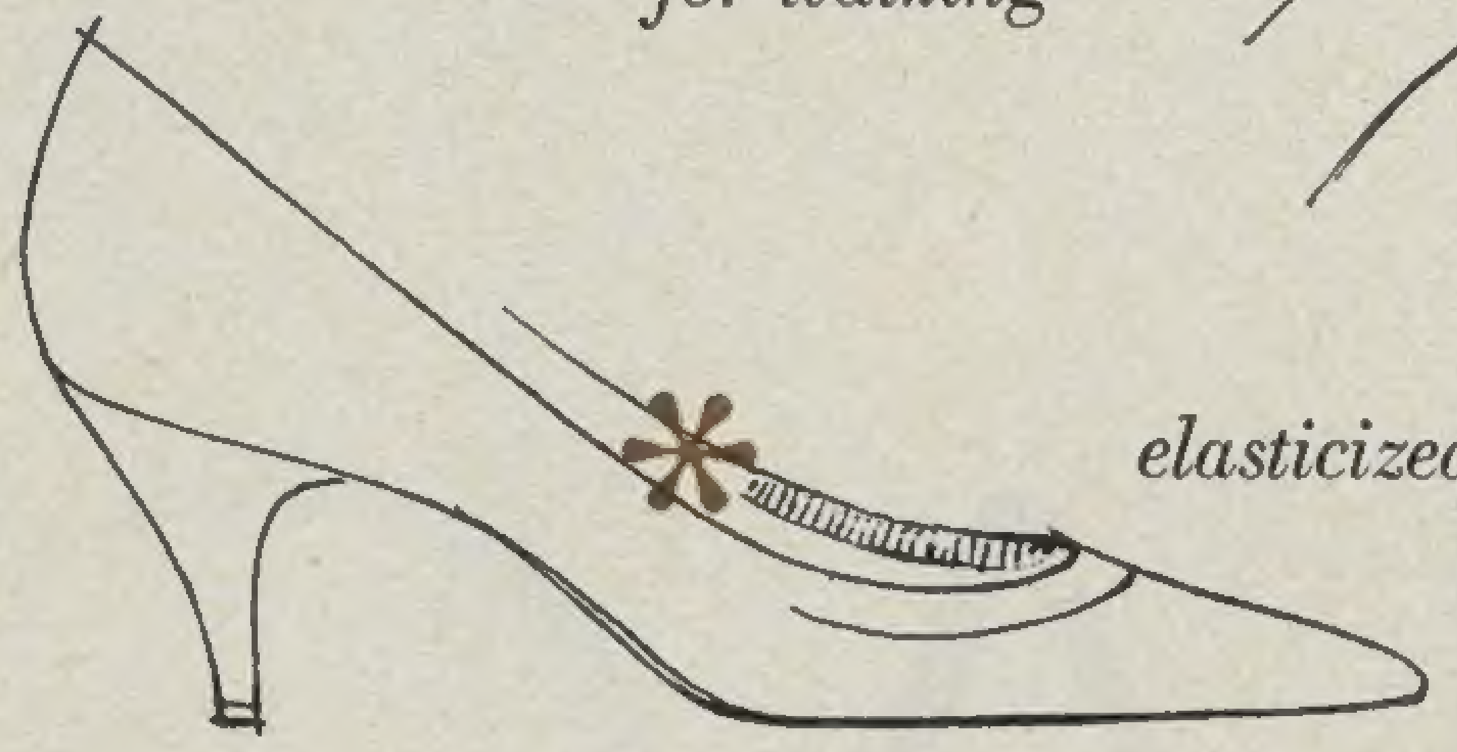
brings you
crescent-toe fashion
with a combination last



new crescent toe
gives you comfort you've been
looking for but haven't
been able to find

mid-heel is graceful—
yet comfortable
for walking



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To bring you shoes that represent America's biggest dollar's worth today, we use leather as well as a wide variety of materials including fiber and plastic products, textiles and metals—all of which have been thoroughly tested in Brown Shoe Company's Quality Control Laboratories. NATURALIZER DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. Also manufactured by Brown Shoe Company of Canada, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are four Vogues: American, French, British, Australian   I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

FEBRUARY 15, 1962

COVER

The new shape-news— is it for you?

The new shoe beauty— three-ounce sensation

PALUMBO

Sun-drenched yellow suit with an extra jolt of fashion impact from out of the blue—the unexpected lasso of sky-blue scarf. The way it's worn is new, too—it's looped on like a necklace, has a pin in pendant position (which, incidentally, anchors the scarf). The suit jacket is brief, faintly curvy, over a lightly-flared skirt. By Frechtel, of Anglo wool, about $145. Scarf by Echo; pin and ring by Brania. All at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Suit also at Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. The lipstick is one of Coty's Pure Brights; this, Pure Cherry (details, page 139). Free and easy hair by Marc of Coiffures Americana.

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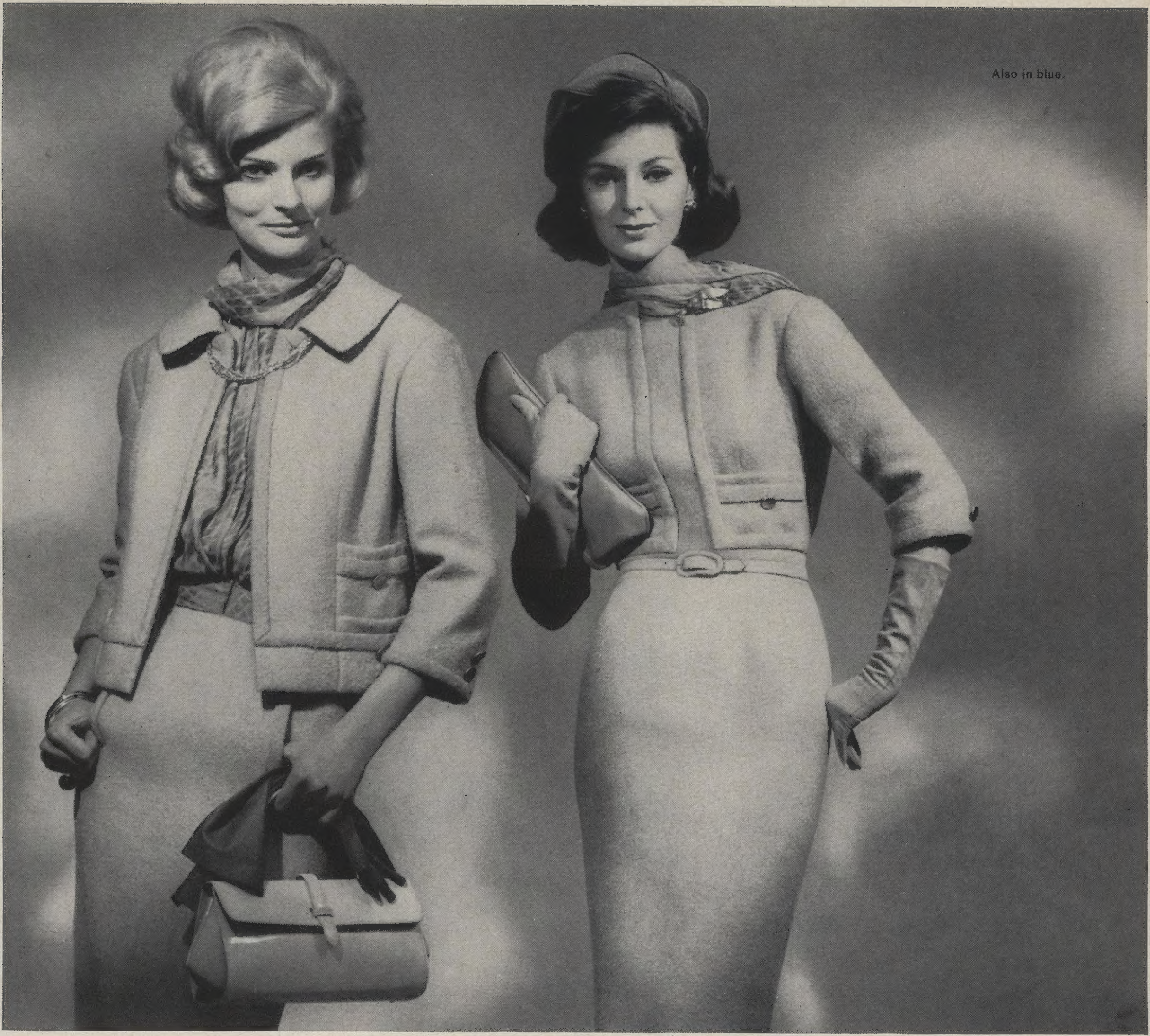

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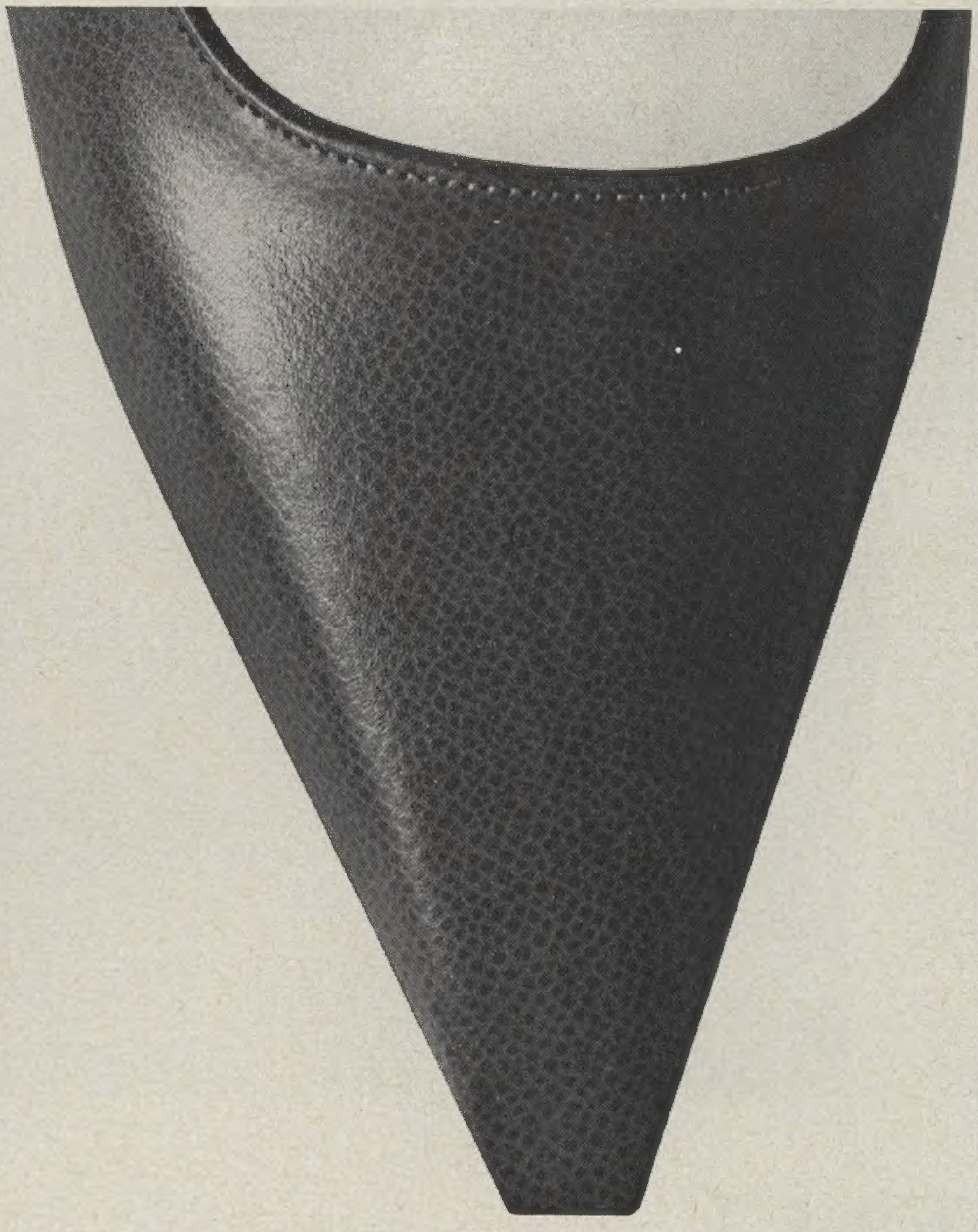

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The Geller Baguette was created especially to flatter the foot and to reflect the new fine-boned look of spring fashions.

Nothing could be more 1962.

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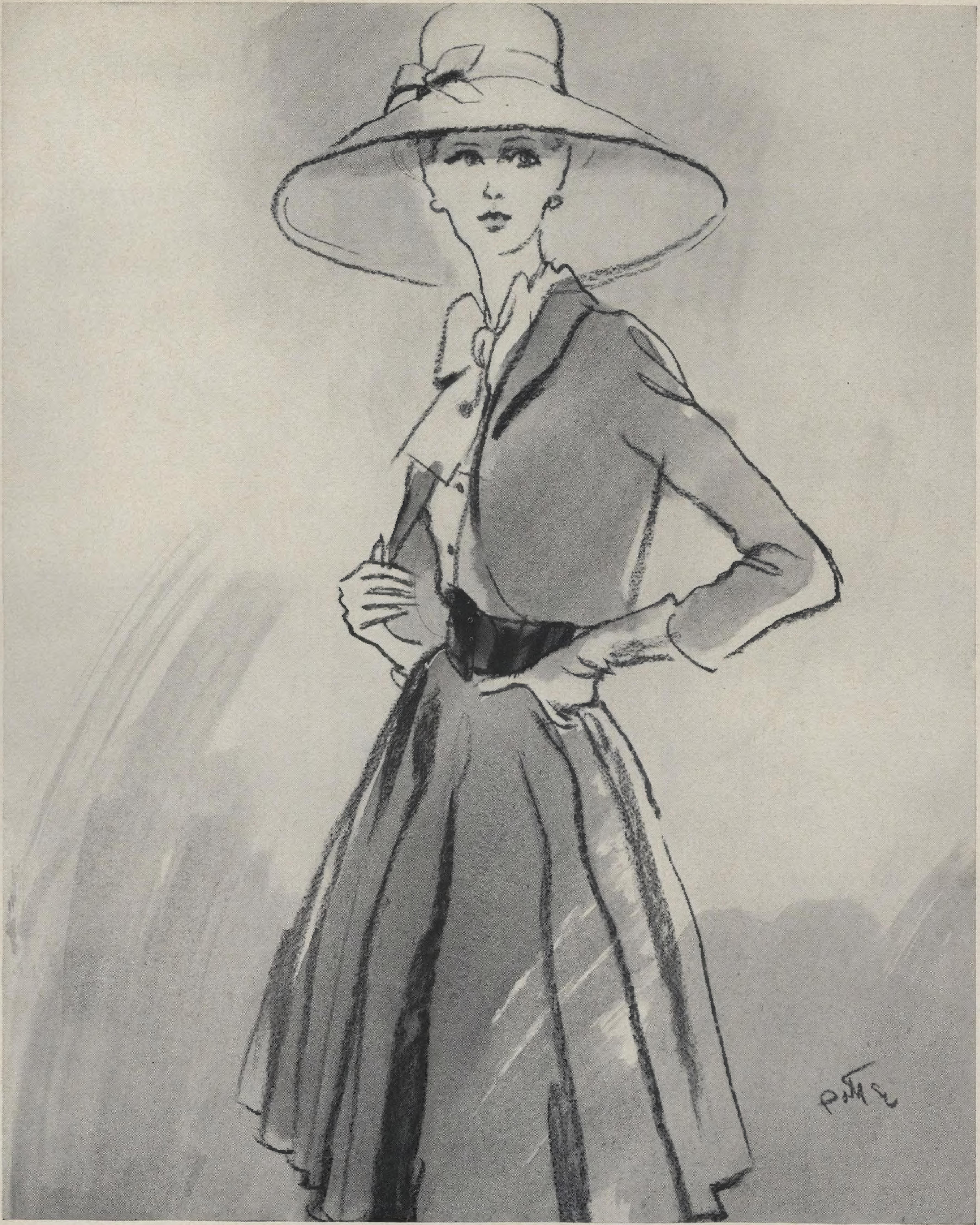
At fine stores in leading cities and in New York at

Andrew Geller 18W57



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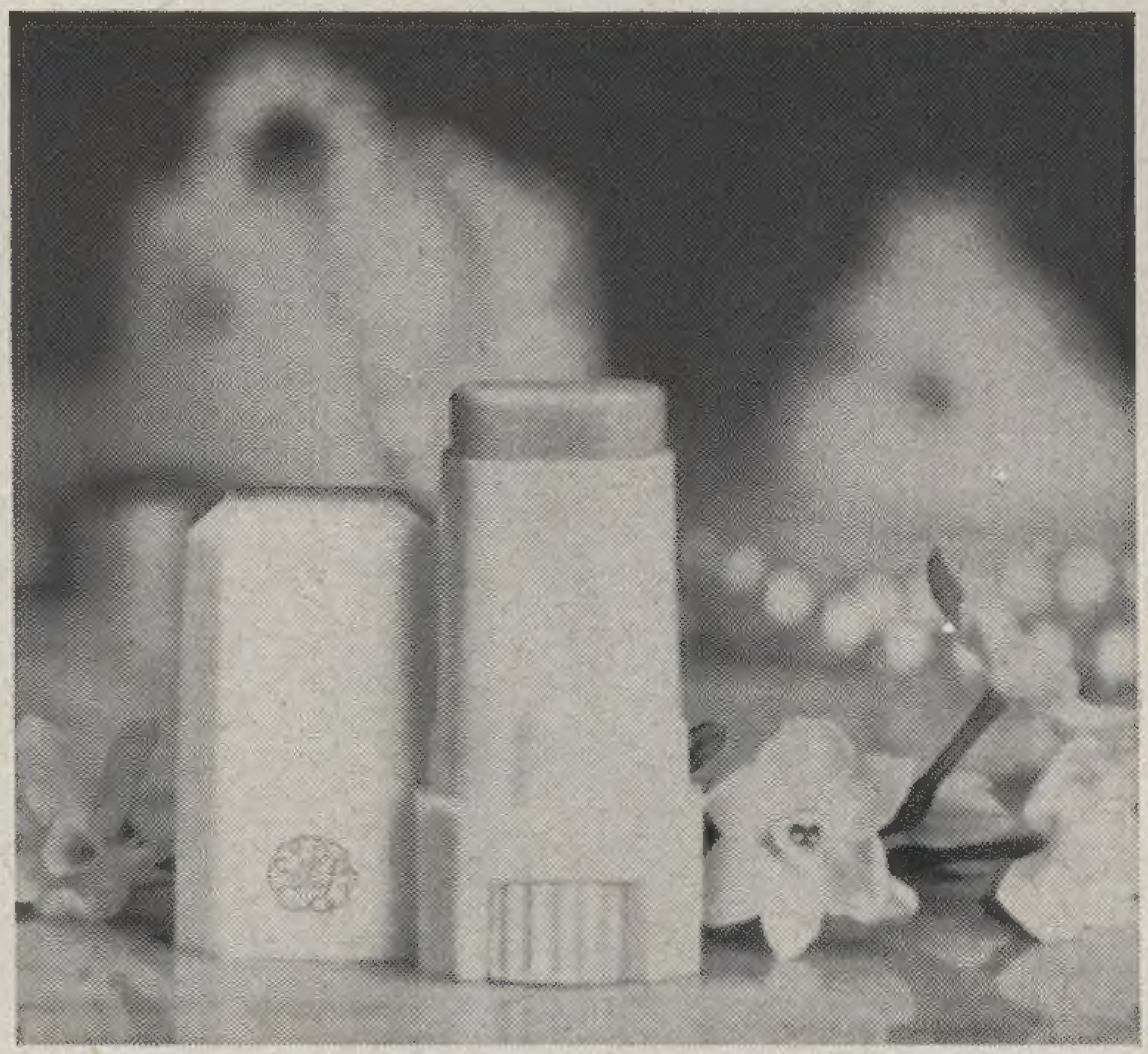

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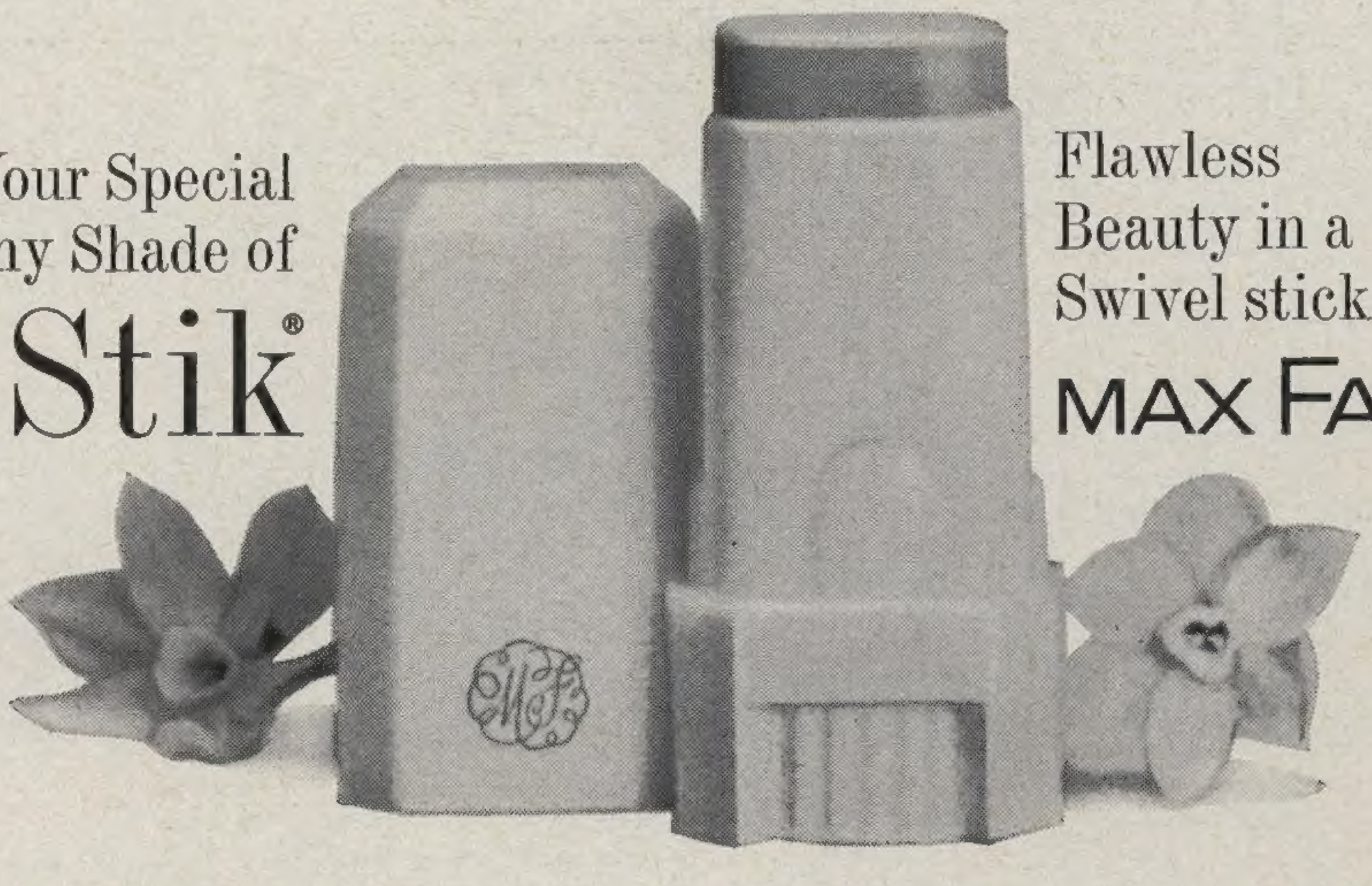

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Beauty in a
Swivel stick by
MAX FACTOR

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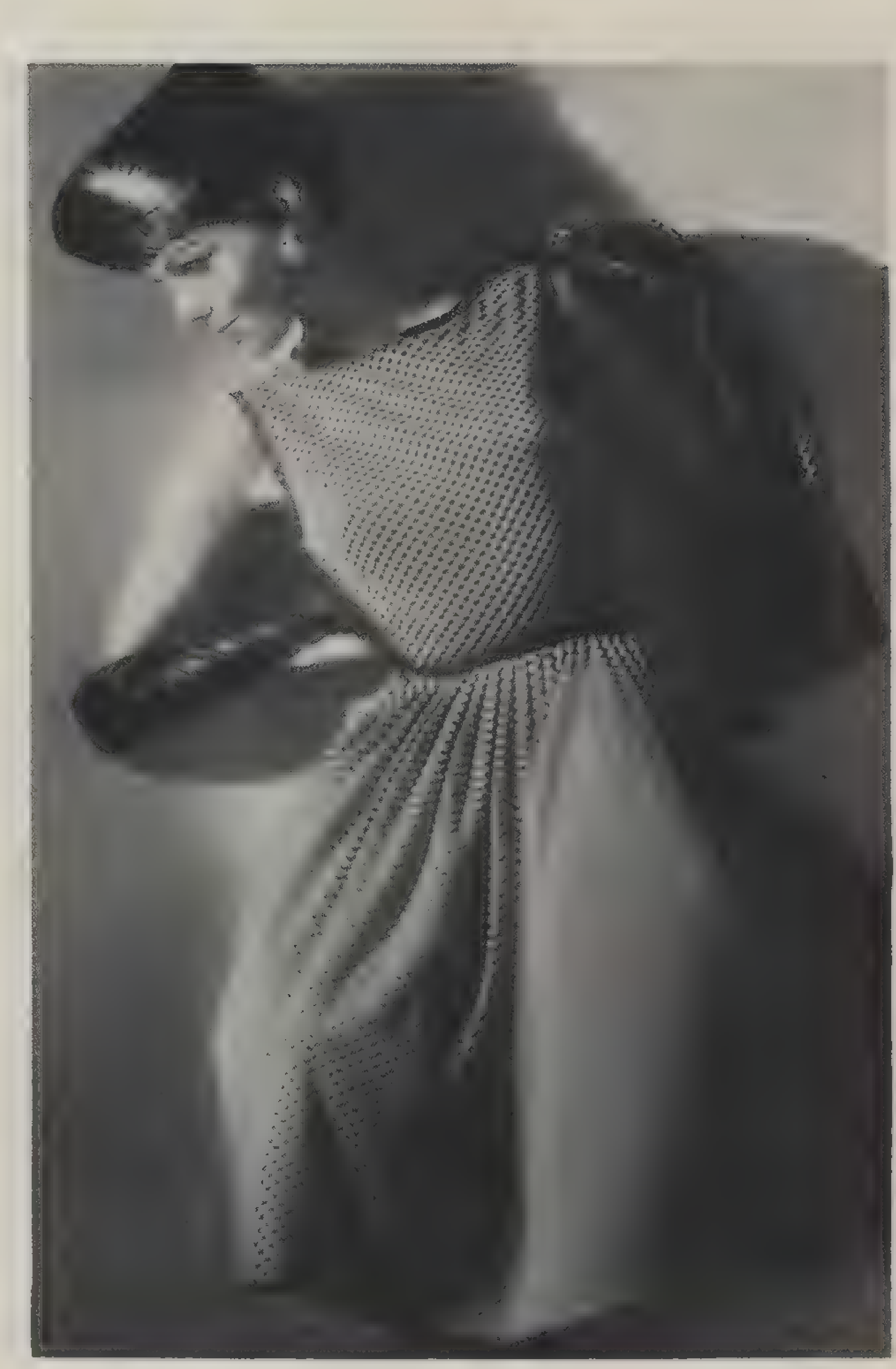
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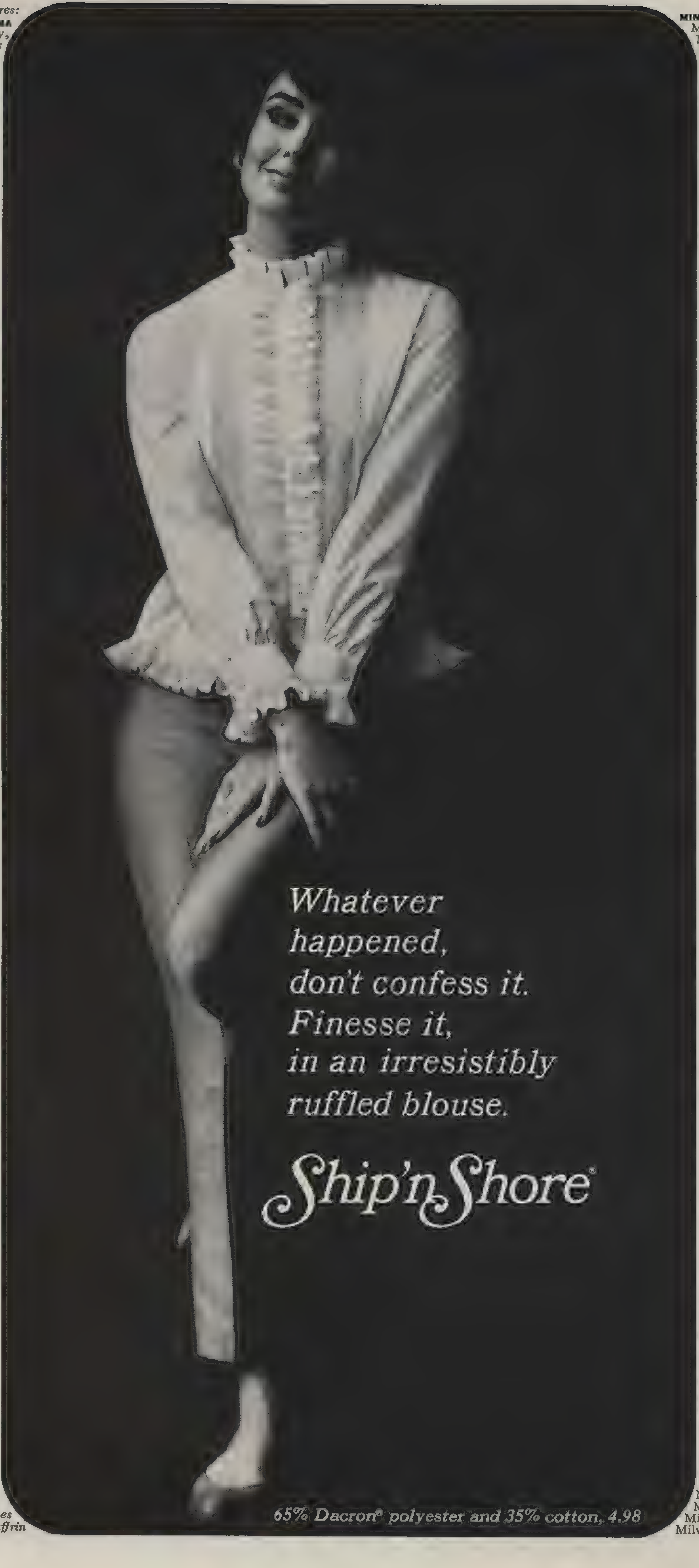
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Baton Rouge; *Goudchaux's*

MAINE
Bangor; *Freese's Inc.*
Biddeford; *Butler's Dept. Store*
Portland;*Porteous,Mitchell&Braun*
Portland; *Rines Bros. Co.*

MARYLAND
Baltimore; *Hochschild Kohn*

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston; *Conrad & Chandler & branches*
Boston; *Gilchrist's*
Boston, Framingham, Malden, andPeabody;*JordanMarsh*
Boston;ChestnutHill;*R.H.Stearns*
Fall River, Lowell, Lawrence; *Cherry & Webb*
Fall River; *R. A. McWhirr Co.*
Lowell; *A. G. Pollard Co.*
Lynn; *Burrows & Sanborn*
Lynn; *T. W. Rogers*
New Bedford; *Cherry & Co.*
NewBedford;*NewBedfordDryGds*
Pittsfield; *England Brothers*
Springfield; *Forbes & Wallace*
Springfield,Holyoke;*AlbertSteiger*
Waltham; *Grover Cronin Inc.*
Waltham; *Parke Snow Inc.*
Worcester; *Denholm & McKay*
Worcester; *R. H. White Co.*

MICHIGAN
Detroit; *Crowley's & branches*
Detroit; *Hughes Hatcher-Suffrin*

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis; *Daytons & branches*
Minneapolis; *Powers & branches*
St. Paul; *The Emporium*

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson; *S. P. McRae Co.*

MISSOURI
Kansas City; *Emery Bird Thayer*
Kansas City; *The Jones Store*
St. Louis; *Famous-Barr Co.*

NEBRASKA
Lincoln; *Gold & Co.*
Omaha; *Brandeis & branch*
Omaha; *Kilpatrick's*

NEW JERSEY
Elizabeth,Plainfield;*R.J.Goerke*
Elizabeth; *Levy Bros.*
Newark; *Bamberger's & branches*

NEW YORK
Albany; *Whitney's*
Binghamton; *McLean's & branches*
Buffalo; *Wm. Hengerer & branches*
Buffalo; *Hens & Kelly & branches*
NewYork;*ArnoldConstable&branches*
New York; *Gimbels & branches*
New York; *Macy's & branches*
New York; *Saks-34th*
Niagara Falls, Tonawanda, andMil-PinePlaza;*JenssStores*
Rochester; *McCurdy's*
Rochester; *Sibley's*
Syracuse;*C.E.Chappell&branches*
Syracuse; *E. W. Edwards & Son*
Westchester; *Genung's, all stores*

NORTH CAROLINA
Burlington; *Sellars Dept. Store*
Charlotte; *Belk Bros. Co.*
Charlotte, Asheville; *Bon Marche*
Greensboro; *Belk's*

OHIO
Akron; *M. O'Neil's & branches*
Ashtabula, Painesville, and Warren; *Carlisle-Allen*
Athens; *Altman's*
Cincinnati; *McAlpin's & branches*
Cincinnati; *Mabley's & branches*
Cincinnati;*Shillito's&Tri-County*
Cleveland, Parma, and University Hts.; *May Co.*
Columbus; *F. & R. Lazarus Co.*
Columbus;*TheUnionCo.&branches*
Dayton;*MetropolitanCo.&branches*
Dayton; *Rike's*
Lima; *Gregg's*
Lima; *The Leader*
Mt. Vernon; *Ringwalt's*
Toledo; *Lamson Bros. & branches*
Youngstown; *G. M. McKelvey Co.*
Youngstown; *Strouss-Hirshberg's*

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City; *John A. Brown*
Tulsa; *Vandevers*

OREGON
Portland; *Lipman's & branches*
Portland;*Meier&Frank&branches*
Portland; *Rhodes*

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown; *Hess's*
Erie; *The Boston Store*
Harrisburg; *Feller's*
Johnstown; *Penn Traffic Co.*
Philadelphia;*Dewees&branches*
Philadelphia; *Gimbels & branches*
Philadelphia; *Lit Bros. & branches*
Philadelphia;*Snellenburg's&branches*
Philadelphia;*Wanamaker's&branches*
Pittsburgh; *Gimbel's*
Pittsburgh; *Jos. Horne & branches*
Scranton; *Scranton Dry Goods*
Wilkes-Barre;*Fowler-Dick-Walker*
York, Hanover; *Bon-Ton's*

RHODE ISLAND
Providence, Newport, and Barrington; *Cherry & Webb*
Providence; *Gladding's & branches*
Providence; *Shepard Company*
Woonsocket; *McCarthy's*

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston; *Belk's & branches*
Columbia; *Davison-Paxon*

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga; *Loveman's*
Chattanooga; *Miller Bros.*
Memphis; *Goldsmith's*
Nashville; *Cain-Sloan Co.*
Nashville; *Chester's & branches*
Nashville; *Harvey Co.*

TEXAS
Dallas; *Ellen's Shops*
Ft. Worth; *R. E. Cox & Co.*
Ft. Worth; *Monnig's*
WichitaFalls;*McClurkan's&branch*

UTAH
Salt Lake City; *Z. C. M. I.*

VIRGINIA
Norfolk; *Smith-Welton*
Roanoke; *S. H. Heironimus Co.*

WASHINGTON
Seattle; *Bell's of Burien*
Seattle; *Bon Marche*
Seattle; *Rhodes*
Spokane; *The Crescent*
Tacoma, Lakewood; *Rhodes*

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston; *The Diamond*

WISCONSIN
Madison; *Harry S. Manchester*
Milwaukee; *Boston Store*
Milwaukee; *T. A. Chapman Co.*
Milwaukee; *Gimbel Bros.*
Milwaukee; *The Grand & branches*
Milwaukee; *Schuster's*

SHOE ILLUSTRATED "PATCH"

"Jacqueline, my dear, I'd take a great shine to you if you didn't just stand there on your little heels looking so blond and superior..."

"Well, really!"

"You are lovely...beauty patches and all..."

"Of all the..."

"Don't interrupt while I'm making love to you."

"Love! You're about as romantic as an old shoe!"

FINESSA by

Jacqueline

CONVERSATION-MAKING SHOES...12.99 TO 14.99

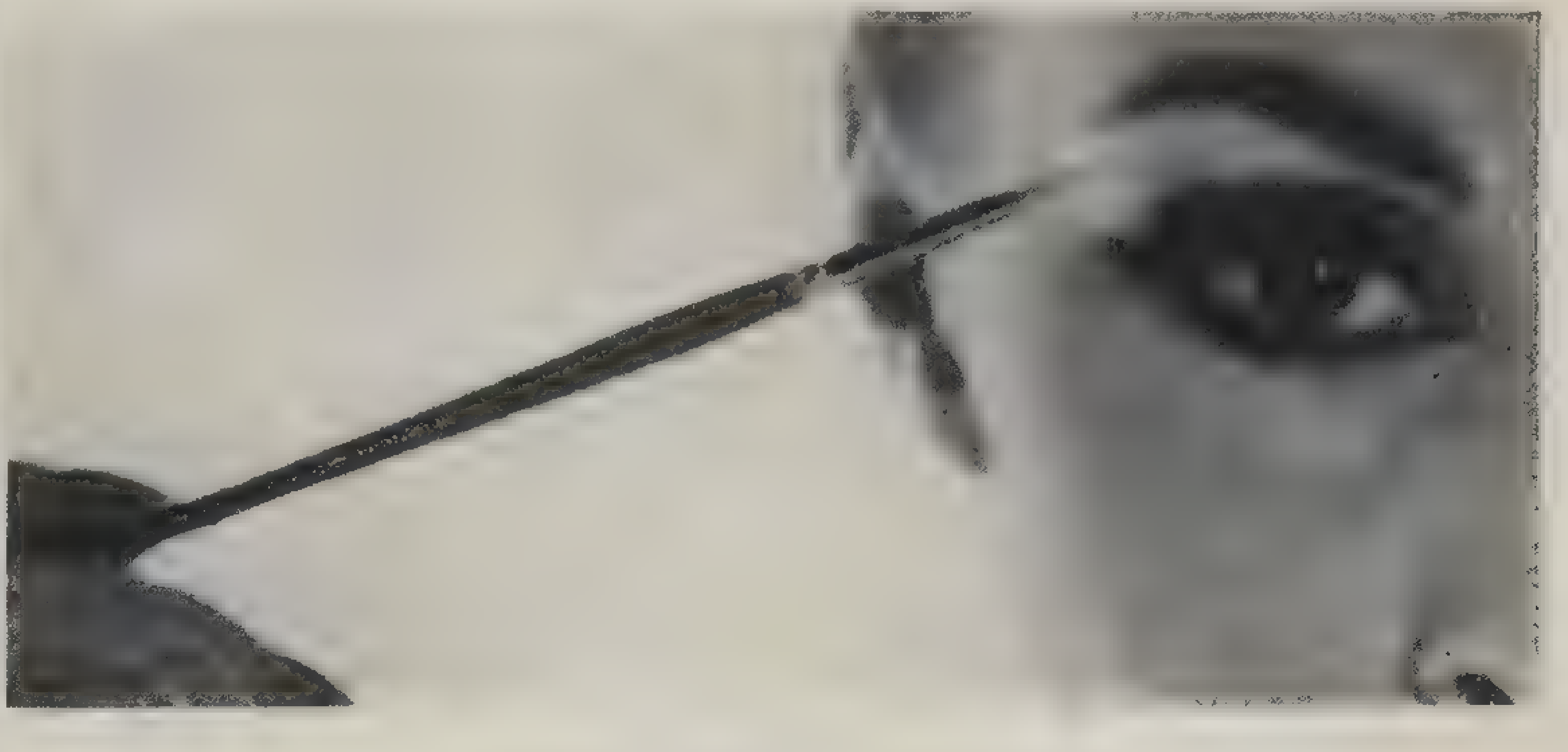
WOHL SHOE COMPANY/SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI/A Division of Brown Shoe Company

Zing! It's spring! Flip up your heels and be on your way in Confettis . . . soft, light, superbly comfortable. About $16.00. Where to buy? Write Confettis, 22 S. Sarah, St. Louis.

Confettis

NEWS AT EYE-LEVEL

New ingredient for eye make-ups: a silky treatment cream that's built into eye shadow and mascara now, so that lashes come out softer and more supple, and lids are smoothed, supplied with needed oils. There are two sorts of cream-filled mascara: one, the waterproof wand, the other the cake kind. The eye shadow comes as a matte-finish stick (for muted colourings); as a regular, non-matte stick; as a cream, potted in plastic; or in cakes, housed three shades at a time in a single slim tricorner case. All by Cutex. Eye pencils in the same line—automatic and wooden—have a colour range that includes both blond and auburn.



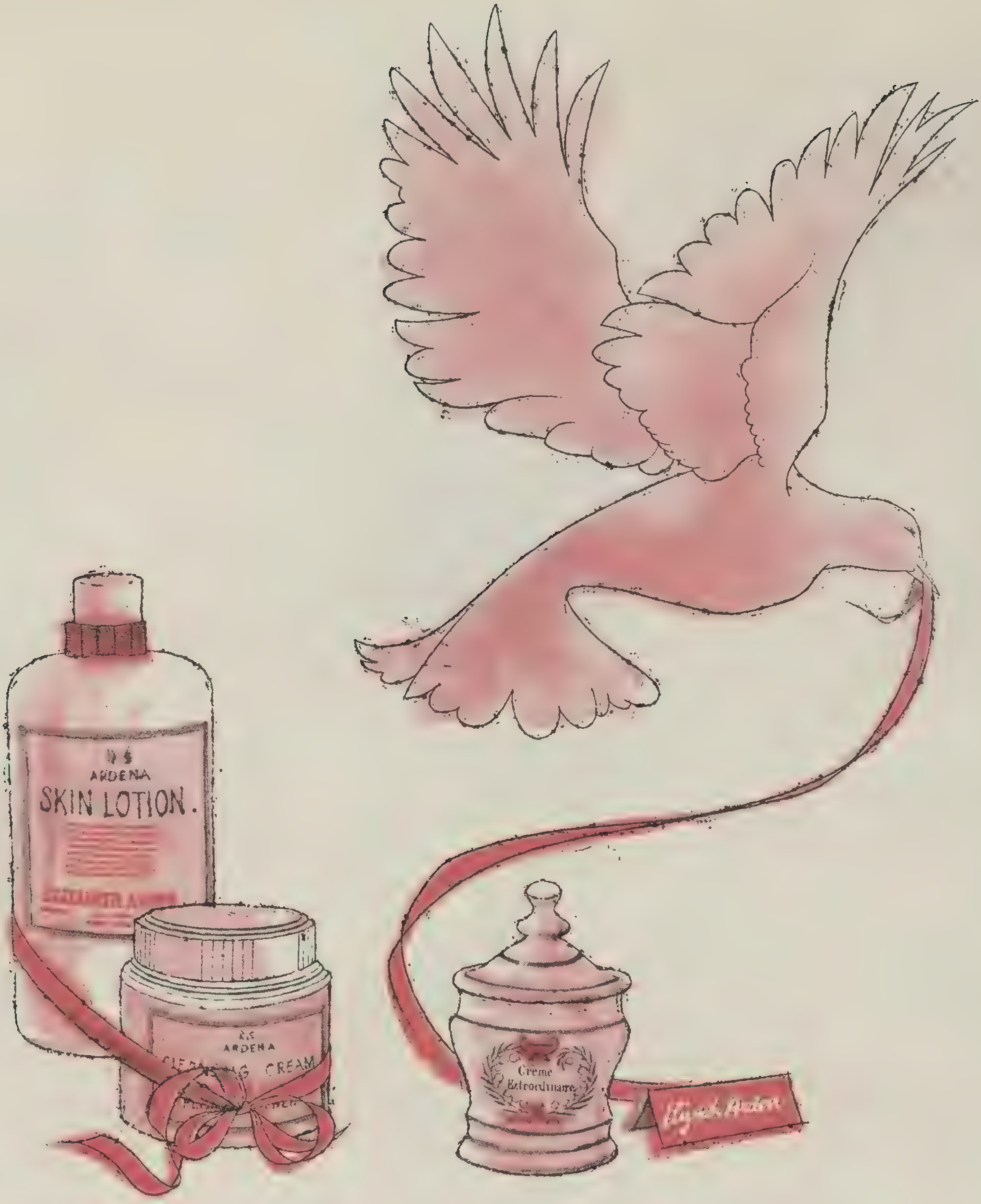
More news that meets the eye: a new compact of pressed powder eye shadow tucks a palette of five shades *and* a mirror into a wafer-thin, fan-shaped case that's small enough to carry even in this season's transistor handbags. The colours: three pastels, plus gold and silver for highlighting (these and other shades are all buyable as single refills). Called the Shadow-Plus Compact, by Lanolin Plus, $2 plus tax.

There's a new kind of matte eye shadow now—a fluid in a plastic tube. It flows on smoothly, evenly, stays that way for a record length of time. In eight colours: Eye Velvet by Revlon.

wheee!
Suddenly
Slim

Suddenly you're slimmer, your fashions fit, your good figure becomes perfect. Olga designs Suddenly Slim of wonder Lycra® spandex* with special side panels to slim hips. A unique double diamond center panel tucks tummies in. Suddenly Slim does everything for your figure that is possible with a girdle. By the First Lady of Under-fashions OLGA

SHOWN: SUDDENLY SLIM LONG-LEG PANTY, $12.95. OTHER SUDDENLY SLIM STYLES FROM $8.95 TO $22.50. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU AND FREE STYLE BOOKLET ON HOW TO BEAUTIFY YOUR FIGURE, WRITE OLGA, DEPT. V-2, 7915 HASKELL AVE., VAN NUYS, CALIF. *NYLON-ACETATE-SPANDEX POWER NET ©1962, OLGA CO.



Show your skin you really care

All the care you lavish on your skin is in vain if the preparations you use are right for someone else but wrong for you. Come into the pink world of Elizabeth Arden where beauty revolves around you. Elizabeth Arden Essentials offer an exquisite choice of cleansing, toning and smoothing treatments—selected for your skin by the Elizabeth Arden Consultant at your favored cosmetic counter. Treat yourself to this choice of individual care and it will always treat you well. For nothing in the whole world can ever do more to gratify and beautify your skin than Elizabeth Arden Essentials. This is one exquisite choice of Elizabeth Arden Essential Treatments:

Cleanse your skin morning and evening with the deep, pure action of Ardena Cleansing Cream, 2.25, 3.50, 6.00
Tone your skin, after thorough cleansing, with the refreshing virtues of Ardena Skin Lotion, 2.25, 3.50, 6.50
Smooth and nurture your skin overnight with the precious nutriments of Crème Extrordinaire, 4.50, 10.00, 20.00

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

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the shape of 1962

The first and only Lycra all-in-one
in all the world with Double Tulip Control.
Vanity Fair's newest success,
designed with a raised bosom line
that simply won't pull down.
Here is complete curve control that—
thanks to LYCRA®—performs
with no bones, no zipper, no rigidity
and (think of it!) weighs less than
7 ounces. One of Vanity Fair's
Underglows: Fashion lingerie and
foundations, color-cued to each other
and to everything you wear.
All-in-one shown in Ice, 22.50
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Today's most fashion-conscious sneakers come in a delicious array of colors from subtle darks to brilliant brights. Look for Mr. Sneekers where finer footwear is sold.

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Necklace, $18.50, matching bracelet, $12.50, and earrings, $5. plus tax at fine stores.

La Marquesa, ingenious twirls of tasseled jewelry in the golden manner of **Monet**

Suddenly
you're a temptress,
a tease...
tantalizing.

Blame it on the bra!

the world's first all-fabric molded bra–
no seams, no tucks, no plastics, no bones

What's more—Peter Pan's Impress*, with molded Plenium† shell inside cups for added contour, is machine washable. White, black, beige and pastel shades of blue, pink, green, yellow. Only 5.95. Also available in other fabrics and styles from 3.95.

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Van Raalte because
you love
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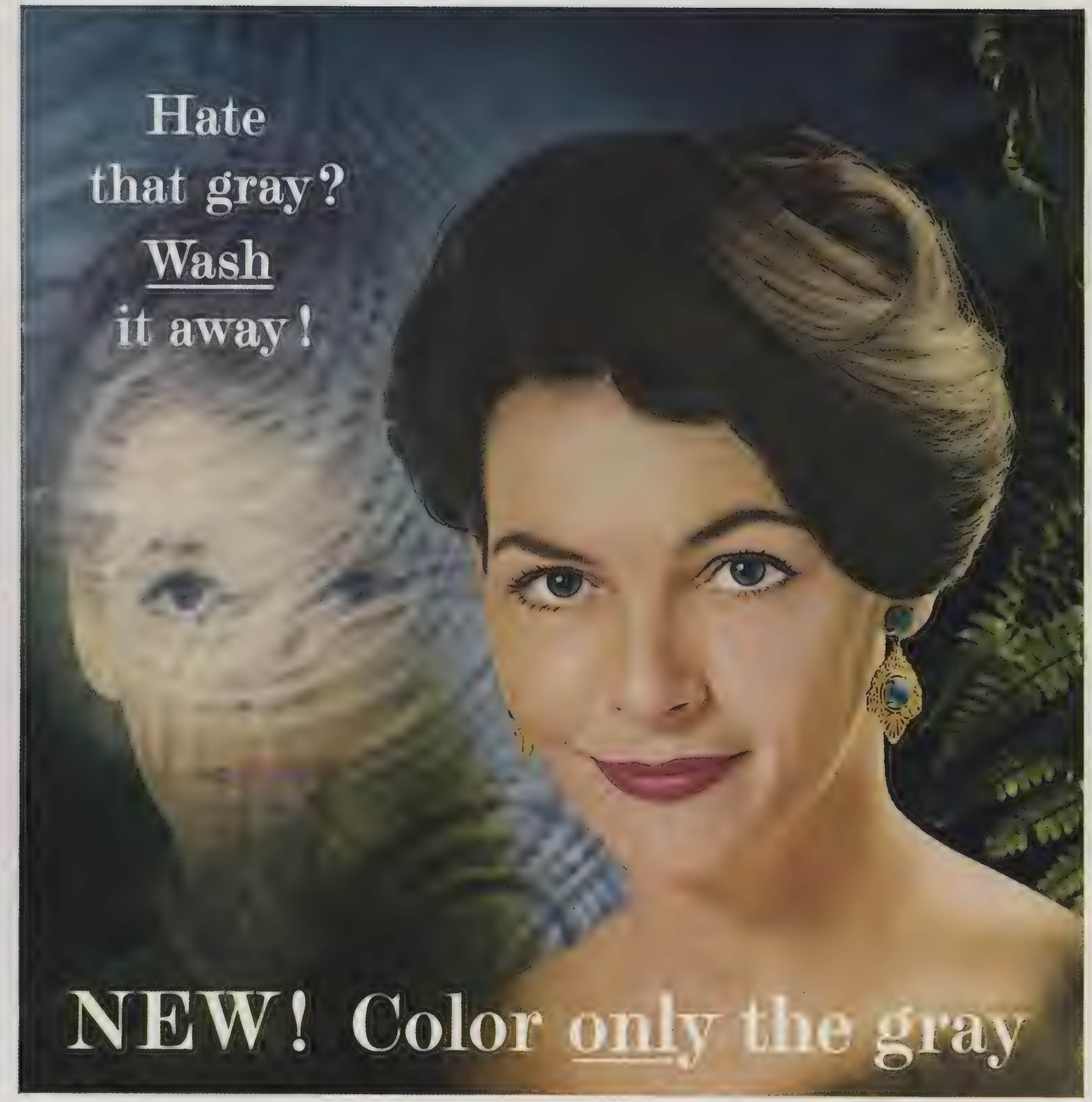
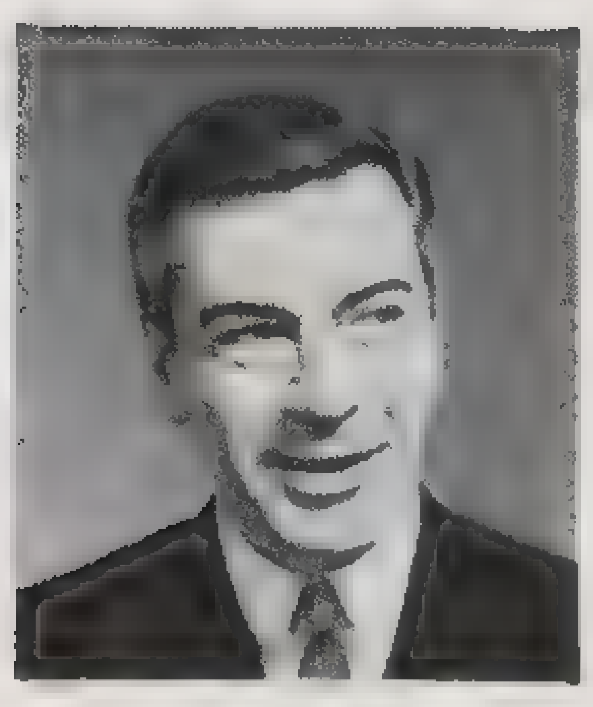
[illegible] In our own [illegible] of lavish Riviera Rose lace, designed and made by Van Raalte. [illegible]


Hate
that gray?
Wash
it away!
NEW! Color only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!



Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, just wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion. This great new discovery by Clairol gets rid of gray a wonderfully easy new way as it gives all your hair exciting vitality, a youthful sheen it hasn't seen in years!

Gently, so skillfully does this hair color lotion wash in young color that your natural shade, even if it's darkest black-brown, appears unchanged. Though gray is gone, all anyone sees is that you look prettier, younger, *after the very first* wash. It's that natural-looking.

No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from new and deeper black-brown to pale shining blonde. Just choose the tone most like your own. And about once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion. Loving Care won't rub off, won't brush off. Leaves your hair in better condition than ever. There is nothing else quite like it. You'll love it!

REPLACEMENT OR ★ REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Loving Care®

Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

not a tint . . . better than a rinse . . . Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

CLAIROL
CLAIROL
Loving Care
washes away only the gray
The effective new way to wash away gray without changing the natural shade

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superbamente!

THE SIMONETTA COLLECTION

Simply sensational—the new Simonetta Collection of spring and summer footwear, imagined by Rome's leading distaff designer, lasted exclusively by B.F.Goodrich and Hood Footwear. On the opposite page we've listed the stores that have these dashing shoes; and if you care a fig for Fashion, you'll go into the one nearest you and dance out in the most exciting sun-time footwear of the season! $8.95

These are the stores where you'll find the new resort footwear designed by

SIMONETTA

and lasted exclusively by B.F.Goodrich and Hood Footwear.

ALABAMA
Birmingham; *Southern Shoe Co.*
Mobile; *Damrich Shoe Co., Inc.*
Montgomery; *Al Levy's*

ARIZONA
Phoenix; *Hanny's*
Tucson; *Levy's Dept. Store*

CALIFORNIA
Arcata; *Hornbrook's Shoes*
Beverly Hills; *Joseph's*
Chico; *Moser & Co.*
Eureka; *Hornbrook's Shoes*
Lafayette; *Sutton's Shoes*
Pasadena; *Joyce Shoe Box*
Petaluma, Montgomery Village; *Smith's Shoe Store*
Redding; *Dicker's Shoe Box*
San Diego; *Joyce Shoe Box*
San Diego; *Muehling's Dept. Store*
Santa Barbara; *Rodenbeck's*
Santa Cruz; *Samuel Leask & Sons*
Santa Rosa; *Smith's Shoe Store*
Stockton; *Smith & Lang*
Ukiah; *Smith's Shoe Store*

COLORADO
Denver; *Fontius Shoe Co.*

CONNECTICUT
New Haven; *Hamilton & Company*

FLORIDA
Coral Gables; *The Bootery*
Daytona Beach; *Ivey's*
Jacksonville; *Nancy Scott*
Miami, Ft. Lauderdale; *Jordan Marsh*
Riviera Beach; *Bazaar Bootery*
Tampa, St. Petersburg, Clearwater, Lakeland, Sarasota; *Maas Brothers*

GEORGIA
Atlanta; *Thompson, Boland & Lee*

IDAHO
Idaho Falls; *Carroll's Inc.*
Lewiston; *Gregson's*

ILLINOIS
Aurora; *S. Sencenbaugh Co., Inc.*
Champaign; *Robeson's*
Chicago; *Crawford Dept. Store, Devon Ave.*
Chicago; *Madigans*
Danville; *Mosser's Shoes*
Highland Park; *Jay's Shoes*
Old Orchard, Skokie; Shopper Row, Glenview; *Country Cobbler*
Rockford; *D. J. Stewart Co.*

INDIANA
Ft.Wayne; *C & H Shoes*
Shelbyville; *Schoelch's Hub Shoes, Inc.*

KANSAS
Wichita; *Henry's Inc.*

KENTUCKY
Louisville; *Byck's*

MARYLAND
Cumberland; *Peskins, Inc.*

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston; *Jordan Marsh Company*
New Bedford; *Star Store*
Northampton; *MacDonald Shoes*

MICHIGAN
Muskegon; *Hosler's Shoe Dept.*
Detroit, Downtown, Eastland, Northland; *J. L. Hudson Co.*
Ionia; *Strand Shoes*

MINNESOTA
Duluth; *Duluth Glass Block Store Co.*
Minneapolis, South Dale, St. Paul; *Donaldson's Golden Rule*

MISSOURI
Kansas City; *Harzfeld's*
St. Louis; *Stix, Baer & Fuller*

MONTANA
Great Falls; *Carlson's Shoe Store*
Helena, Butte; *Gamer Shoe Co.*

NEBRASKA
Lincoln; *Miller & Paine*

NEVADA
Las Vegas; *French Bootier*

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park; *Tafsuns*

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque; *Paris Shoe Shop*

NEW YORK
Binghamton; *Parlor City Shoe Co.*
Endicott; *Endicott Shoe Company*
New York; *Best & Company*
New York; *Bonwit Teller*
Poughkeepsie; *Poe Shoe Corp.*
White Plains; *Costume Bootery*

OHIO
Akron; *M. O'Neil Co.*
Canton; *Shirley Shoes*
Columbus; *Union Co.*
Dayton; *Donenfeld's*
Shaker Hts.; *Chas. H. Lesher, Inc.*
Toledo, Lima; *Tana Marie*

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City; *Rothschilds*

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown; *Hess Bros., Inc.*
Erie; *Richard's Shoes*
Harrisburg; *Mary Sachs*
Philadelphia & Suburban Branches; *Geuting's*
Philadelphia; *I. Lewis Shoes*
Philadelphia; *John E. Warner*
Pittsburgh; *Joseph Horne Co.*
Pittsburgh; *Jonasson's*

RHODE ISLAND
Providence; *Shepard's*

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston; *Jas. F. Condon & Sons*
Charleston; *The Diamond*
Greenville; *Patton-Tilman & Bruce*
Spartanburg; *Wright-Scruggs*

TEXAS
Wichita Falls; *Perkins-Timberlake*

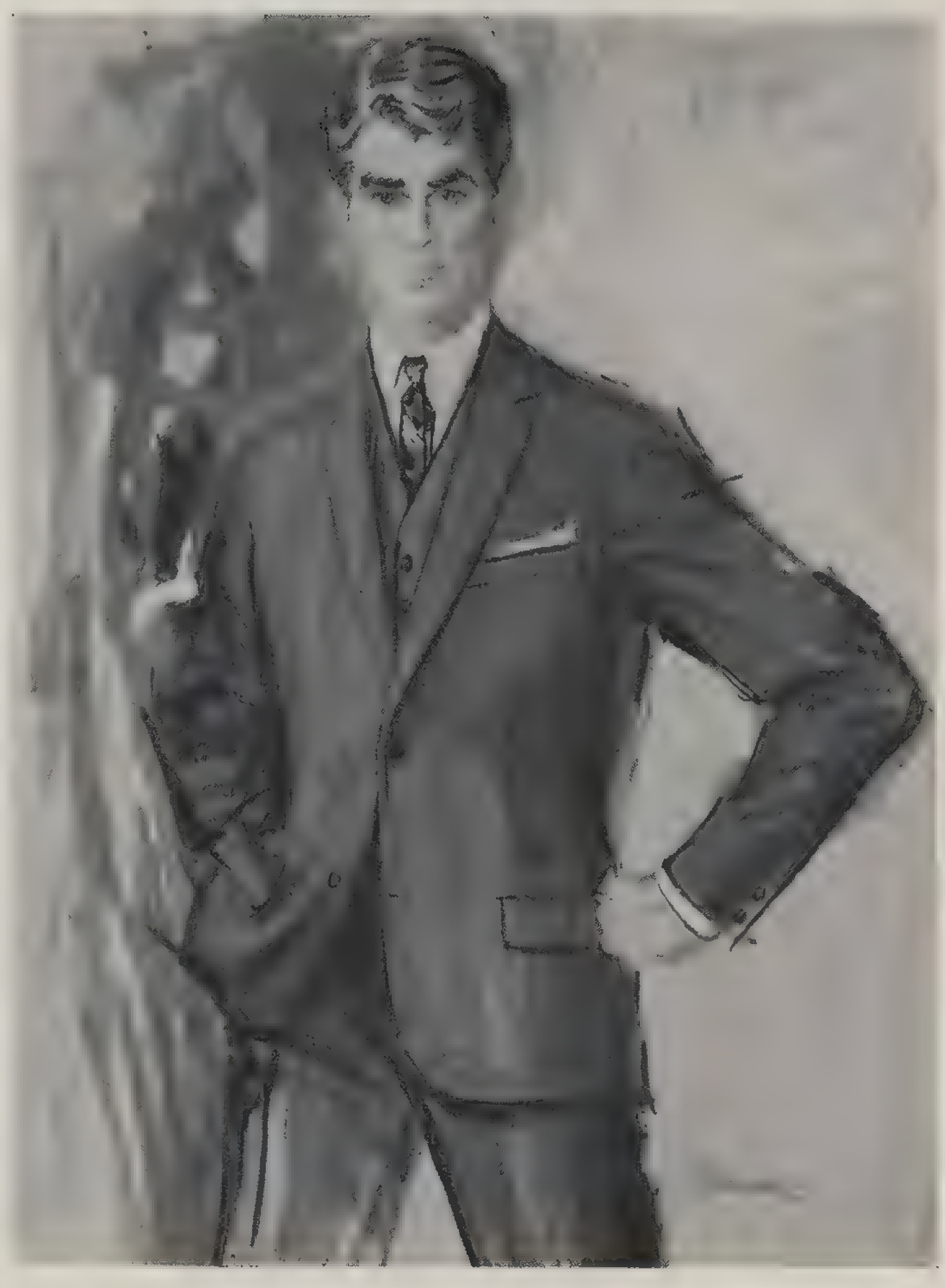
UTAH
Ogden; *Swanson's Shoes*
Salt Lake City; *Auerbach Co.*

VIRGINIA
Norfolk; *Hofheimer's*
Richmond; *Miller-Rhoads*

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Washington, D. C.; *Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.*

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen; *Birl Adams Footwear*
Seattle, Bellevue; *Frederick & Nelson*

WISCONSIN
Eau Claire; *H. L. Culver & Son*
Kenosha; *Kendall Shoes*
Manitowoc; *Koutnick & Schwatz*
Milwaukee; *Ed. Schuster & Co.*
Racine; *Varsity Boot Shop*
Superior; *Roth Bros. Co.*



On its way up: the two-button suit

The biggest news now in men's suits: Brooks Brothers' new two-button suit. The button that's missing is the top one. What happens when the jacket-opening moves south: there's an illusion of added height—and an added incentive for the already-launched return of the vest. This is a jacket cut to fit broader, squarer shoulders, a broader-than-average chest. The fabric, a muted stripe, is an unfinished British worsted; the suit costs $145. (The two-button suit will be ready in summer-weight fabrics at Brooks Brothers in March.)

At last,
a girdle that
controls
so effortlessly–
you feel like
size 10 again!
it's
elasticized
with
"Lycra"®
SPANDEX FIBER

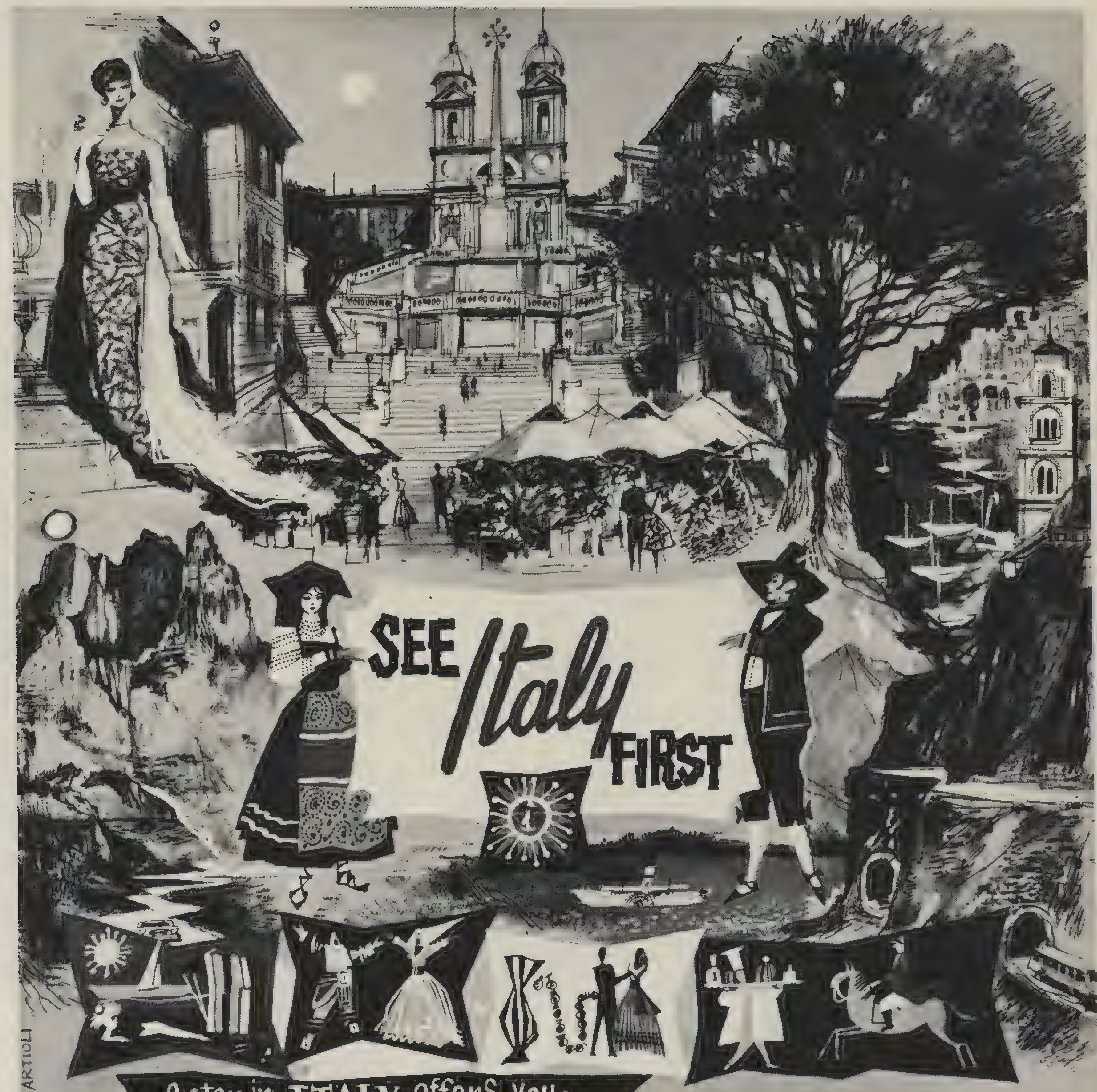
"Lycra"—Du Pont's new elastic fiber that controls better, weighs less than any other elastic! DU PONT

"Lycra" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its spandex fiber. Du Pont makes the fiber, not the yarn or girdle shown here. Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

beauty in motion: stretch stockings that move with you. sheer. sleek. smooth. give your legs a lithe slim look. knit to fit flawlessly of our exclusive yarn chadolon.® guaranteed* to last longer. seamless or seamed.

Larkwood

*90 DAY GUARANTEE WITH EACH 2 PAIRS OF STYLES X-90, SX-90, 22. A PRODUCT OF CHADBOURN GOTHAM, INC.



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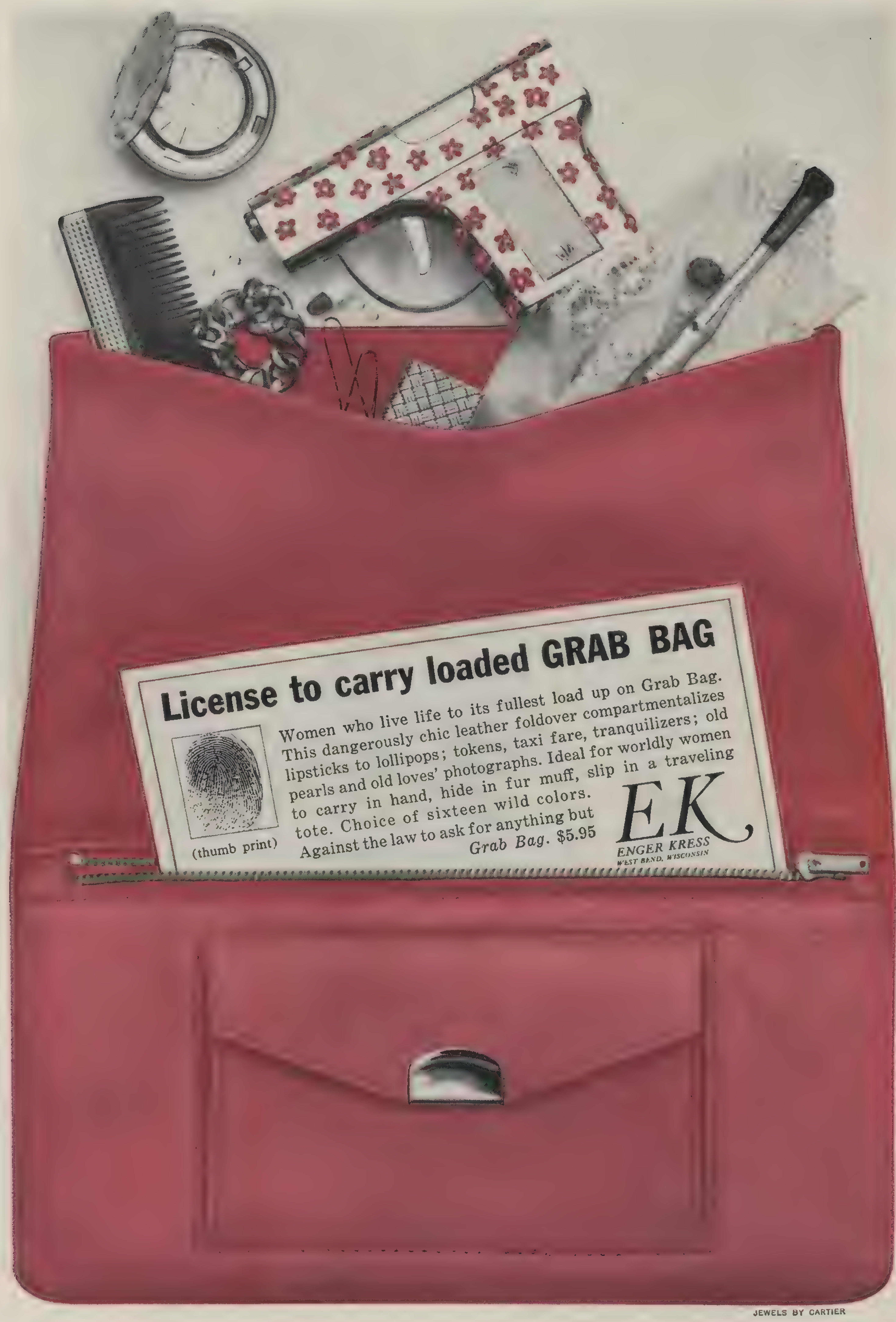
Troylings
STYLED BY Seymour Troy
In fine stores throughout the country. Lown Shoes Inc., Auburn, Maine



License to carry loaded GRAB BAG

Women who live life to its fullest load up on Grab Bag. This dangerously chic leather foldover compartmentalizes lipsticks to lollipops; tokens, taxi fare, tranquilizers; old pearls and old loves' photographs. Ideal for worldly women to carry in hand, hide in fur muff, slip in a traveling tote. Choice of sixteen wild colors. Against the law to ask for anything but *Grab Bag*. $5.95

(thumb print)

EK
ENGER KRESS
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

JEWELS BY CARTIER

Because beautiful legs
come in curves as well as lengths,
we vary the width of
Belle-Sharmeer Seamless

Your curves are our business. As stocking perfectionists, we know that no one width will give snug, clinging fit to all legs. So we knit Belle-Sharmeer in legsizes, to make sure there's a width as well as a length that's right for you. Slim, or curvy, or well-rounded, you'll know you're just discovering how beautifully seamless stockings can fit when you wear Belle-Sharmeer.

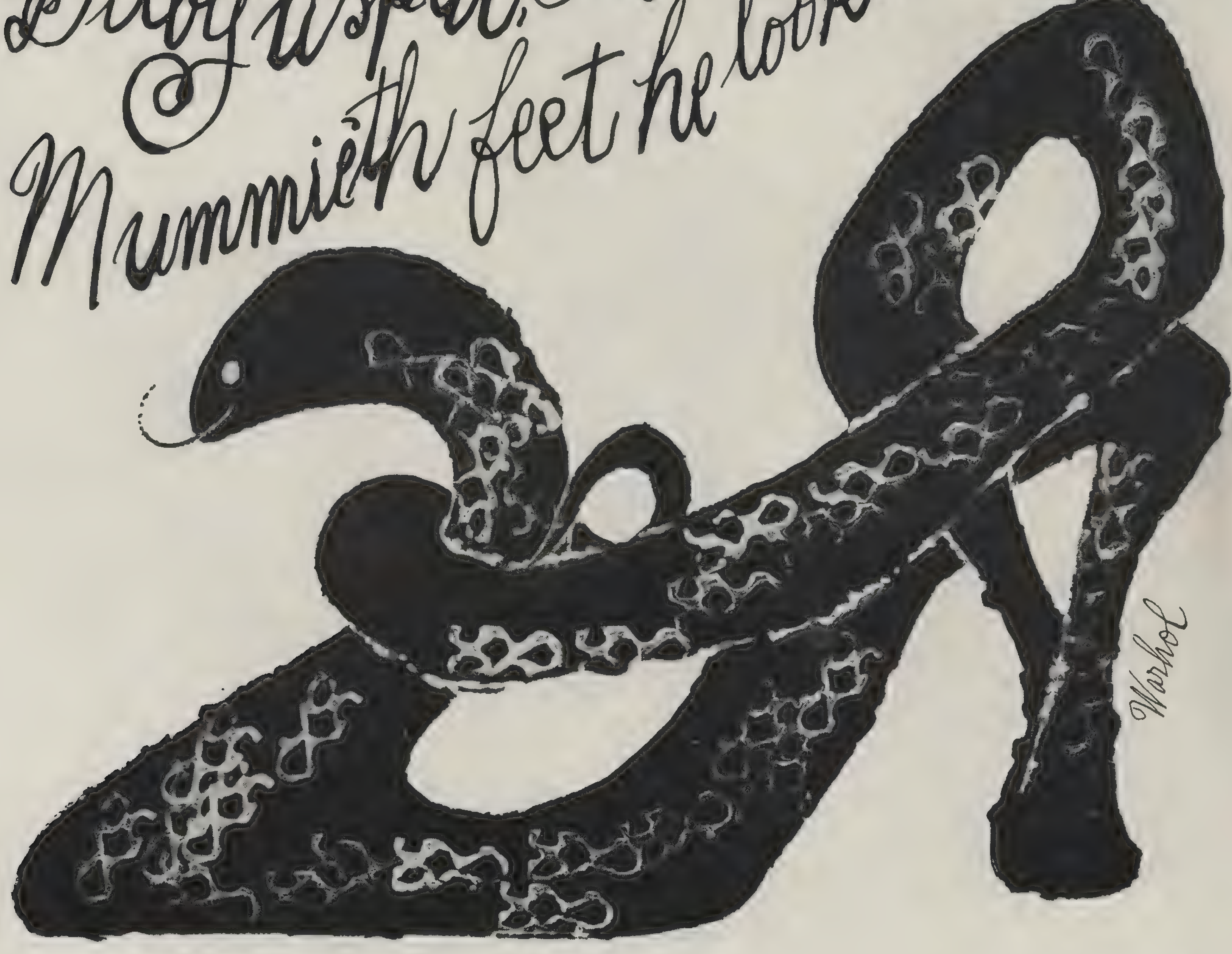
Belle-Sharmeer

Brev
Modite
Duchess

Seamless in your personal legsize

© 1962, Wayne Knitting Mills

The Python*
Baby lisped, "I love the python
Mummieth feet he lookth tho nython"



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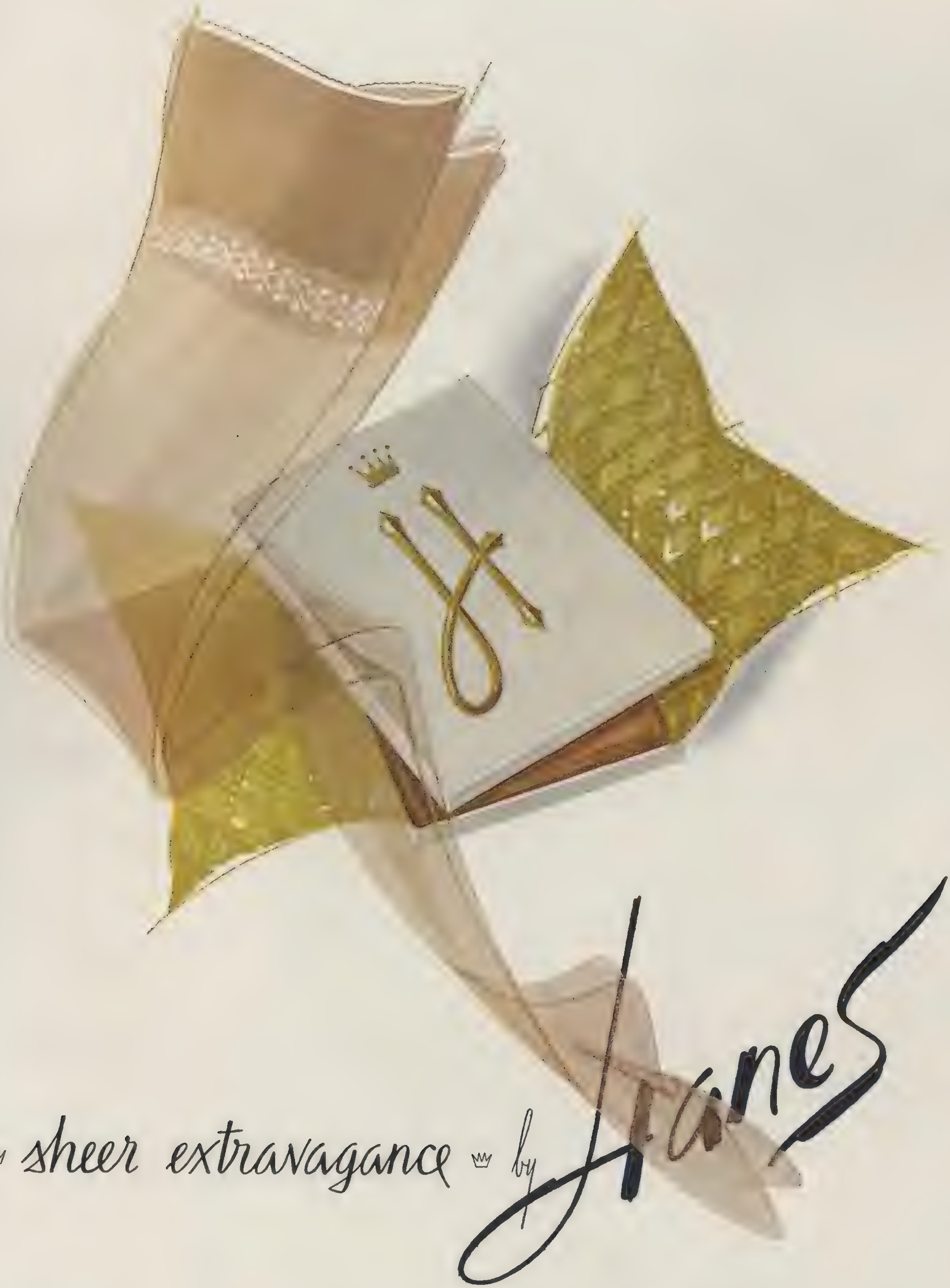

sheer extravagance by Hanes

new supersheer 10 denier seamless nylons · 2 pairs 5.00

"sheer extravagance" unless you want the most beautiful legs in the world!

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

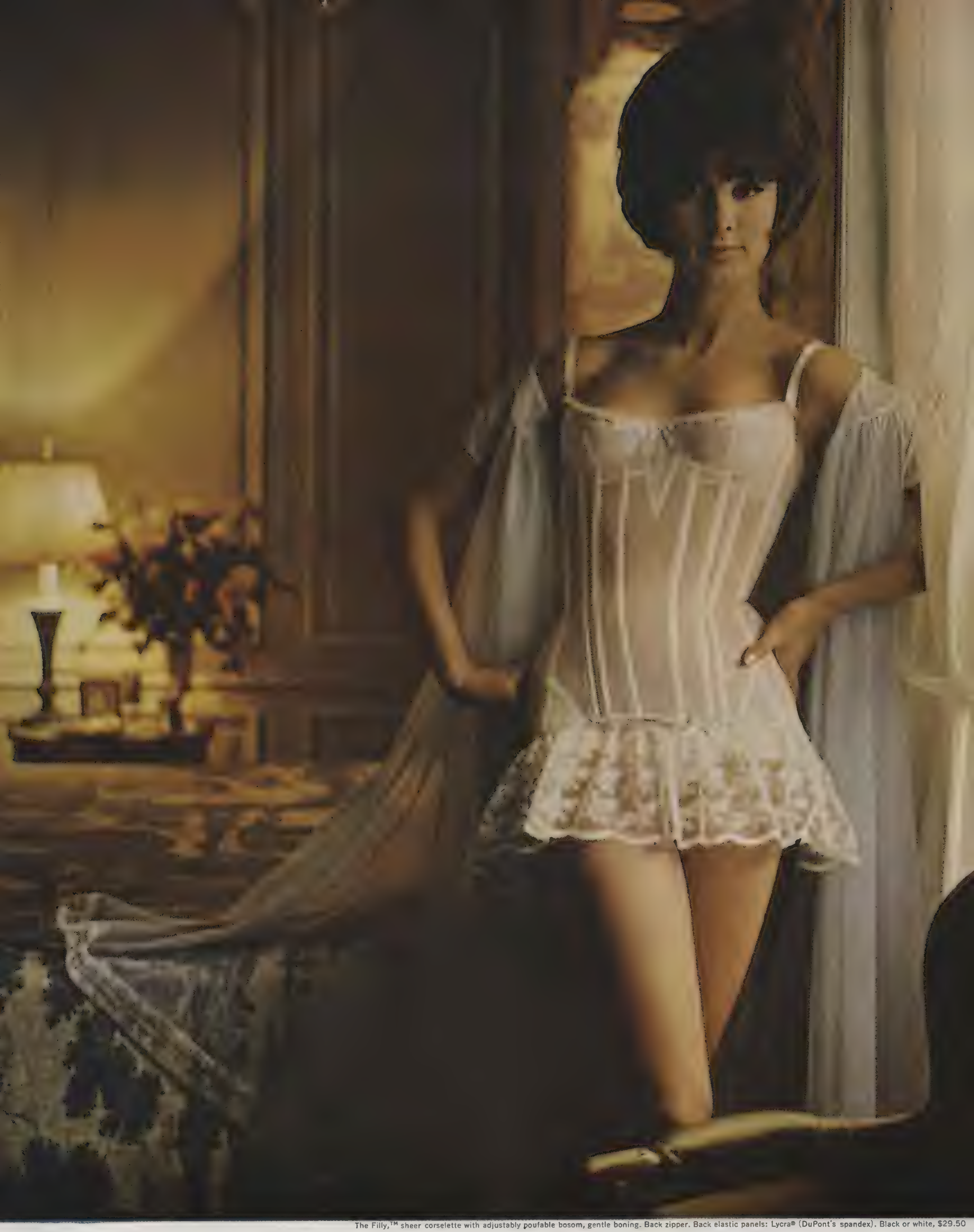
THE DRESS: 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER, 35% COTTON

. . . love what "Dacron"® does for me!

POLYESTER FIBER

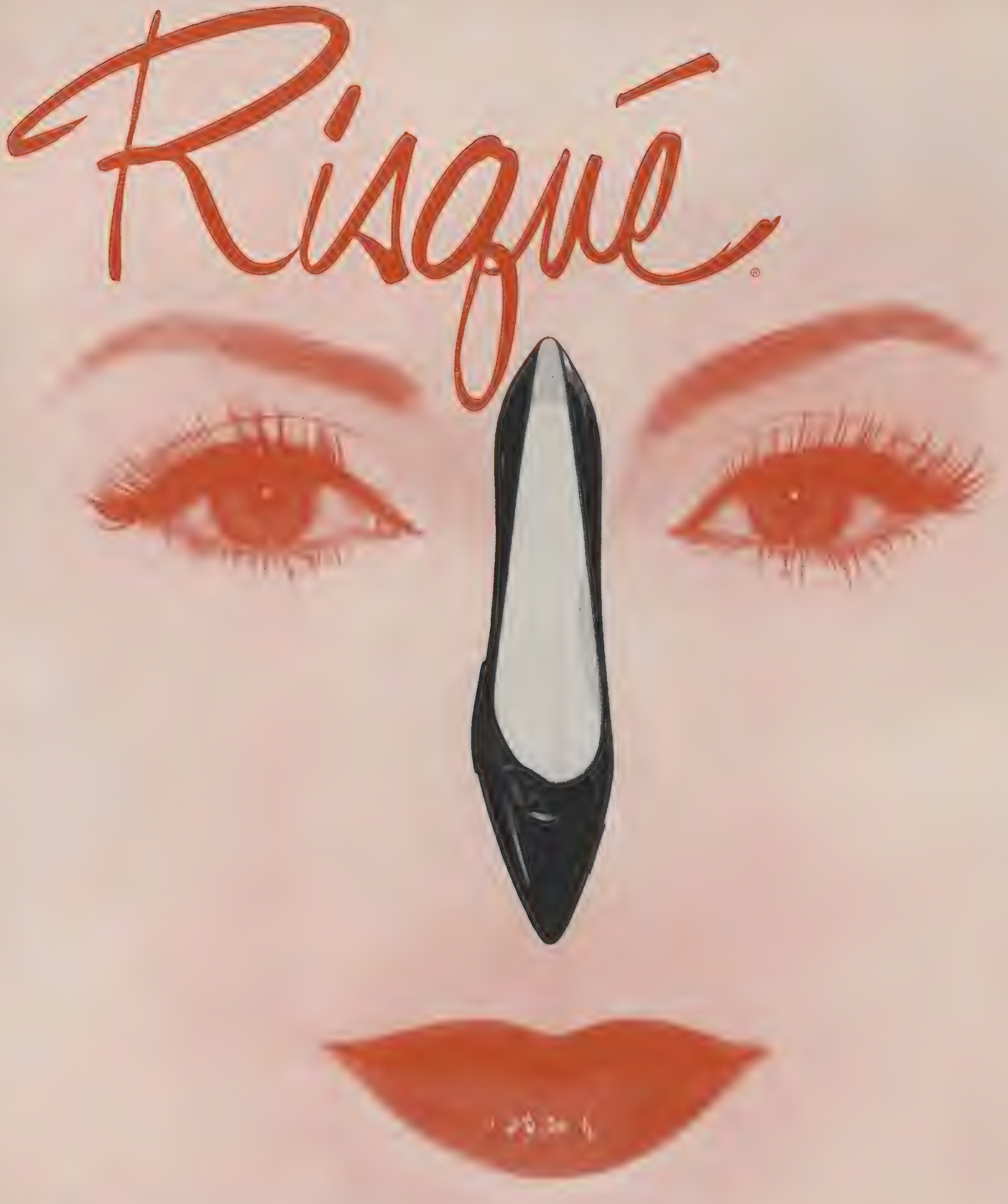
And love what **R & K ORIGINALS** does with "Dacron". Now my little plaid glows with sunlight, spilling all over in golds and greens. Pleated in clusters. The plaid perfectly matched. Wearing "Dacron" does things for me—glances, chances, pink-cloud forecasts every day. Oh, the freshness and flair, the sunny wash-and-wear of "Dacron"! Yarn-dyed in green/gold, blue/green, burnt orange/brown. 10-18. About $23. At Rich's, Inc., Atlanta; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Foley's, Houston; The May Co., Los Angeles; D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans & Baton Rouge; Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR FASHION SHOWN. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY VAN RAALTE. HAT BY SALLY VICTOR. ENJOY THE "DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK", SUNDAYS, NBC-TV.



The Filly,™ sheer corselette with adjustably poufable bosom, gentle boning. Back zipper. Back elastic panels: Lycra® (DuPont's spandex). Black or white, $29.50

This is the Filly, the scene stealer of the Paris showings. Its designer, Miguel Ferreras, says it "makes wearer thin, long, with a high, fierce bosom." It does, too. U.S. companies bid high for this corselette. Warner's won. The Filly by **Warner's**.®



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This passenger puts his impressions on canvas. Most people put them on film. Whatever you do, don't forget your camera. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

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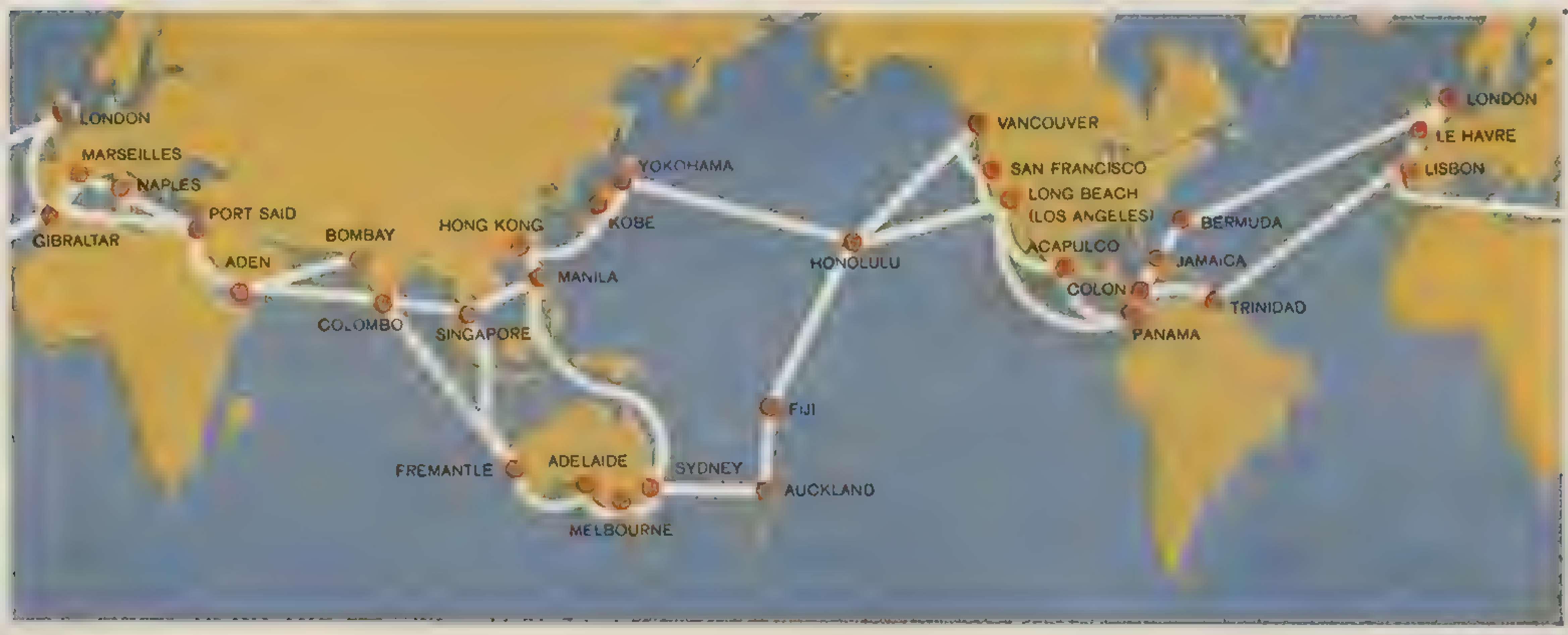

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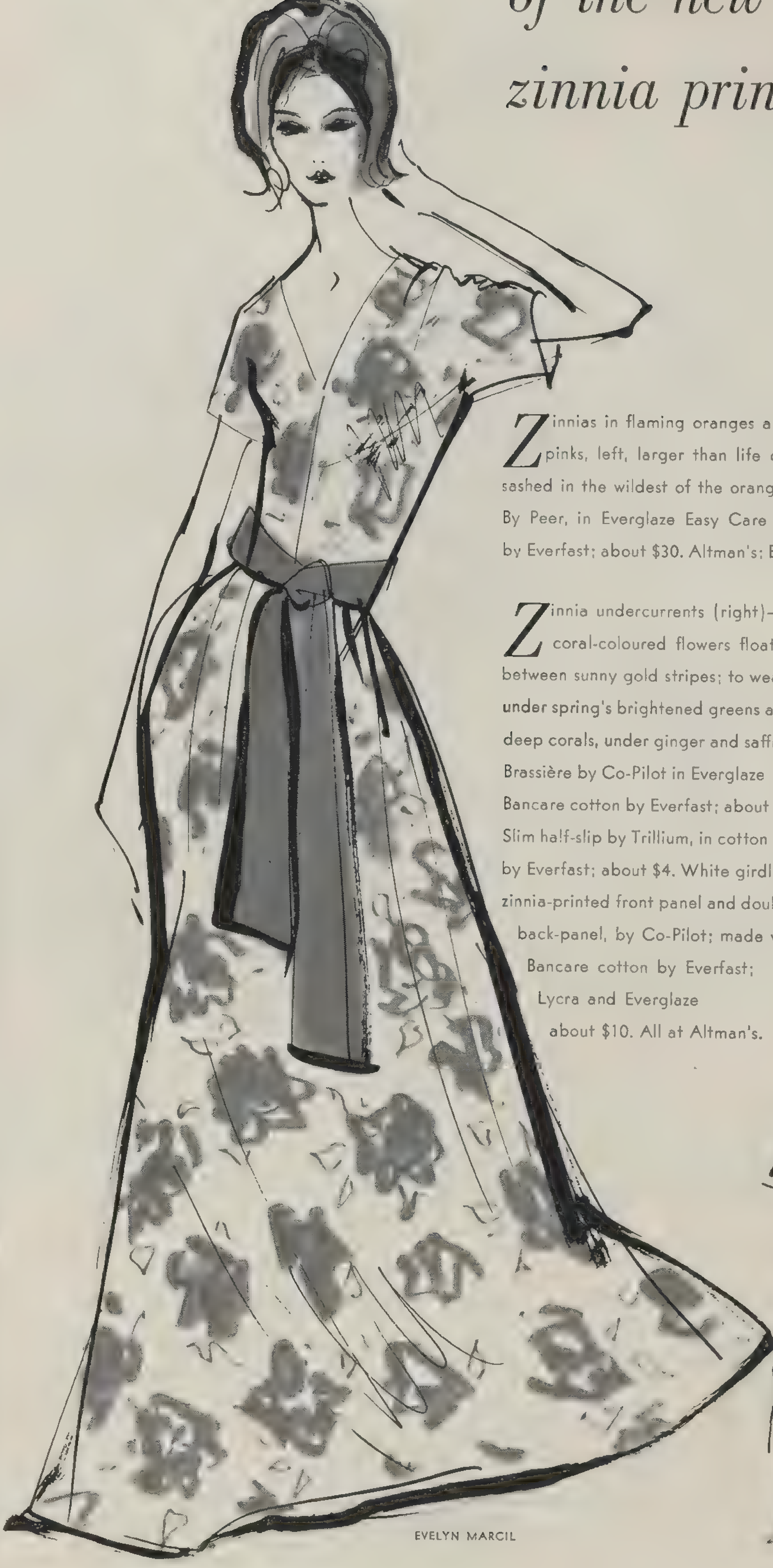
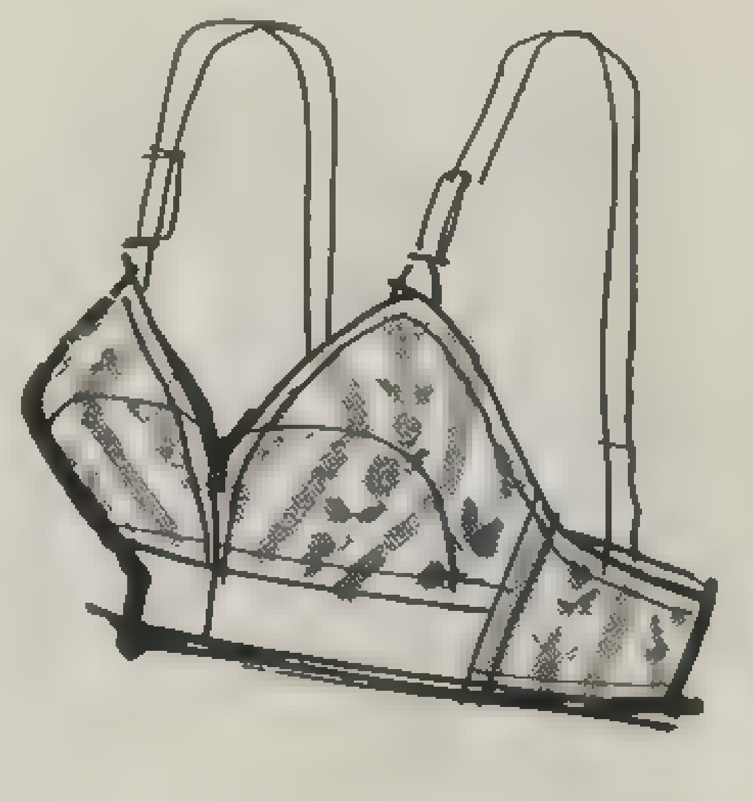
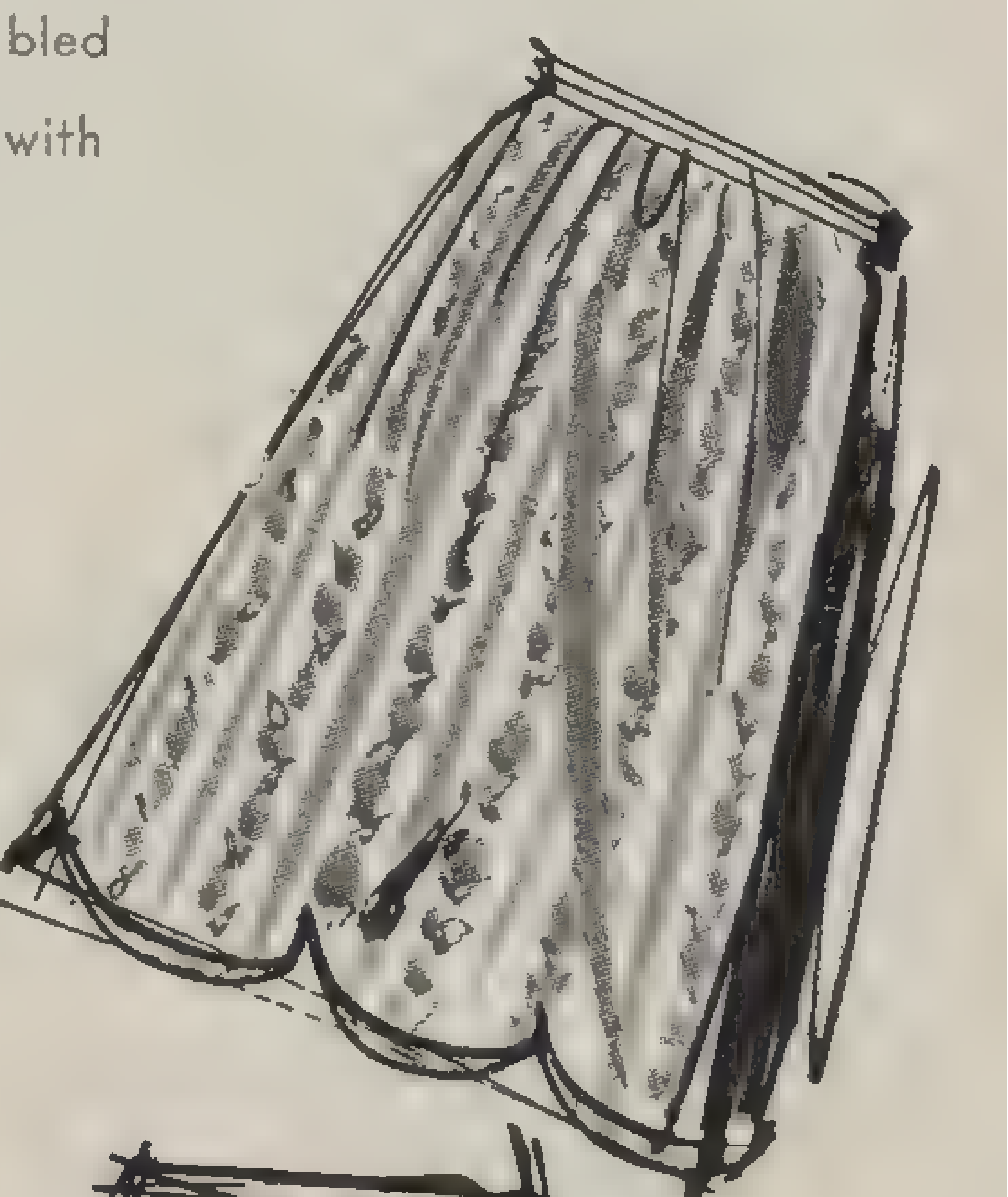


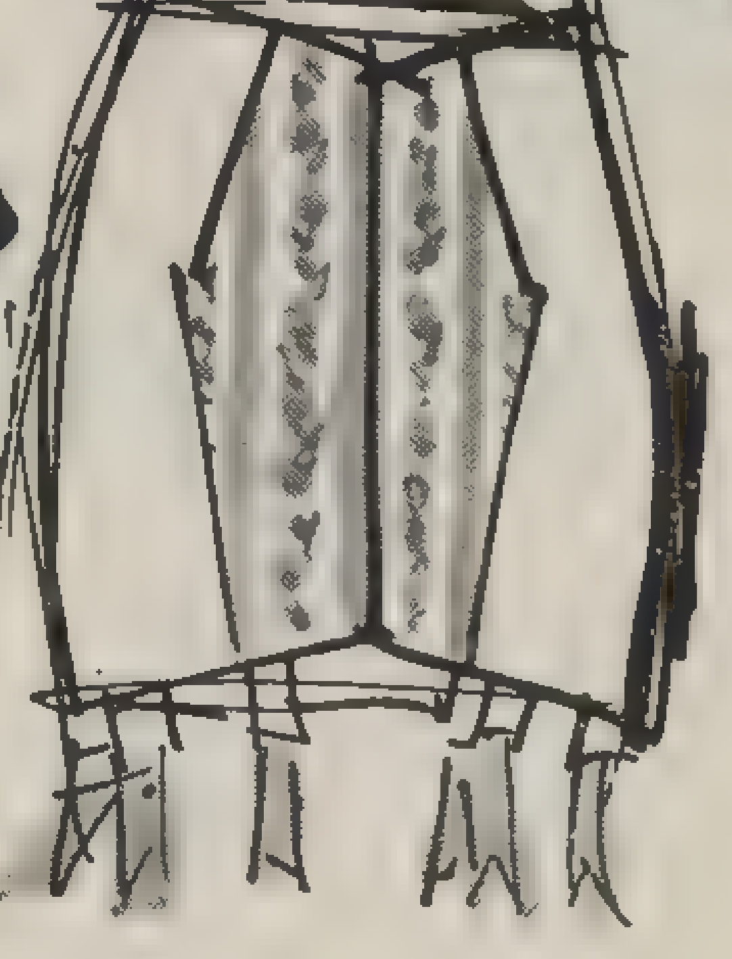
EVELYN MARCIL

Zinnias in flaming oranges and pinks, left, larger than life on a robe sashed in the wildest of the oranges. By Peer, in Everglaze Easy Care cotton by Everfast; about $30. Altman's; Bramson's.

Zinnia undercurrents (right)—coral-coloured flowers floated between sunny gold stripes; to wear under spring's brightened greens and deep corals, under ginger and saffron. Brassière by Co-Pilot in Everglaze Bancare cotton by Everfast; about $4. Slim half-slip by Trillium, in cotton by Everfast; about $4. White girdle with zinnia-printed front panel and doubled back-panel, by Co-Pilot; made with Bancare cotton by Everfast; Lycra and Everglaze about $10. All at Altman's.







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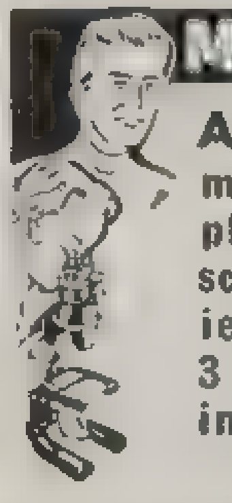

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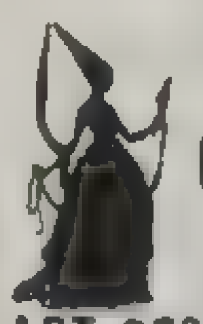

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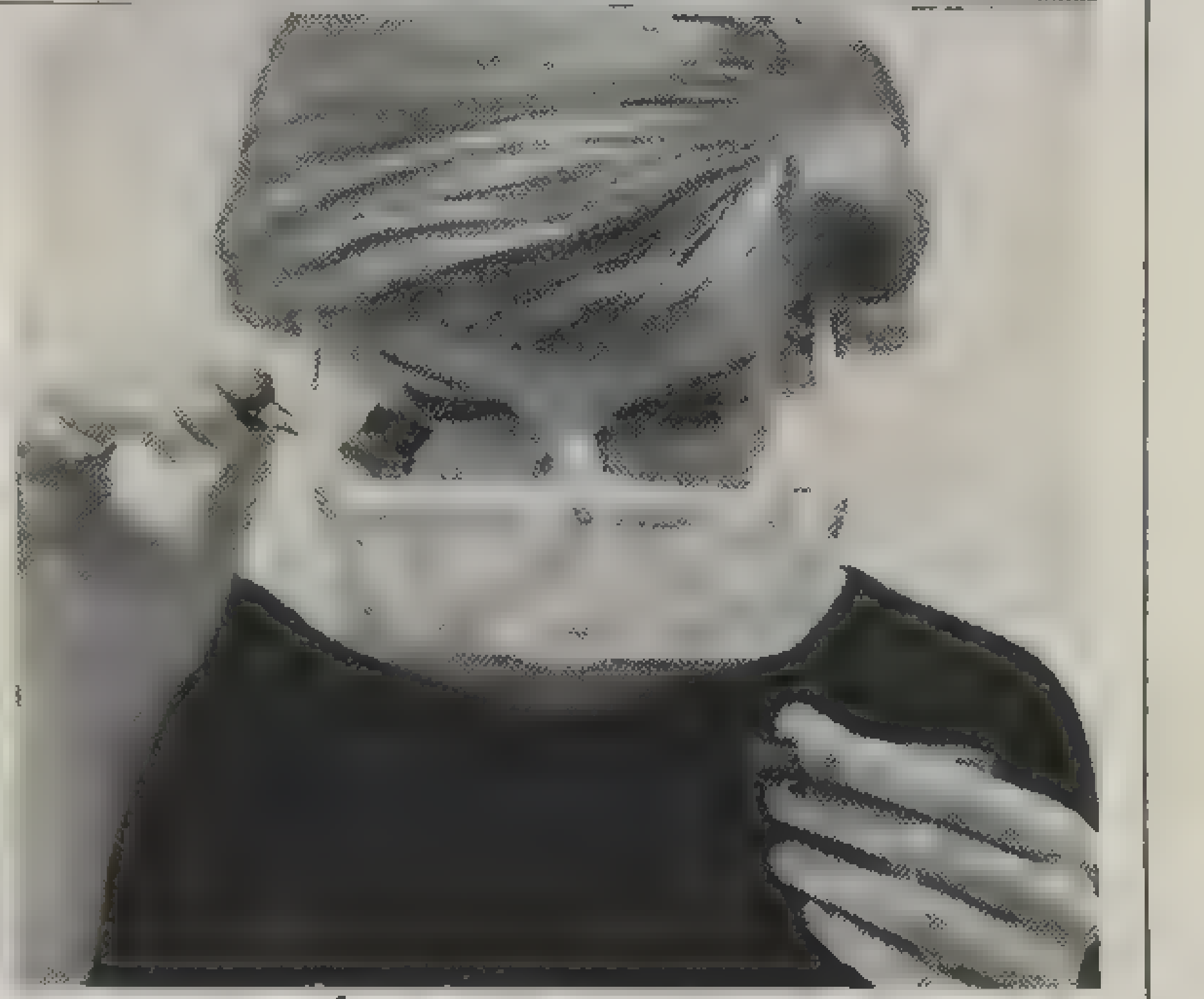

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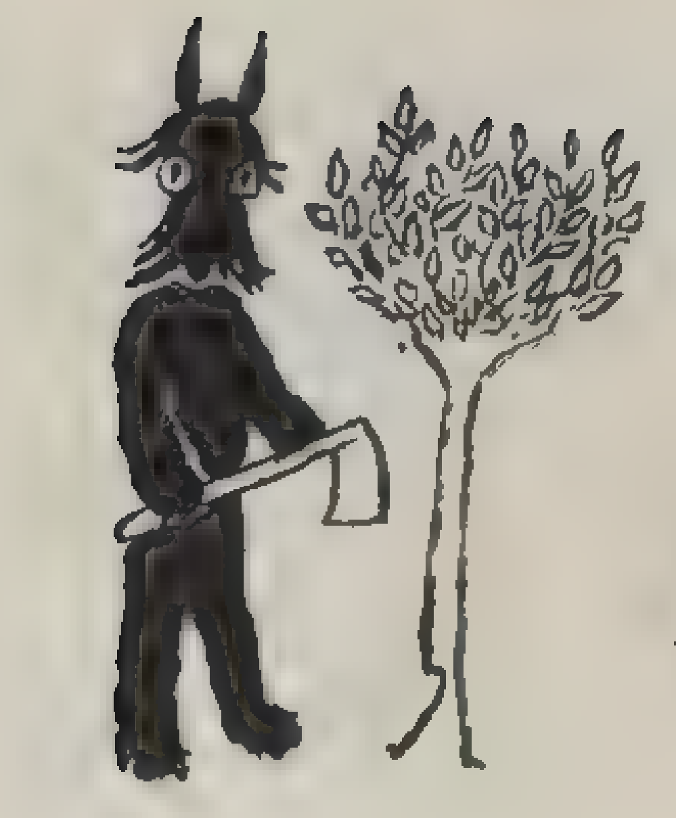

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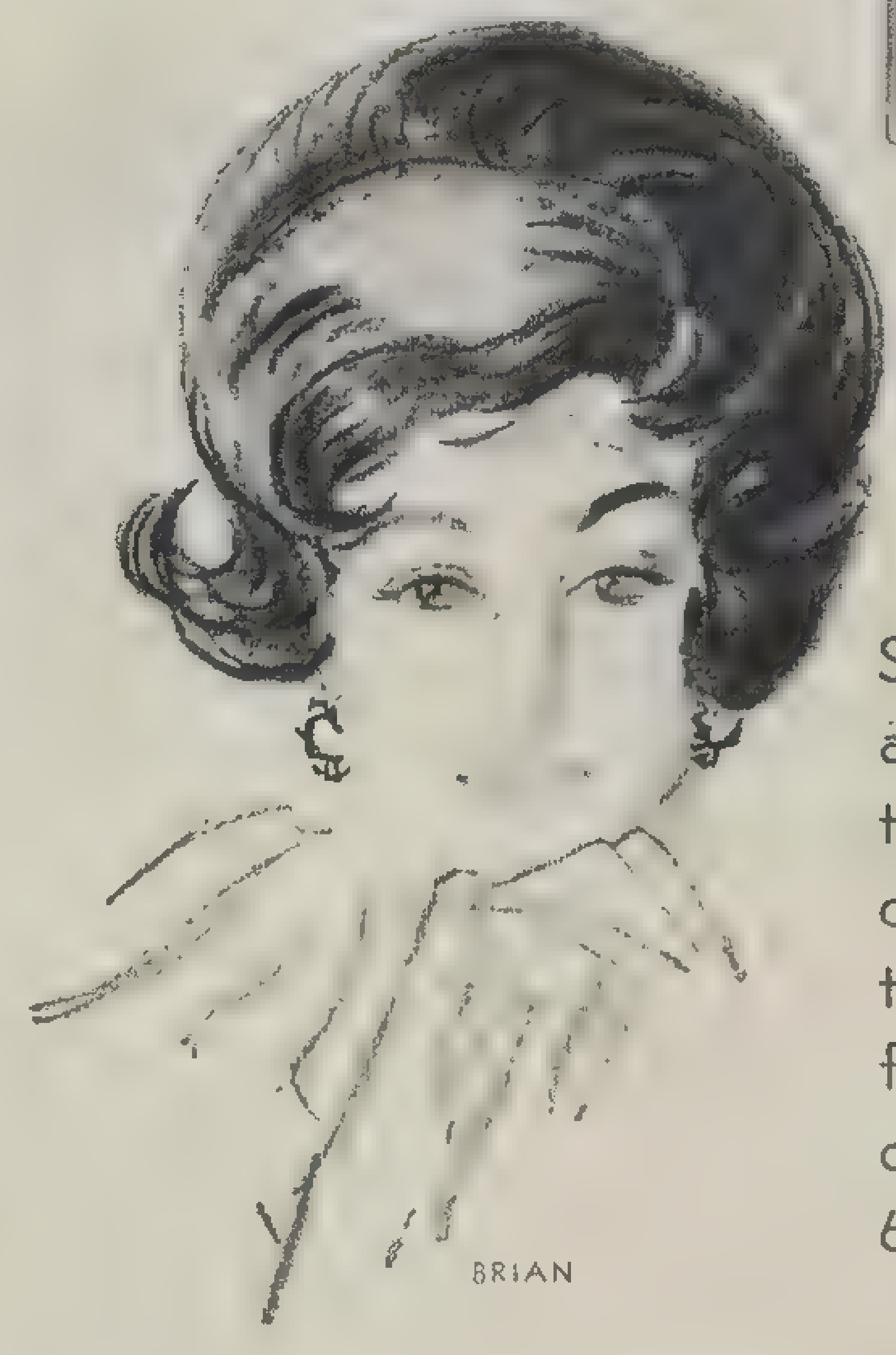

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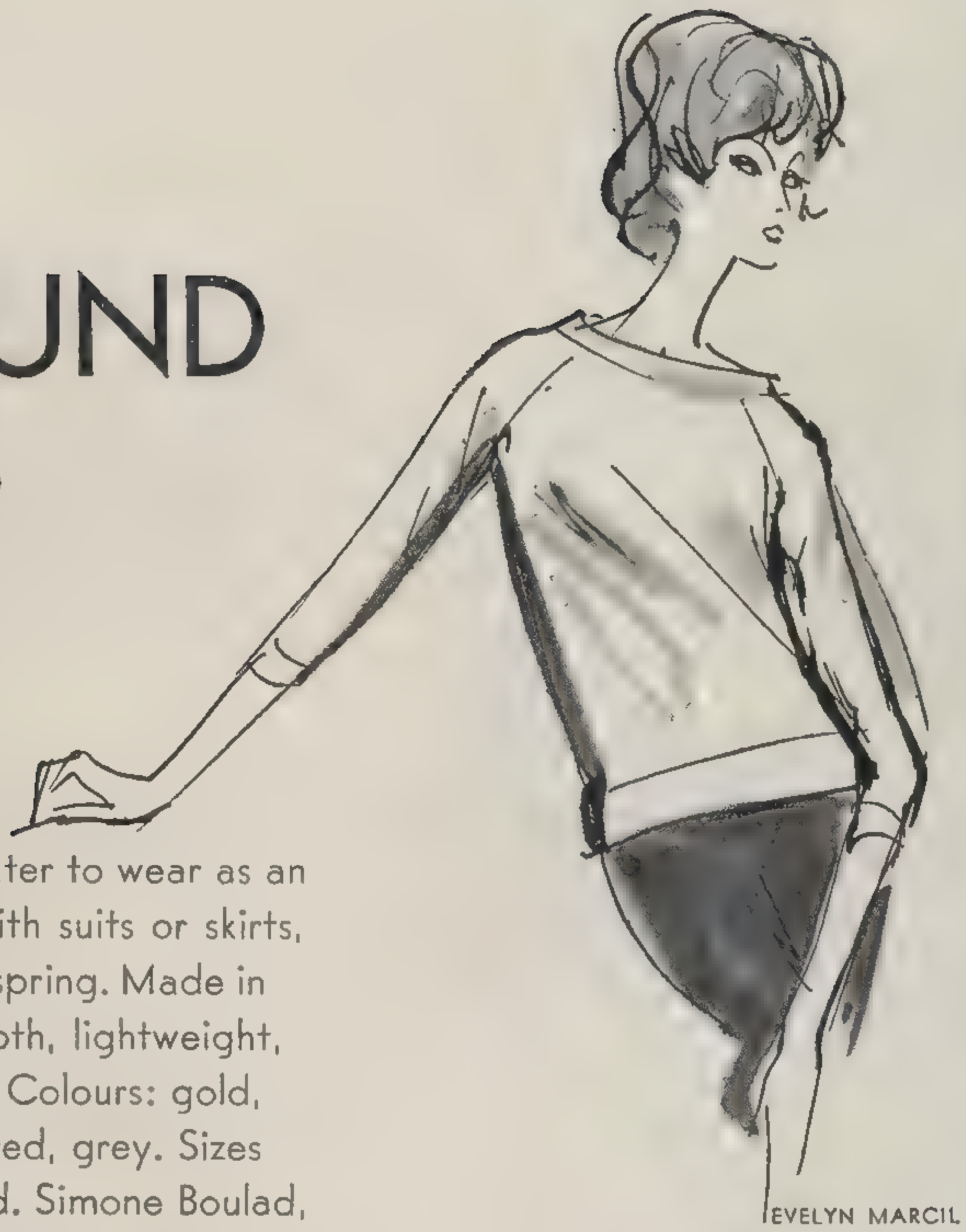
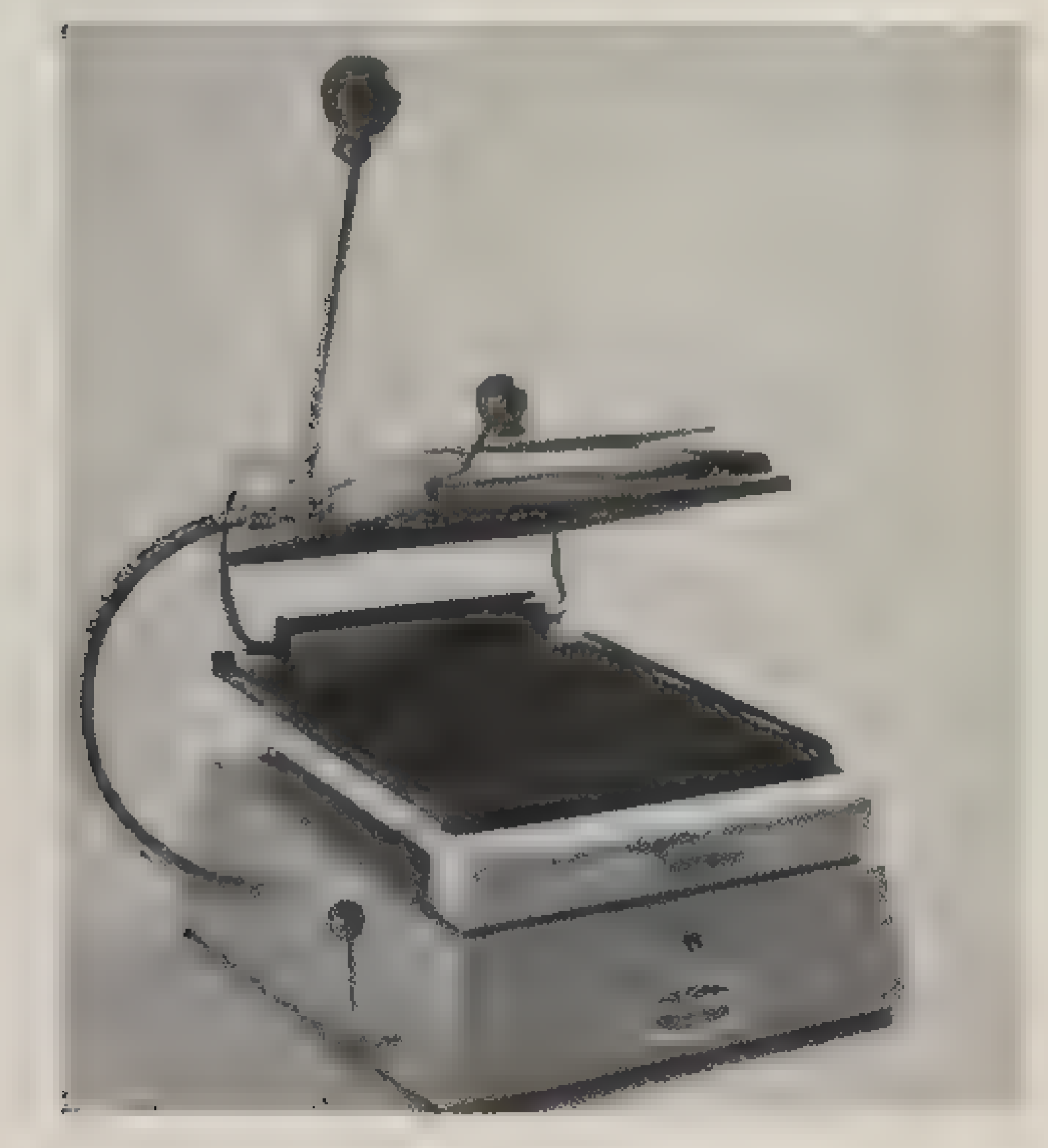
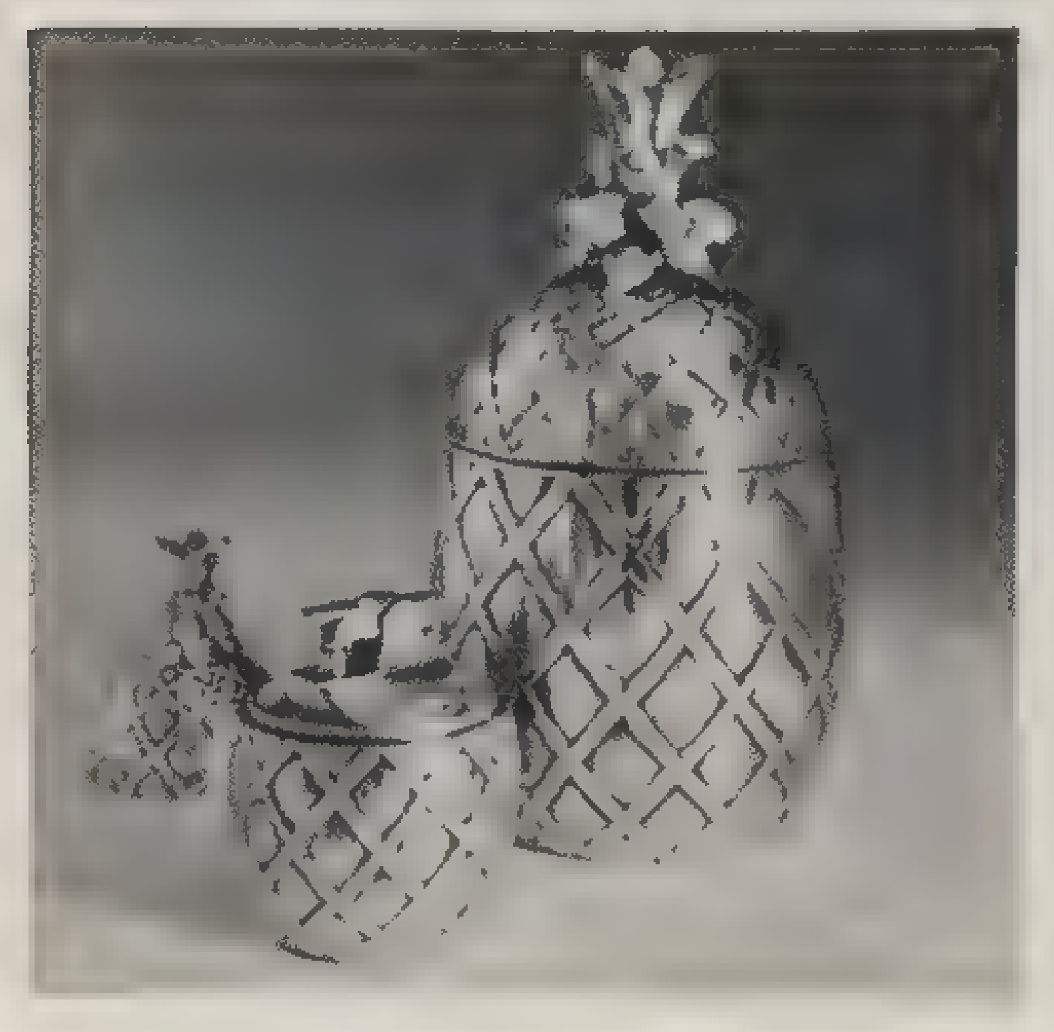


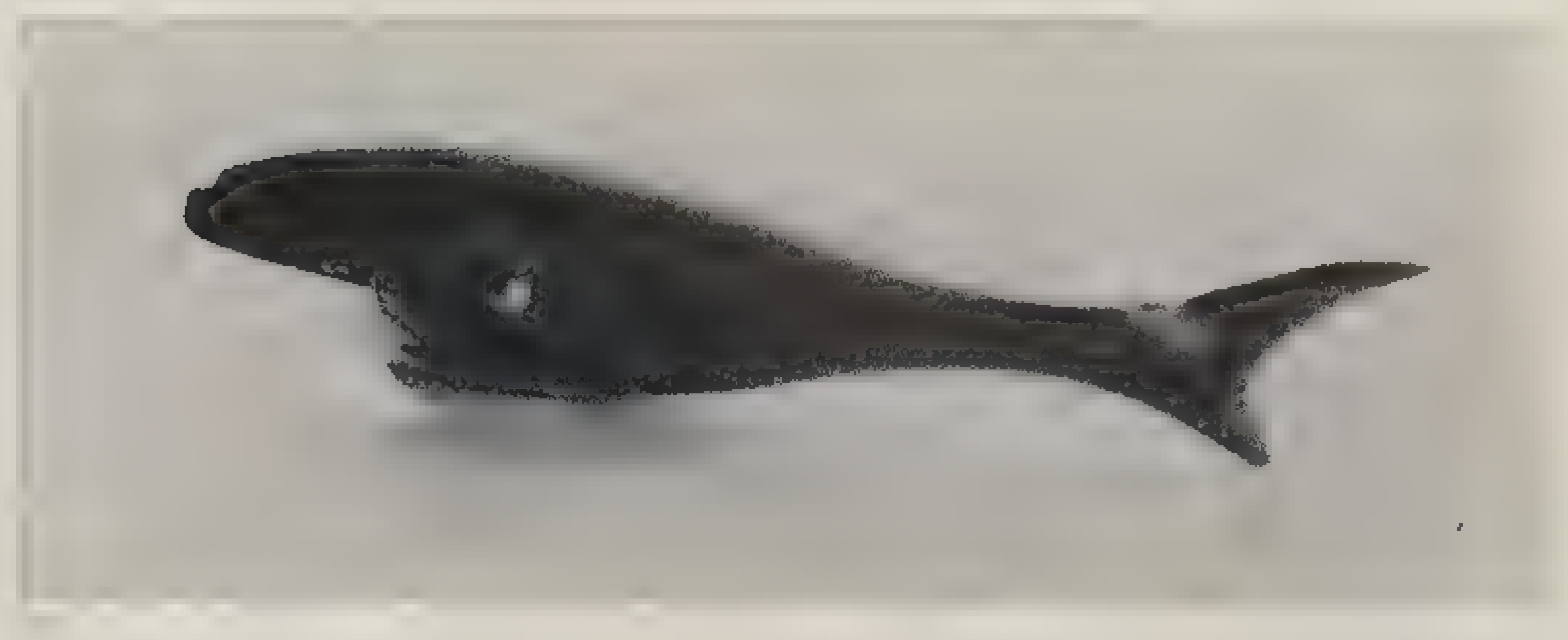
Straight sweater to wear as an overblouse with suits or skirts, now through spring. Made in Italy, of smooth, lightweight, knitted wool. Colours: gold, blue, green, red, grey. Sizes 8-14. $18 ppd. Simone Boulad, 18 West 58th St., N. Y. 19.



Magicook broiler—cooks very quickly with penetrating infrared heat, from above and below; has specially designed, silicone-treated plates for cooking. Made in England. $79.50. Abercrombie & Fitch, 360 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17.



Pineapple-shaped cigarette pot and lighter made of silver-plated metal. Lighter, 3½", box, 6" tall. The pair, $13 inc. tax, ppd. Lilly Daché, 78 East 56th St., N. Y. 22.



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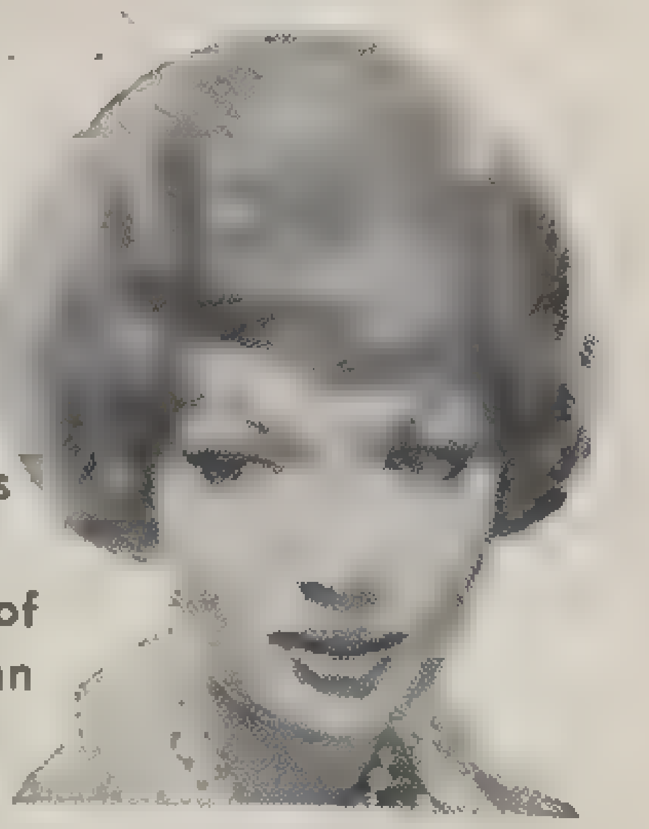

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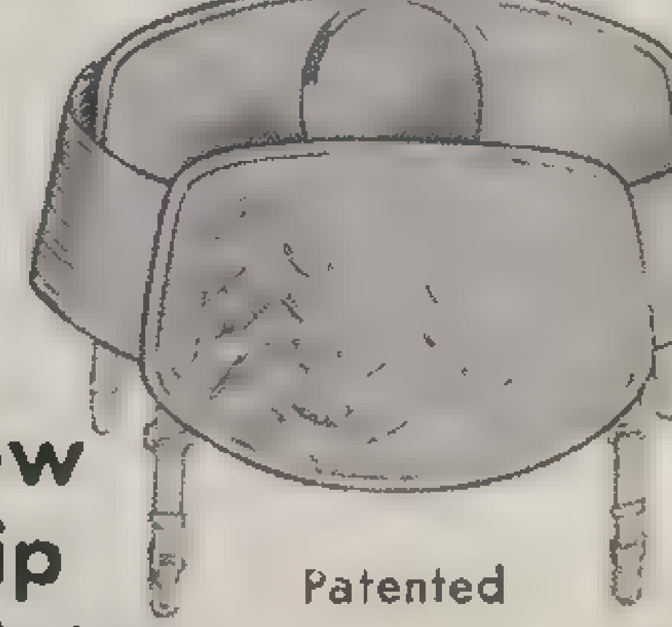

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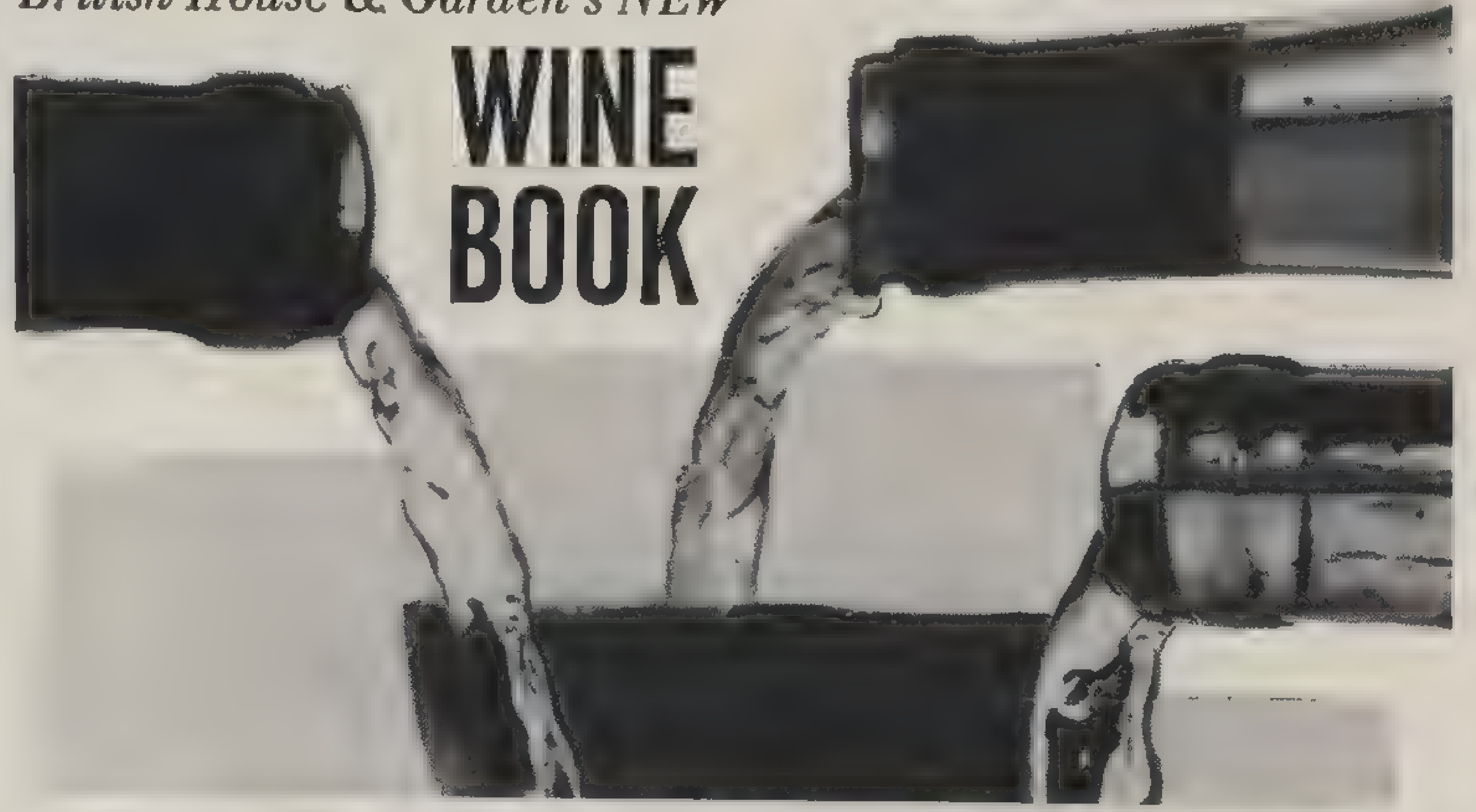

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VOGUE
February 15, 1962

Vogue's eye view:
who has the new wave now?

No pat answers follow here. Some nouvelles vagues wash and wear; others break. But even though a watched portent can sometimes turn ominous, we propose to thread an occasional eye-beam on some of these:

The Canadian Players' frontiersy idea of producing *King Lear* in Eskimo costume, with sets by the hand that shapes the igloo. . . . Small salty raves for the fishermen's slickers bought where the oystermen buy theirs—near the Fulton Fish Market. . . .

Japan's daring movie move: new silent pictures (no-talkies?), the most dazzling of which apparently reverts to that glorious pre-Neanderthal theme, a peasant couple with a wedge of land, a lot of woe, and hope. . . .

The endearing way the French have, lately, of lunching at the Paris branch of W. H. Smith, a famous English book and paper store. . . . The Telemann revival purifying the mind with concerti of oboe. . . . Routine listings of movie schedules on TWA flights for airborne escapists. . . .

The renewed dash of whiplash belts on coats. . . . Sheer leotard stockings for this year's wide-whirl skirts. . . . Pink, yellow, and red blue jeans going South, getting set for summer. . . . Instant needlepoint—fat thread, big punchouts, so that a whole rug grows out of a quiet weekend. . . . The Madison Avenue trucks inscribed "Drive Lovingly."

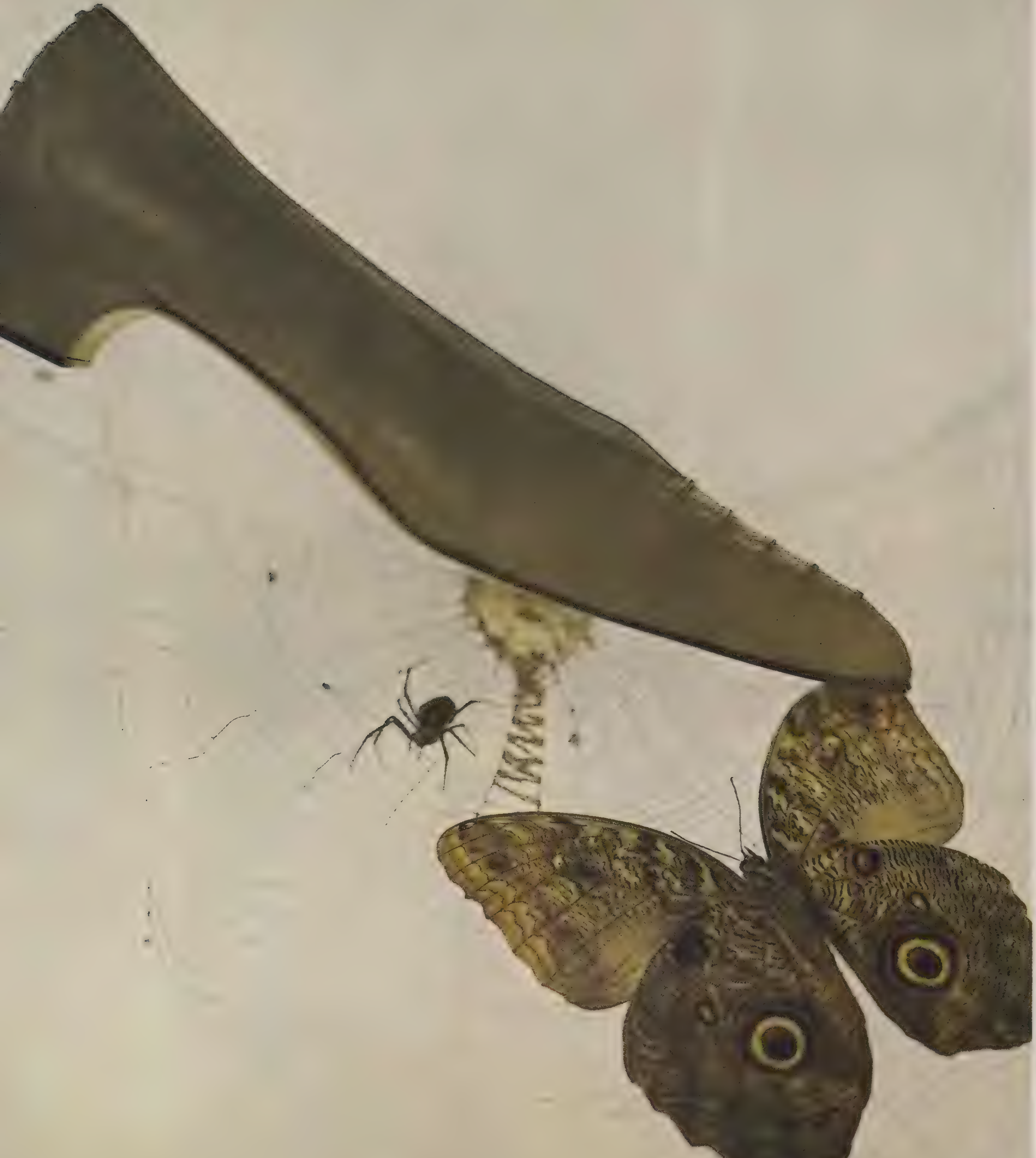
A new American Shakespeare thrill: *Macbeth* on stereo by Caedmon, with a whole new boiling and bubbling of the hag sounds, the strange illusion of witches flying between the mikes. . . .

Late winter's crave for the next food kick; after saf-flower oil and the Polynesian stir, is there new excitement in boiled beef?

The age of weightlessness is upon us from the skin out. Fabrics like silk jersey, chiffon flannel, wool or test-tube fleece, are running beautifully scale-shy; foundations in the new spandex mixtures are, with a skeleton-crew of ounces, doing great things for figures. Newest member in the weight-loss class: shoes which, playing along with their smart lower heels and non-pointed toes, are suddenly made to be mere shadows of their former weight—just as shape-holding but prettier, and much more walkable. (And speaking of walks, these shoes put a young elegance into the walk of every woman who wears them.) Extra bonus about these lighter shoes: they're appearing not only in unlined versions but also partially or fully lined. Results of the new light-shoe thinking start here with the pumpkin-yellow python shoe, opposite, weighing in by mail-scale at just a dram over three ounces—the idea here is two shoes for the weight of one. (This, fully lined in softest olive leather, to wear perhaps with charcoal linen or beige silk.) More shoes that hover at the three-ounce mark follow—a pale reptile with low-shaped heel, an opera pump with narrow wood-grained heel, a perforated shoe in bright red that's light enough to fly off with the nearest bird. The shoe, here, by Margaret Jerrold, of Fleming-Joffe snakeskin; about $35 at Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. For shops in other cities, see page 144. Mail-scale at Dempsey & Carroll. On the shoe-weighing beauty, more lightening: Golden Ardena Tint hair colouring; make-up and lipstick, both called Golden Apricot. All these, by Elizabeth Arden.

Light on their feet— 3-ounce shoes, for a no-cal clothes life

KAREN RADKAI



Pale snakeskin—
ounces light

KAREN RADKAI

Left: A shoe so light that a well-knit spider web serves here as adequate means of support. Oat-coloured snakeskin with squared toe, little heel that wins, now, in a walk. Of Makassar snakeskin (Fleming-Joffe); about $36 at Saks Fifth Avenue. *This page:* More on the helium-type clothes idea—an unweighty coat of yellow fleece with upped waist for south, spring. By Originala, of Stroock wool fleece; about $225 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Hat by Sally Victor.

Airy fleece—
high-floating waist

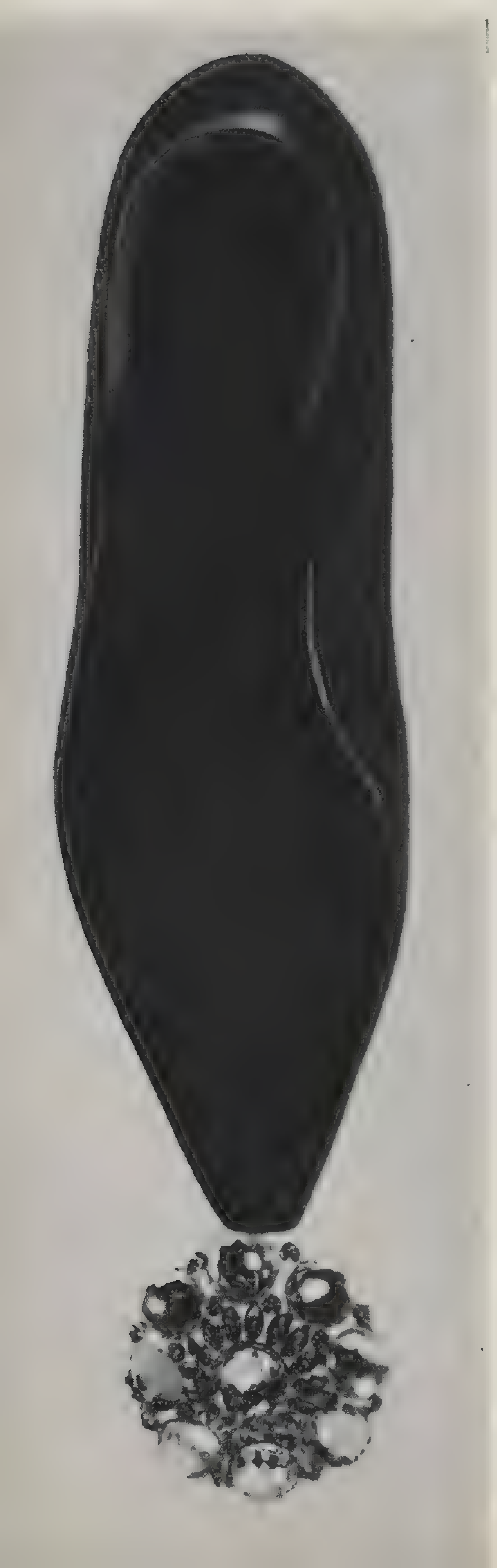
Red kidskin, worn by the ounce

KAREN RADKAI

Opposite: A red kidskin shoe, all curve and gleam, with a neat little wooden heel, no side seams, a complete lining of pink moire. Feather in its cap: a shoe-fly weight. By Pappagallo, of Allied kidskin, about $19 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. *This page:* Light-hearted suit-shape composed of a rounded jacket, flared skirt, of pale beige and deeper beige plaid. By Monarch, of wool and rayon; about $100 at Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros. Emme hat. Shoes by Red Cross.

Plaid lightening—rounded suit

Bright shoe, travelling by air



Right: Shoe that goes as the crow flies—unlined red kidskin, aerated by perforations, and light enough to be bird-borne. Toe, squared; heel, low and shapely. By Mademoiselle, of Thomas B. Harvey kidskin; about $20. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. *Left:* Shoe with the news of a low horseshoe-shaped heel that just rims heel-space, leaving open the area within. Its top: dark-blue suèded calfskin with squared toe and throat, side-dips. By Herbert Levine; about $35. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin. For list of shops in other cities, see page 144. Pin by Vendôme, at Altman's.

Walking suède—heel hollowed out

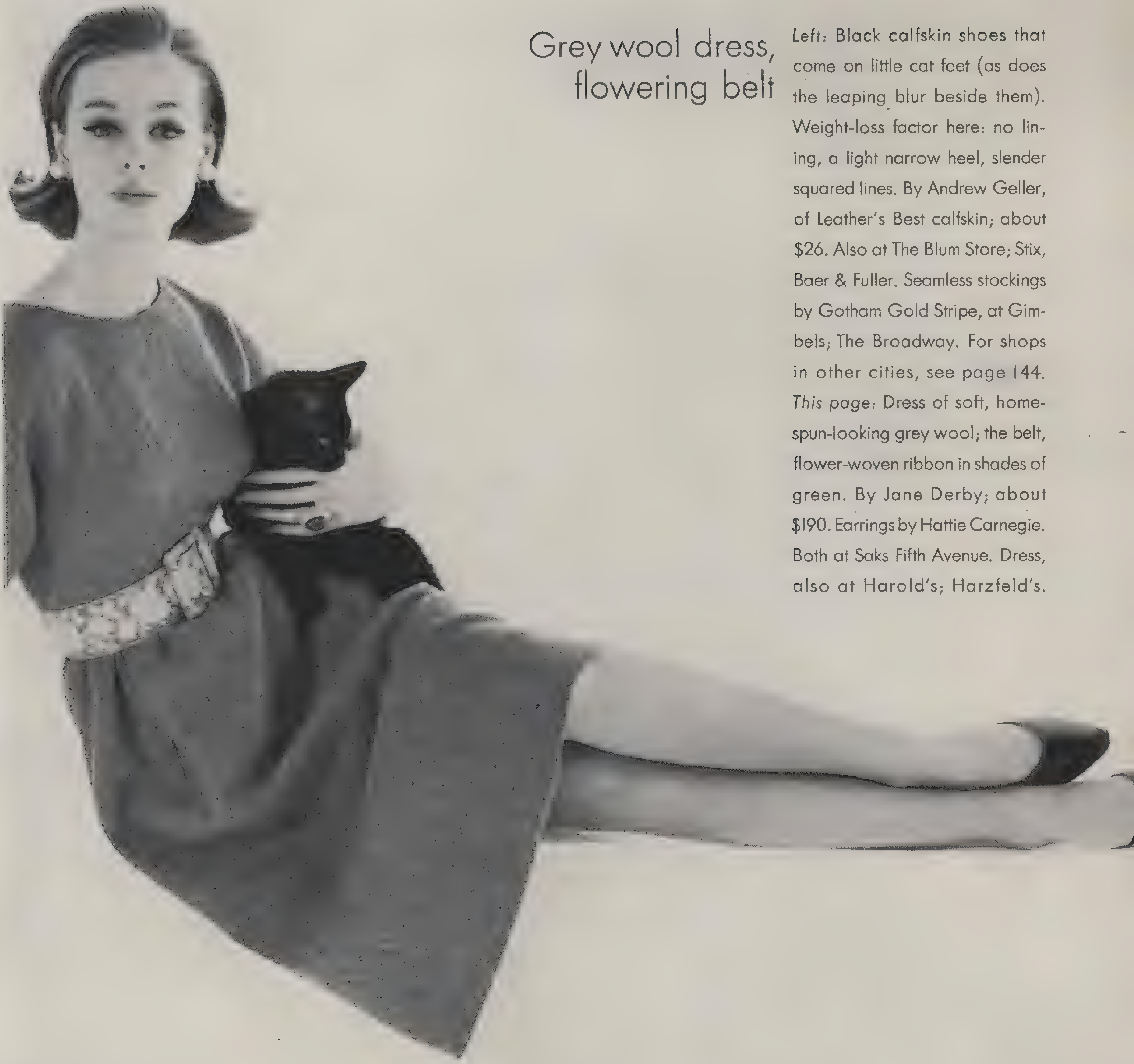
KAREN RADKAI

Pale flannel, taken lightly

Left: Two-piece-looking-dress; lightness here—the pale sand colour, the chiffon wool flannel. Also taken lightly: a kidskin shoe. Dress by Harvey Berin; about $100. Pin: Hattie Carnegie. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Rich's; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. Hat: Mr. John. Delman shoes. *Opposite:* Free-flowing dress of putty green worsted with high pie-cut shaping, an eased-out skirt that makes walking a good move. More good walk-motion: a black lizard shoe. Dress by Talmack; about $160. Shoes by D'Antonio. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Beads by Mr. John.

On the lift—
a waist, a walk

KAREN RADKAI



Grey wool dress, flowering belt

Left: Black calfskin shoes that come on little cat feet (as does the leaping blur beside them). Weight-loss factor here: no lining, a light narrow heel, slender squared lines. By Andrew Geller, of Leather's Best calfskin; about $26. Also at The Blum Store; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Seamless stockings by Gotham Gold Stripe, at Gimbels; The Broadway. For shops in other cities, see page 144. *This page:* Dress of soft, homespun-looking grey wool; the belt, flower-woven ribbon in shades of green. By Jane Derby; about $190. Earrings by Hattie Carnegie. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Harold's; Harzfeld's.

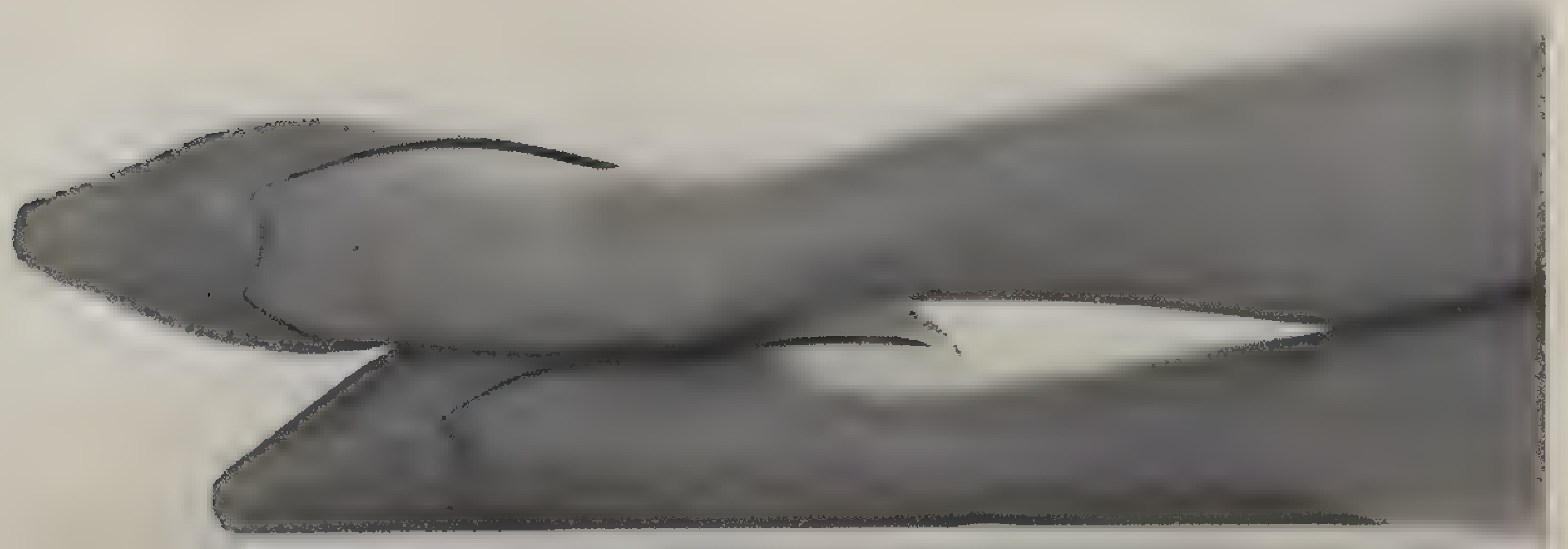
Slimmed-down shoe—black, bowed

KAREN RADKAI

KAREN RADKAI

Three ways to get there—if where you intend to go is toward a daytime look that's clean as a whistle. The looks here, buoyed up by shoes that walk on the light side. *Left:* A coat that's been brushing up on levitation—lacy sky-blue wool that skims the figure but doesn't miss the news of a defined waistline. By Brittany, of wool, mohair, and rabbit's hair (Stroock fabric). About $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Mr. John hat. *Seated right:* Lightening everything in sight—a pale beige knitted dress of Zefran and linen, slot-belted. By Leslie Fay. About $25. Ring by Scaasi. Margaret Jerrold shoes. All at Lord & Taylor. Dress also at Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson. Mr. John hat. *Far right:* A few ounces of grey flannel (toward which, by the way, there's a rush on), here used for a suit. By Harrods, of doeskin worsted. About $100. Scaasi pin. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Green silk turban by Mr. John. Delman shoes.

Lightness, neatness—three ways to walk into it



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The excursion cost, round-trip, of three people to the moon with all expenses paid in 1969—$25 billion.... The fight over United Nations bonds.... *The Night of the Iguana,* a memory-making play that is not always memorable, by Tennessee Williams, whose characters are marvellously playable by a cast that jiggles every jounce of vigour out of it; especially Alan Webb as a ninety-year-old grandfather, Bette Davis in blue jeans and a carroty wig, and Margaret Leighton, wan, blond, resolute as an ox.... The happy tune that comes over the wire after one dials the area code number for long distance calls in France.... A County Sligo description of a scolding woman: "A tongue you could clip a hedge with."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The new look, the beauty, the zest of the Franco Zeffirelli production of *Romeo and Juliet,* played by The Old Vic Company, here now.... The solid paintings with their transparent look by Carlyle Brown who does marvellous things with blue glasses, bottles, arrangements of reality.... Charles Aznavour, a gaunt French singer turned actor who is remarkable in two French movies, *Tomorrow is my Turn* and *Shoot the Pianist.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... A refreshing, intermittently folk song, trio, Peter, Paul, and Mary: the men look like bearded El Grecos with guitars, and the blond girl like an early dishevelled Lauren Bacall. . . . Elsa Morante, the Italian novelist who rewrote completely her successful book, *Arturo's Island,* keeping the same story, but then won the same acclaim for this newer version. . . . The quickening pleasures of *Brecht on Brecht,* a curious off-Broadway production of the German Communist playwright who died in 1956, leaving an old record in which his halting voice explains in English his life, leaving his firm thumbprint on the international theatre—in this production six strong players give his aphorisms, his poems, his songs, scenes from his plays, and make his jokes, "After the rising of June Seventeen/ In leaflets distributed in the Stalinallee/ Some party hack decreed that the people/ Had lost the government's confidence/ And could only regain it by redoubled effort./ If that is the case, would it not be simpler/ If the government simply dissolved the people/ And elected another?"

"A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS," and the three who help increase the stature of this Robert Bolt play—Thomas Gomez as Thomas Cromwell, Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas More, and George Rose as The Common Man. In this remarkably intellectual drama with its enormous appeal the centre lies with More, the great British Chancellor for Henry VIII who cut off More's head after a wire-tight fight in which the King's weapon was the subtle Cromwell, the King's Ear, "When the King wants something done, I do it." The King wanted More dead because his honesty of mind, his rich spirit, witty, humane, compassionate, could sway the court minds of Europe against the King's desire to divorce. For More could say, during the long roller-coaster mental duel with Cromwell, "I know what's legal not what's right. And I'll stick to what's legal. I'm *not* God." It all makes for the best evening in New York, actors acting superbly in a superb drama.

PENN

fascinating woman's clothes-plan for a life centred around her own house: MRS. MURRAY VANDERBILT'S IDEAS

Mrs. Murray Vanderbilt's likes include: talented people; the colour pink; playing the guitar; getting enough exercise; reading; rising early to have breakfast with her children; doing needlepoint; and being at home in the evening. Although she lives in New York, she has a quality of calmness, a charming serenity that is notably lacking in many other women who do—she doesn't jump when the telephone rings, or cast haggard glances at her watch, or her engagement calendar ("just too many things for Thursday"). Actually, her likes, and her life, centre—happily and warmly, though quite un-possessively—around her children and her house. The children are a daughter, thirteen, and a son, twelve; the house is a brownstone, set in a quiet block. Mrs. Vanderbilt likes to be there, not only in the evening when the children are at home, but any other time, and she loves to entertain there. Not that she's a recluse, in any sense of the word—she has a great many outside interests, some of which are out-and-out enthusiasms: she adores concerts, the opera, and the ballet; loves to prowl through art galleries and museums; works actively for the Henry Street Settlement, and a picked group of other causes that she really believes in. She never, or seldom, misses a hard morning workout of exercise—one hour a day—at a rather rigorous gym on the West Side, frequented by ballet dancers; to this she goes directly after whizzing the children to their schools, at eight A.M., in her small car. Although she dislikes restaurants, she enjoys lunching or dining at friends' houses. But after these forays, she returns with delight to her house, with its warm colours—many of them shades of geranium-pink or leaf-green—its wood fires, its tall French windows opening onto quiet gardens at the back. It's a house that is lived in, savoured, enjoyed—not used mainly as a place to refuel, a sort of launching-pad for other activities. Mrs. Vanderbilt's wardrobe reflects the interest and enjoyment of her life at home; while she has some marvellous-looking clothes for going out, she seems to view her stay-at-home clothes with particular affection. In both cases, the clothes are apt to be by Mainbocher. *(More next page)*

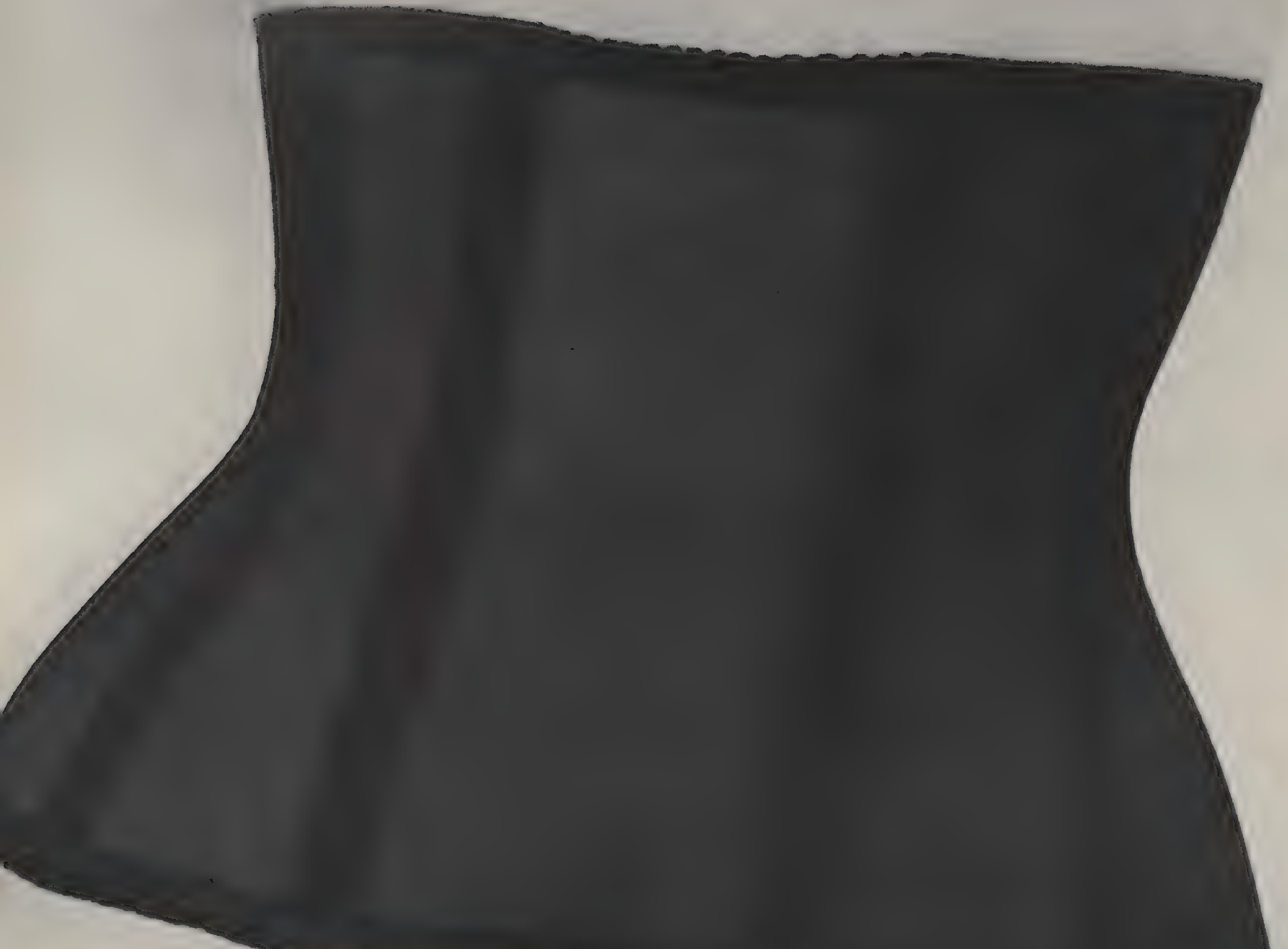
RAWLINGS

Mrs. Murray Vanderbilt: her clothes-plan (*continued*). In Mrs. Vanderbilt's New York house, the large drawing-room (on facing page) is actually a library, wood-panelled, walled with books on two sides. "The library is always the room that's used," said Mrs. Vanderbilt practically, "so why not have it be the biggest room?" (Another consideration is that she owns—and reads—a great many books.) At one side is a fireplace where, in winter, a wood fire almost always burns; at the end are French windows looking over low-walled gardens; the rug is a warm geranium-pink. Here, in the evening, Mrs. Vanderbilt and her children often have impromptu musicales—her daughter plays the piano, and she and her son play guitars; "my fingernails always look terrible." Here, too, guests—generally eight, seldom more than twelve—assemble for coffee after lunch or dinner in the small, bright dining room downstairs. At lunchtime, Mrs. Vanderbilt wears a bright-coloured wool dress—one favourite is a geranium-pink wool—or a suit like the one shown above. *On the facing page:* Mrs. Vanderbilt in the drawing room after dinner. The guitar is really played, and the needlepoint will one day be a hearthrug. Her at-home costume, by Mainbocher, is two-piece, of soft-yellow velvet striped in pale blue, green, white. Sometimes Mrs. Vanderbilt wears this top with a full-length skirt of pink wool, or combines the striped skirt with a black velvet top. Or, she may wear the long pink skirt with an oval-necked, sleeveless sweater in cherry-red. *Above:* At the writing-desk in her sunny bedroom upstairs, Mrs. Vanderbilt wears a grey tweed suit by Mainbocher with a yellow silk blouse; the jacket (flung back) lined with the same yellow silk. *Below:* Visiting an exhibition, Mrs. Vanderbilt in a wonderful Mainbocher coat of navy-blue cashmere, like a man's overcoating—"not heavy, but terribly warm." It flares, subtly, at the hemline.

RAWLINGS

Mrs. Murray Vanderbilt's clothes-plan (*continued*). Mrs. Vanderbilt's life in New York often has a countryish air, as in the photograph above—which seems to be on a country terrace, but was actually taken outside the dining-room door of Mrs. Vanderbilt's New York house. The door opens directly into the garden, and has a pop-through for the dogs, Ichabod and Quiche Lorraine. The garden is a real garden, not an arid back yard, and in the spring and autumn Mrs. Vanderbilt gardens in it quite intensively. For this, and for country weekends at friends' houses, she has a collection of good-looking outfits like the one above: beige doeskin pants, U-necked green wool sweater, white silk shirt. She loves "fuzzy, bright-coloured sweaters" and coloured shirts, often bright blue or pink, so the pants are generally in a neutral colour, or a dark plaid. By saying she has a collection of these things, though, we don't mean that she has a large, unwieldy number of them; she hates to have a great clutter of any kind of clothes, even her favourite at-home ones. "I weed constantly," she says—and she doesn't mean the garden. "I love a *sparse* closet, with everything in place. Once you get it in order, it's easy to keep it that way. I actually have very few clothes, and I wear them forever—especially Main's, of course, because they just don't wear out." There are some new acquisitions this year, partly because of a particularly drastic weeding a year or two ago—among them, the beautiful navy-blue coat and the grey tweed suit shown on the preceding page. There's also a pale-grey wool suit with a blouse and jacket-lining of leaf-green satin; a bluish-grey checked tweed suit with a grey wool jersey top, the jacket lined with grey mink sides; and a short evening costume with a white brocade top, a black wool jersey skirt, and a green wool jacket lined with grey chinchilla rabbit. (Although Mrs. Vanderbilt doesn't own a fur coat, she adores fur-lined jackets.) Her fondness for pink is indulged in another Mainbocher short evening dress, actually a coat dress of bright-pink brocade, full-skirted. Her long-evening-dress life is almost non-existent—largely because she doesn't specially like the kind of large semi-public gaiety at which a long dress must be worn. Once a year, she does go to the ball given for the Institute of International Education, in which she is keenly interested; for this, she said, "I sort of put something together." *Right, and below:* Mrs. Vanderbilt in side-saddle habit, at a stable on Long Island where she and her children sometimes go to ride on weekends. At right, her winter habit, the conventional black, from Wetherill's in London; her boots are from Peal. Below, her summer riding costume—a pink Brooks shirt, white side-saddle skirt, black riding-boots and belt, and a shady straw hat.

RAWLINGS



THE YEAR THE WAIST CAME BACK

The object at left is a waist cinch. It can scoop an inch from a waistline, give a lean and tapering line to a midriff, put a neatly controlled curve all around the upper hips. Is this important? It is. Very. One point: most men feel that the most adorable thing a woman can be is scooped in at the waist, lean and tapering through the midriff, neatly curved around the hips. Another point: the woman with a figure that tallies with this description is about to cash in on some of the most captivating new looks in fashion this year—fitted looks; near-fitted looks; really wide, twirling, gored-to-action skirts; the succinct little pillbox jackets that often ride above them; the presence of tall, ribcagey belts on at least three shapes that count now—full, fairly full, or roundly slender. And what the waist cinch at left—or the cinch variations in the following pages—can do is simply this: it can put a woman firmly within the framework of 1962 shape-news. Moreover, if you've rigid and somewhat pneumatic memories of what waist-cinches used to be, know that—for all their fine grasp of the shape situation—waist cinches now are made of the lightest fibres known to corsetry. Bones they have—the gentlest, most pliable kind—but not an ounce of starch in their bodies. As for this cinch, it's made by Scandale for Tru Balance, in leno of Vyrene, costs $6, and it's such a lightweight that it could be hooked on right over an all-in-one, and not raise a ripple—except of shape-excitement. Altman's; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's.

THE SHAPE NEWS— IS IT FOR YOU?

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

THE YEAR THE WAIST CAME BACK

Carved—but not out of granite—is the figure the new shapes demand. Though, in view of the astonishing gentleness of the shape-makers involved, demand is really too harsh a word: at left, for instance, a waist is being cinched to handspan; a midriff, pared to new heights; thighs, slimmed to the stocking-tops. And what's responsible for this entire good-works project? About a half-dozen ounces of Lycra is what—boning, stitching, and all. By Smoothie, in power net made with Lycra; about $19. At Altman's; Chas. A. Stevens. Great shape for the great shape at left to be in: the one seen through a glass—brightly—at right. Two-piece dress, with a wide flare of skirt that hangs on a camisole, and an overblouse that slides in at the waist. This, in a polished-apple kind of green wool, is by Christian Dior-New York; about $245. At Altman's; Montaldo's; Frederick & Nelson.

SHAPE NEWS
FULL-LENGTH
FOCUS

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

SUZANNE HAUSAMMANN

THE YEAR THE WAIST CAME BACK

Two aspects of 1962 shape-news at left—a fitted-to-the-waist suit in navy blue; a rosy high-waisted tweed coat—and, at right, the makings of a figure for either: a curvy unstrapped black maillot cut high on the leg, with a low zippered-up back, a little-nothing waist, and good intentions visible way up through the midriff, way down through the hips. By Lady Marlene, of Lycra, with a Talon zipper; about $19. At Bloomingdale's; Frost Bros.; The Broadway. The navy-blue suit, farthest left, has a longish, nipped-in jacket that hits the curves nicely over a walkably slender skirt. By Ben Zuckerman, of petit-point wool; about $245. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field. The coat, near left, starts on a high curve, then rounds out softly from a narrow, neatly tapered waist. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, in a rose-coloured wool tweed fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres.

MAILLOT CINCH—ALL-OVER SHAPE NEWS

SUZANNE HAUSAMMANN

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

Right: **Lime tweed suit. The jacket has a shaped front, a leather button (really a snap closing) at the waist. Copied by Zelinka-Matlick, of Anglo wool. About $95. Bonwit Teller.**

CARDIN COPIES— THE AMERICAN WAY

A daytime wardrobe, or the basis for one here in a collection designed by Pierre Cardin, copied in America: two dresses for all seasons; one for almost all; a suit for now under a fur coat, later under no coat; a coat for this spring, next autumn. Made in America for day-long wearing by American women, these nearly year-round clothes have a look that's unmistakably Cardin. Collars are small or non-existent, shoulders small, all-over shape slender, shapely. Big buttons, flat bows, looped ties are the characteristic details. The suit and the dresses are all self-sufficient, but a large jewel, real or otherwise, might befriend any one of them. The five-piece collection on these and the following pages.

Opposite page: **Radiant wool coat with a convertible collar. Copied by Zelinka-Matlick, of Anglo wool. About $110. Meyers Make kidskin gloves. Both at Bonwit Teller. Tilted silk beret by Emme. The beige rose lipstick is by Orlane. The clothes on these and the following two pages are also at Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin.**

PALUMBO

CARDIN COPIES— IN AMERICA

Left: **Black and white silk-and-cotton tweed coat dress tied at the waist with a wide leather belt. Copied by Rembrandt. About $60. Bonwit Teller.** *Near right:* **Coral-coloured dress in two parts (the skirt is on a camisole). Copied by Rembrandt, of featherweight wool by Or de Laine. About $90. At Bonwit Teller.**

Right: Beige silk tweed dress with its own jacket. The dress is sleeveless, has a slender skirt. Copied by Rembrandt. About $90. At Bonwit Teller. All clothes on these and the preceding two pages are also at Joseph Horne; Sakowitz.

"THEY LOVED EACH OTHER"

The world was waiting. Waiting for me, to whisper my incantation, "I am George Emlyn Williams and . . ." I was lying with my head on my fist on morning grass, dry of dew and warm with the first heat of the year. All was still, even the stalks clutched in my hot fingers. I had come up into the fields to gather shaking-grass, a weed with a hundred beads tremulous to the touch, which my mother would inter in two vases where it would frugally desiccate and gather dust forever. Spring smells and earth feelings crept into my seven-year-old body; nine-tenths innocent, one-tenth conscient, it responded. I rolled one cheek up till it closed an eye, and squinted down at the sunlit village. A dog lay asleep in the road. Mrs. Jones South Africa was hanging washing, and quavering a hymn. Cassie hung on their gate and called to Ifor, "Time to go to the well!" The bleat of a sheep. A bird called, careless, mindless. Eighteen inches from my eye, a tawny baby frog was about to leap. It waited.

Everything waited: the hymn had ceased, the bird was dumb and suspended. "I was born November the 26th, 1905 and the world was completed at midnight on Saturday July the 10th, 4004 B.C."—our Bible stated the year at the top of page one, the rest I felt free to add—"and has been going ever since, through Genesis Revelation the six wives of Henry the Eighth the Guillotine and the Diamond Jubilee right until this minute 10 A.M. Sunday April the 14th, 1912, when the world has stopped. The sun will not set tonight, or ever again, and I am the only one who knows."

No sound: the spool of time has run down, the century is nipped in the bud. I shall never grow up, or old, but shall lie on the grass forever, a mummy of a boy with nestling in the middle of it a nameless warmth like the slow heat inside straw. This is the eternal morning.

The frog jumped. Cassie called again, I scrambled up, brushed my best knickerbockers, pulled the black stockings up inside them, raced down and hopped between my water buckets into the wooden square which kept them well apart so as not to splash. The sun did set, and by the time it rose next morning the *Titanic* had been sunk. If the world *had* stopped, they would not have drowned; I thought about it for days.

The century, un-nipped, has crept forward, and the knickerbockers are no more. They encased one brother till he burst out of them, then another till they fell exhausted away from him, turned into floor rags and at last were decently burned. But I am still here, not yet decently burned or a floor rag or even exhausted, George Emlyn Williams, born November the 26th, 1905.

My family tree is the shortest in the wood. The Japanese variety, healthy but stunted. It would be the neatest feature of any landscape, for hardly a twig ventures outside Flintshire, the smallest county in Wales, the one in the top right corner next to England, adjacent to Chester and Liverpool. My mother was Mary, the daughter of Job Williams, collier, and his wife Eleanor (Elin) Jones, midwife, both of Treuddyn, a tiny village in the hills above the small market town of Mold, around which both families had lived for generations. From my sheaf of half a dozen birth certificates, I learn that my mother was born in 1869, and that two days after her first birthday my father was born fifteen miles away. Before they met, they had in common surname, county, sturdy peasant stock, and the Welsh language, for their four parents spoke no other. The four also felt their way along the same precarious financial line, a couple of shillings away from the precipice of pauperdom, and none of them could read or write: whatever the savings book may have lacked in noughts, the birth certificates made up in crosses.

Yma fe ddyliwn roi syniad o'r iaith Gymreig, which is the Welsh for "I ought here to give an idea of the Welsh language." I was brought up in it, but even I can see that it is peculiar, bearing no relation to English in either vocabulary or grammar, and indeed little to any modern tongue except its first cousins, Irish, Gaelic, Breton, and Cornish. In Britain, Welsh was already widely spoken in the sixth century, having been handed down from the Britons, the direct ancestors of the Welsh. To imagine the sound of it, take Italian, drain off a measure of southern languor and infuse the same quantity of northern vigour. . . .

Their mother had a cross to bear: Job the Sabbatarian had falls from grace, usually on Saturday night. He drank. And when he was "dan y cwrw," under the influence, he was a mettlesome customer: once, exhorted to repent and read aloud from the Old Testament, which had given him and his children their names, he is reputed to have lugged a great Bible into the street and bawled passages new to his window-and-door congregation. When recovering from his bouts, the only person he would allow near him was his Mary fach, small, pink, and white, with light blue eyes and curly fair hair, her gaiety already at odds with an innate timidity; to his wife's distaste, he would perch the child on his knee, swing her to and fro to the tune of "Hob y derri dando," and gather her to a beery breast. . . .

With Sarah already in service at a girls' school in Merionethshire, fourteen-year-old Mary's tin box was packed and her fair hair twined up under a black straw hat; she was driven in a farmer's trap down to Mold—"Don't forget to change at Chester." And at Liverpool, in the shadow of the birds of prey on the Liver Building, she stepped off the ferryboat and in the terrifying maelstrom caught sight of brother Jabez's glasses and walrus moustache. He escorted her, on her first tram, to 16 Yew Tree Road, the imposing stockbroker's house near Walton Jail where she was to be a housemaid. She did the silver, the steps, the washing, the dusting, anything. Liking her work and her mistress, she was always to speak of both with pride, while Mrs. Ellsworthy took a fancy to the little monosyllabic foreign child, toiling noiselessly with no thought of time. Who ever heard of a servant so scrupulous that she would wind bits of string round her finger and

SKETCH BY BACHARDY

BY EMLYN WILLIAMS

EMLYN WILLIAMS (left) has braided into his life three talents, writing, acting, and memory-carrying; he uses the first and third in this excerpt from his forthright and delightful autobiography, *George*, an account of his early life in Wales and Oxford where he used his full name, George Emlyn Williams. Since those days, he has mixed up playwriting and acting, appeared in London in some of his fifteen to twenty plays, including *The Corn Is Green* and *Night Must Fall*. For other writers he has created a number of important parts in the theatre and in movies. His first produced play, *Full Moon*, was done at Oxford in repertory, the Playhouse listing it in this order on its dark red throw-away cards: Tchehov, Shaw, Barrie, Emlyn Williams, Strindberg. He remembers things like that. This sketch of Williams is by Don Bachardy, a young California draughtsman who has been living in London for the past few years where he had a one-man exhibition of his portrait drawings at the Redfern Gallery, and recently, with some American faces added, one in New York at the Sagittarius Gallery.

stack them in a drawer, next to used paper bags folded like doll's linen? Curtsying came naturally, but she felt peculiar saying "ma'am"; was it not what she had called her mother since she could speak, "Mam"?

Sunday was Welsh day, when Mary went by tram to her brother in Bootle, and Treuddyn came nearer. Sunday School in Trinity Road, back to Jabez's lodgings for high tea, back for the evening service, then back again, perhaps with the minister and a couple of chapel members for cold ham, tea, and gossip, theological and thereabouts. By the end of the day the stockbroking dinner parties ("This is sherry, Mary my dear, and that one's called port") seemed far away, and adventure further. Several years passed. Jabez acquired a Welsh wife and a house in a row with a bow window, but while other girls looked about them (maybe without seeing much), Mary lived, as she was to go on living, with eyes modestly to the ground.

In Welsh chapels at this time, after the preacher had prayed and one or two of the deacons enshrined in the Sêt Fawr (the Big Seat beneath the pulpit) had renewed their weekly intimacies with Jehovah, it was not unknown for an inspired member of the congregation to come forward and give his "profiad" (his experience) just as at bullfights in Spain, a headstrong onlooker will vault the barricade with a stick and a red rag. These boys are called espontáneos. But while the Spanish clap the intruder into jail, the Welsh ask him home for tea and seedcake. One turned up at Trinity Road, in the summer of 1889. The hymn had died away, and Mary had dutifully rearranged herself beside her brother, when she heard a Sunday squeak in the aisle. These amateurs of imprecation tended to shamble and the divine light was often obscured behind pince-nez, but this was different. A thick-set young man with a confident slightly rolling walk opened the gate-door of the deacon's den—he too could have vaulted—and settled down to pray steadily and aloud, the congregation following silent suit. This particu- *(Continued on page 127)*

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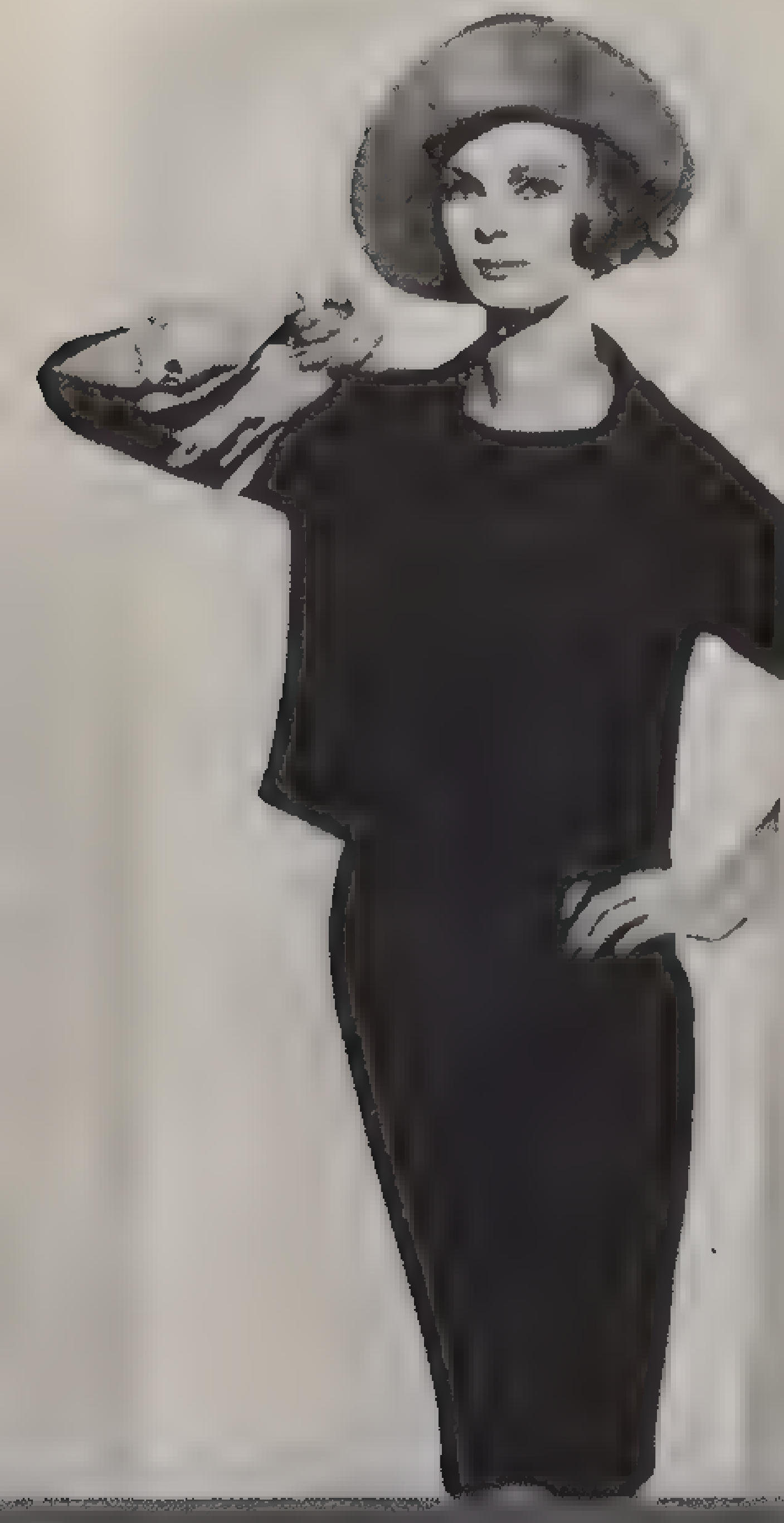
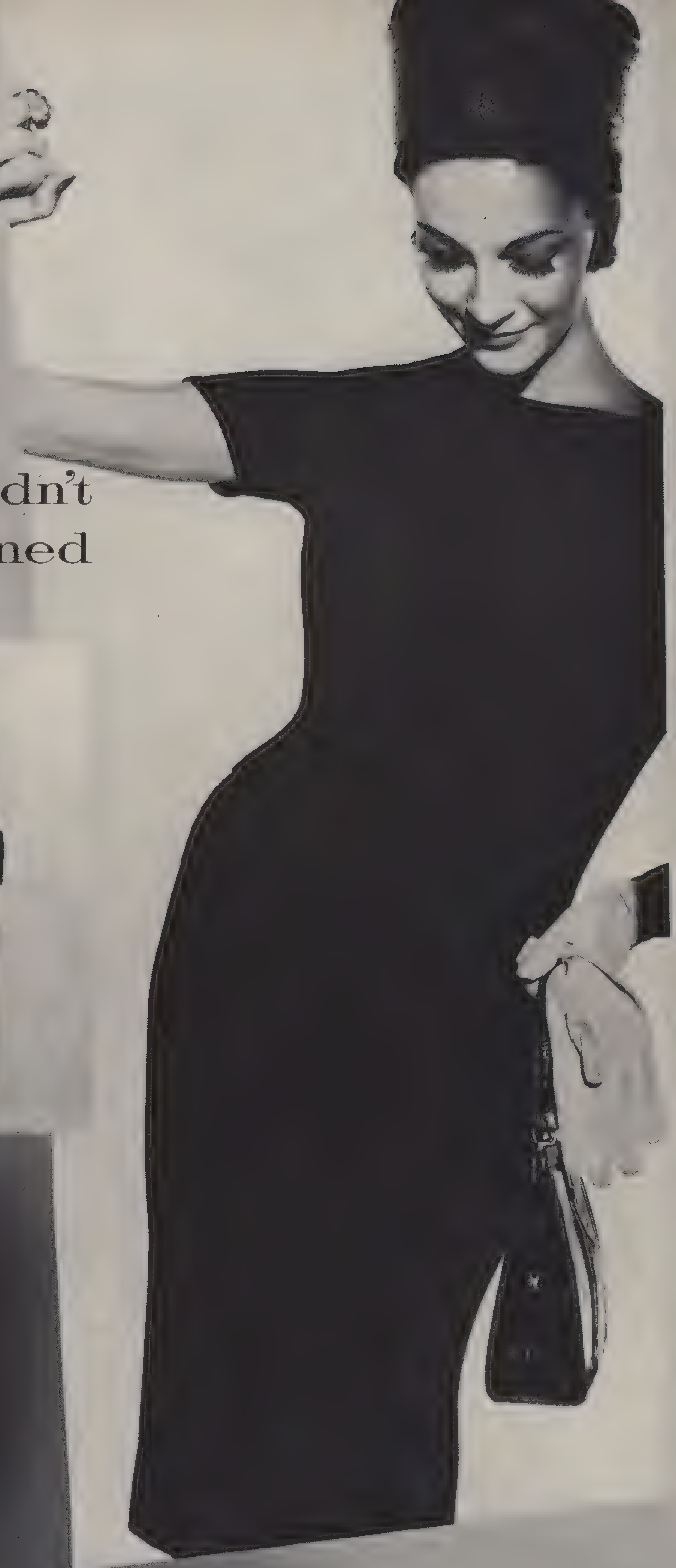
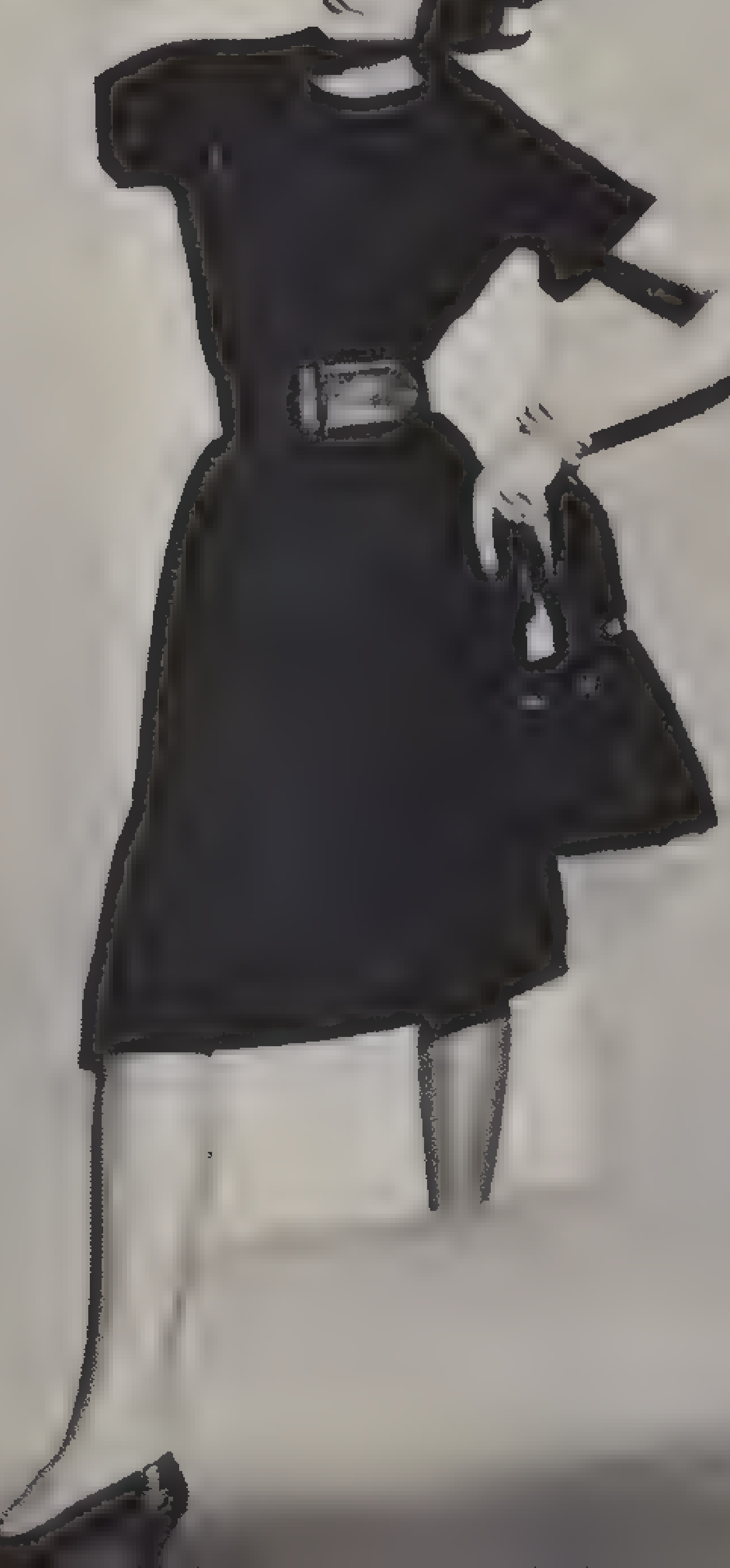
Knitted looks you couldn't have owned before





Four not-till-now ideas in knitted clothes—every one of them with a sharp eye for this season's fashion changes. All shape up in black knitted wool. *Right:* The sweater and skirt way to go to cocktails or theatre—all that jet fringe at the sweater's base is the change. Dress about $90. Handbag by Nettie Rosenstein; black lambskin gloves by Polava; pin by Richelieu. *Near left:* Day-in-town separates, a small sleeved top with a hint of waistline; a non-skinny skirt gathered lightly, without exaggeration. The dress, about $60. The handbag is by Deitsch. *Far left:* Side buttoning puts this knitted jacket and dress onto a non-routine suit look. Other good points: the waist-lifting seam under the bosom of the dress; the knitted jacket margin, treated like braid. Dress, jacket about $70. *Below:* Knitted dress with the surprise of the season—a foot of ruffle at the hem. Dress, about $60. (Belt, our idea.) *All knitted clothes* by Kimberly. These, plus the accessories, at Bergdorf Goodman. Dresses and suit also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hats by Mr. John.



PALUMBO

SARDINIA: "NOTHING FINISHED, NOTHING FINAL"

BY EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX

EDITOR'S NOTE: A small, dark woman of intense quality, Edmonde Charles-Roux is not only the editor-in-chief of French Vogue, but an observant writer; her articles about the South of France, Moscow, Spain, Morocco, and Southern Italy have been published in American Vogue. Three years ago her biography, *Don Juan d'Autriche: Conquérant Solitaire*, the story of the natural son of Charles V of Austria, became a notable success in France. Part of her childhood she spent in Italy when her father, the late François Charles-Roux, was the French Ambassador to the Vatican.

In Sardinia, Italy must be forgotten. Here are none of the sweet pleasures that have made the Amalfi coast famous, nor the sumptuous beauties of Sicily: temples corroded by sea winds, the crumbling splendours of Selinunte, the abandoned villas of Bagheria where statues grimace from baroque walls. Sardinia has no white villages, no coiling streets, no enchanted gardens, in fact, none of the chromo delights of an Italian opera set.

Amateurs of the picturesque who like a quick seduction will be rapidly deceived if they expect to see the family wash of the Sardinian poor waving like garlands in the breeze. In Naples, torn shirts are hoisted like a decking of flags across the cobbled streets, but not in Sardinia, where both rags and riches have the same severe, remote look, barely distinguishable one from the other.

But Sardinia does have a superbly varied coastline sometimes of purple boulders mounted like pedestals in the sea, sometimes of grainy sand, like crystallized sleet fallen into long luminous sunlit ribbons. As far as the eye can see, lonely beaches and secret coves reach to a bony backdrop. Not a house, but here and there, a few fishermen sit in the shadow of a boat pulled to dry sand. The impression is one of outer space, of an other-planetary world one longs to understand.

One wonders why, for instance, the circling sea inspires the Sardinians with such unholy terror that most all of their villages are inland. Of three-hundred small villages, only twelve can be seen from the sea.

All of them, however, have an improvised air of faded walls, recoated with a quick wash of pale blue or pale rose, the low houses invariably centred with a half-opened door flanked by shuttered windows. The next hamlet, and the next, all have this same pallid harmony, neither blue nor rose, the same sequence of walls, a baffling resemblance which sends the traveller in search of books to unravel the mystery. But books on Sardinia are rare. It appears that very few famous writers have braved its shores.

A BOOK TO READ. I can find only D. H. Lawrence who, after escaping the bewitchments of Sicily, made a lightning trip through Sardinia which resulted in a three-hundred page book, *Sea and Sardinia*, published in 1921. Actually he stayed only six bitingly cold days during the glacial month of February.

It is not a bad thought—winter in Sardinia. Summer, after all, is so beautifully warm, the beaches so tempting and the water so clear that churches, museums, and the extraordinary nuraghi blur in the shimmering heat. It is so easy to dream without moving from beneath a beach parasol, all curiosity seems to sleep in the sun, one laughs with the sea, sighs a bit, and finishes by discovering little or nothing of this blessed wilderness. Lawrence, however, in the light of winter, saw the island in the full glare of the truth. *Sea and Sardinia* is a book to take with you.

"Sardinia is like nowhere," wrote Lawrence, "it lies outside; outside the circuit of civilization. Like the Basque lands." And further on he speaks of Sardinia as "Left outside of time and history." Of a peasant he notes: "He is an elderly, upright, handsome man, beautiful in the black-and-white costume. On his head he has the long black stocking cap, hanging down behind. How handsome he is! . . . He walks with his hands loose behind his back, slowly, upright, and aloof. . . . One realizes, with horror, that the race of

(Continued on page 132)

THE MUSHROOMING BERET

***Facing page:* Highly wearable variety of mushroom, likely to flourish this spring in sunny situations—the huge, upspringing mushroom beret. Here in white strawcloth, ribboned in navy blue, green, and pink, and pinned with an anchor; worn with a circle of white strawcloth scarf, identically ribboned. Both by Adolfo of Emme. The muted lipstick—one of four new spring-pickup colours in Revlon's famous Ultima group: this, called Pinkini. Everything, at Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin.**

KAREN RADKAI

THE BLOUSE THAT MAKES A LOOK

Want to charm a rugged tweed skirt? Surprise it with flowers—the ones that come on some of the newest, and least rugged, blouses and shirts around. *Left:* Silk flowers—pale and fragile—tucked into a skirt that's anything but, and giving off a whole new fashion-impact. Lady Hathaway shirt; about $23. Wool tweed skirt by Sloat; about $18. Both, Lord & Taylor. Shirt, also Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Sally Victor hat. Lipstick: Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Candied Ginger. Laverne chair. *Right:* Cotton batiste blouse teeming with bright flowers—and the news of ruffles. To think of in the same breath: black tweed skirt; brimmy black hat (this, by Christian Dior-New York). Ship 'n Shore blouse, about $4. Earrings by Trifari. All at Bonwit Teller. Blouse, also at Hudson's; Sakowitz.

KAREN RADKAI

THE 1962 LOOK-MAKING BLOUSE

More about the blouse that '62 will be known by: the one that whips other clothes into entrancing new looks. *Left:* Paisleyed silk overblouse that's everything a blouse should be in 1962—a whizz at raising the level of suit-excitement extravagantly. Adelaar blouse in orange, yellow, and green; about $13. The suit —near-white wool—about $145. Gloves by Fuchs. All: Lord & Taylor. Blouse: Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer. Creamy white straw cloche: Mr. John. *Right:* Three ways for a blouse to be charming—to be ruffled white linen; shaped like the crispest little jacket you ever saw; and worn, in town, with a country plaid of skirt. This three-way charmer, by Sidney Heller, of Moygashel linen; about $12. Richelieu earrings. Gloves by Superb. All: Altman's. Blouse: Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres. Emme hat.

KAREN RADKAI

Beauty is in the I.Q. of the beholder

WHAT MATTERS ABOUT TASTE—AN UNFAIR QUIZ TO GAUGE YOUR OWN

LUCASTA: But suppose I only like the wrong things?

COLBY: No, I'm sure you'll prefer the right things when you hear them.
I've given you a test. Several of the pieces
That I've just played you were very second-rate
And you didn't like them. You liked the right ones.

And they say there's no accounting for taste? These characters, snatched from T. S. Eliot's *Confidential Clerk*, point up the fact that there *is* an accounting for taste in almost every encounter. Each time strangers meet, taste confronts taste, eye takes a fast measure, and someone passes or fails miserably. But where does taste spring from? From early conditioning? From bottomless sources of longing? Or in the heart or in the head? The word has not yet come down from the mount; science has not said precisely, but there is some evidence now for head. And about time, too, because why should taste go on being considered divinely given—like genius or blue eyes—since it often flourishes in such *likely* soil? On one hand, scientifically, it seems that in isolated testings, such as the Meier Art Judgment Test, the results showed no relation at all to those obtained in the Stanford-Binet Intelligence Tests. However, on the other scientific hand (and this is where we go), in the Stanford-Binet tests themselves, four-year-old children are given three pictures to choose from and asked, "Which is pretty?" Their answers are, of course, part of their scores, and an illustration that the Testers believe that choice is a component of intelligence. On this ground, then, it *would* seem that when we settle for books or pictures, sights or sounds, Things or the clothes we choose to wear, we are exercising a muscle in the mind—and a muscle that *can* be strengthened. (It's a popular misconception that your I.Q. is static; that if you made a score of 125 in college, you're 125 for life. This is not held true by the Testers who believe that by acquiring a greater fund of knowledge and a more wiry vocabulary, anyone may push his score up at any time of life). And since vocabulary—part of what the Testers call "the divergent intelligence"—is admittedly the strongest consideration in testing, how would it be to test yours divergently, for taste? Here then is a terribly unfair word association test for taste, not based on a review of Taste through the ages, but on the quality which says that you are among the living—Contemporary Taste.

1. Which of these words relate to taste: small____ medium____ large____?
2. Would you say that taste is: holy____ funny____?
3. Popular____ unpopular____: which words ring a taste bell?
4. Which is the greatest compliment to a woman's appearance:
   Impeccable____ chic____ charming____ impressive____?
5. Match "provincial" with the appropriate places:
   New York____ Billings, Montana____ London____ Paris____ Rome____.
6. Check the one that seems to you to come closest to describing taste:
   furious self-possession____ beautiful manners____ neither____.

7. Do you consider that contemporary dressing is: art____ decoration?
8. Which has the greatest bearing on taste: money____ time____ spirit____?
9. Is taste evident: always____ sometimes____ never____?
10. Which décor indicates the surest sense of taste:
Regency____ eighteenth century English____ contemporary____ French provincial____ ?

If you are still in the game, you may feel, like Eliot's Lucasta, that you have said all the wrong things. Or find happily that you were so right (now there's a phrase the human eardrum always has the welcome mat out for). What the answers pant out is this: It genuinely doesn't too much matter whether yours is bad or good taste; the great thing is to have *a* taste that exercises its right to vote, daily. It should be *your* taste but expandable. With its own integrity, sinews, boldness, confidence. Then taste becomes what taste, ideally, is—an act of communication and a method of seeking out Those Others who are living on your own true level of compatibility.

THE ANSWERS

1. Small and large are both right answers. Taste has to be one thing or another: good, bad, but not indifferent. It's a definite choice. In fashion, for instance, a pin as small as a ladybug or as large as a butter plate is infinitely more effective taste than one that's middle-sized, middle-of-the-road, middle-aged looking.

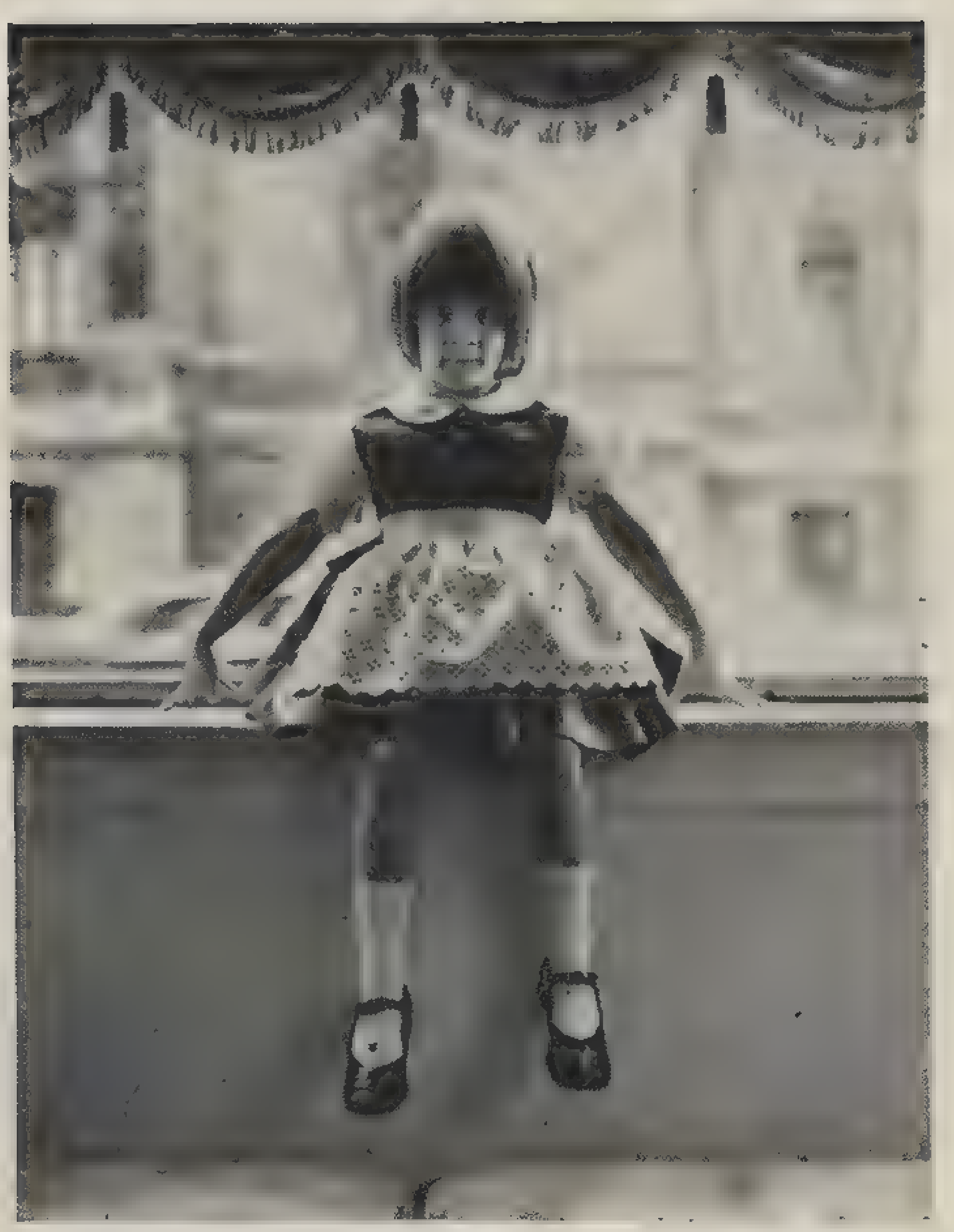
2. Funny. No one need bend the knee to taste, to accepted, holy taste in particular. There is no need, if you like a china bowl, to turn it over and see if it bears the Meissen markings, or look for a label *before* you like a dress. Fashion can be funny, sometimes a little wild, a little off-centre, maybe even a little ridiculous (the Stanford-Binet test includes a test for this), and things can often be so terrible they're wonderful. A very tasty man around town has just lately uncovered in a thrift shop what seems to him a marvellous Object—a china bust of Shakespeare with a doll's face—a doll's round blue eyes, rose-petal skin, cupid-bow mouth. And the books Mr. Shakespeare rests on are the same colour as his jacket. Well . . . anyway, this man thinks it's funny.

3. Unpopular. It's pretty well accepted that the higher the I.Q., the less popular the taste . . . few intellectuals rush to read down the best-seller list, wait in line at the Music Hall, take up the In painter; they are most apt to seek out the un-popular, the un-everywhere, the un-in. And in fashion, intellectuals shun the too-in-fashion messages, the too lavish furs, the colour on everyone's back. A good place to see taste taking its out-of-the-way course is Fifth Avenue right now. At the Metropolitan Museum, gigantic crowds streamed suddenly in to see The Rembrandt that cost so much money, while down the street at the Frick, a small but steady trickle of regular viewers continued to touch base to visit their Rembrandt, the small, perfect "Polish Rider." And none of them knew what it cost.

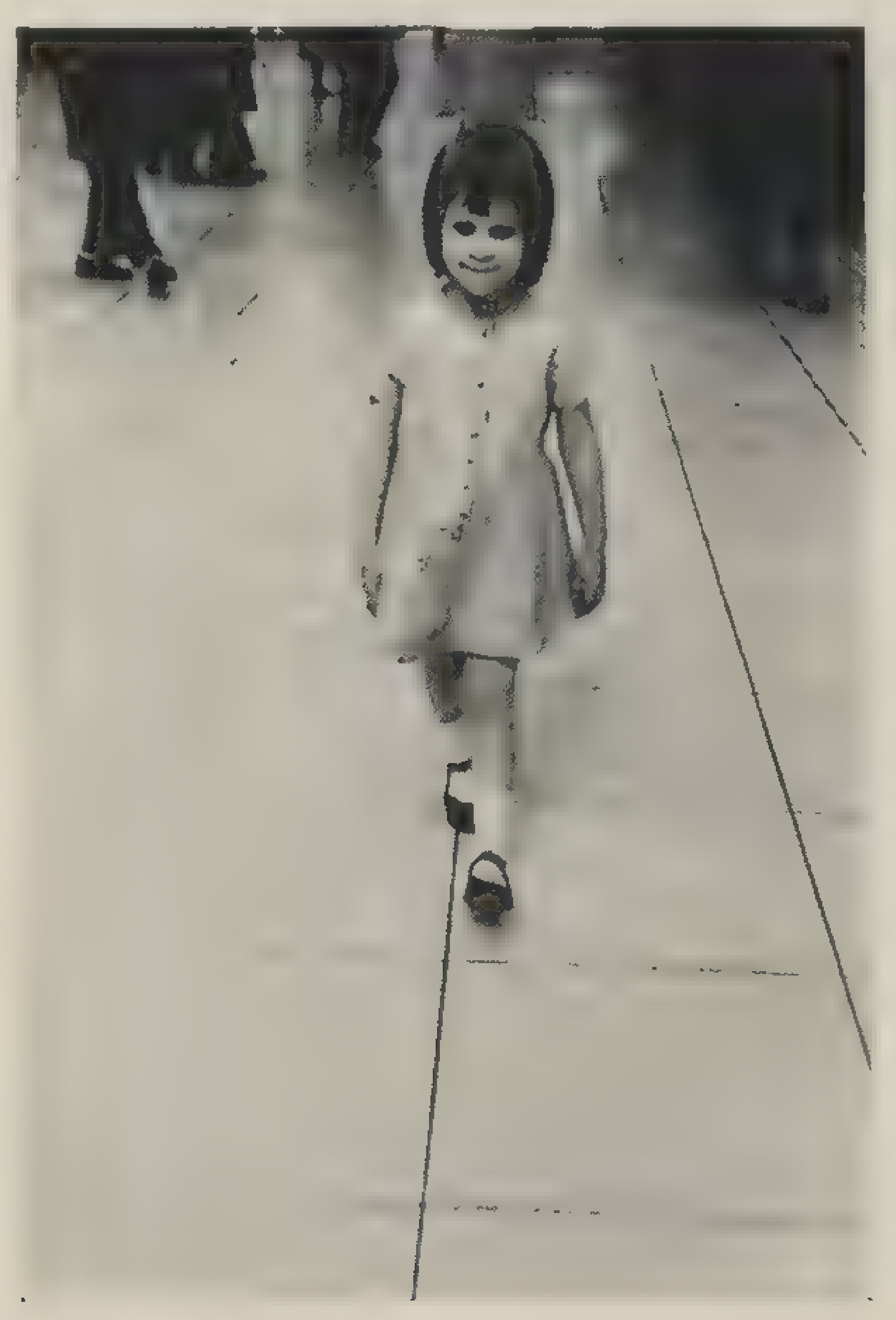
4. Charming. Because it implies that this woman has an outgoing aura of attraction that doesn't let you know exactly what it is. She has secrets. The impression *she* makes is of fastidiousness-as-a-matter-of-course, not as an end in itself, of having arrived at a look by her own mysterious methods. She *may* have just come from the hairdresser, spent an hour on her make-up, weeks constructing the whole effect, but you'd never guess. There's no sense of inhuman perfection here—she's a plan with the pencil lines wiped out.

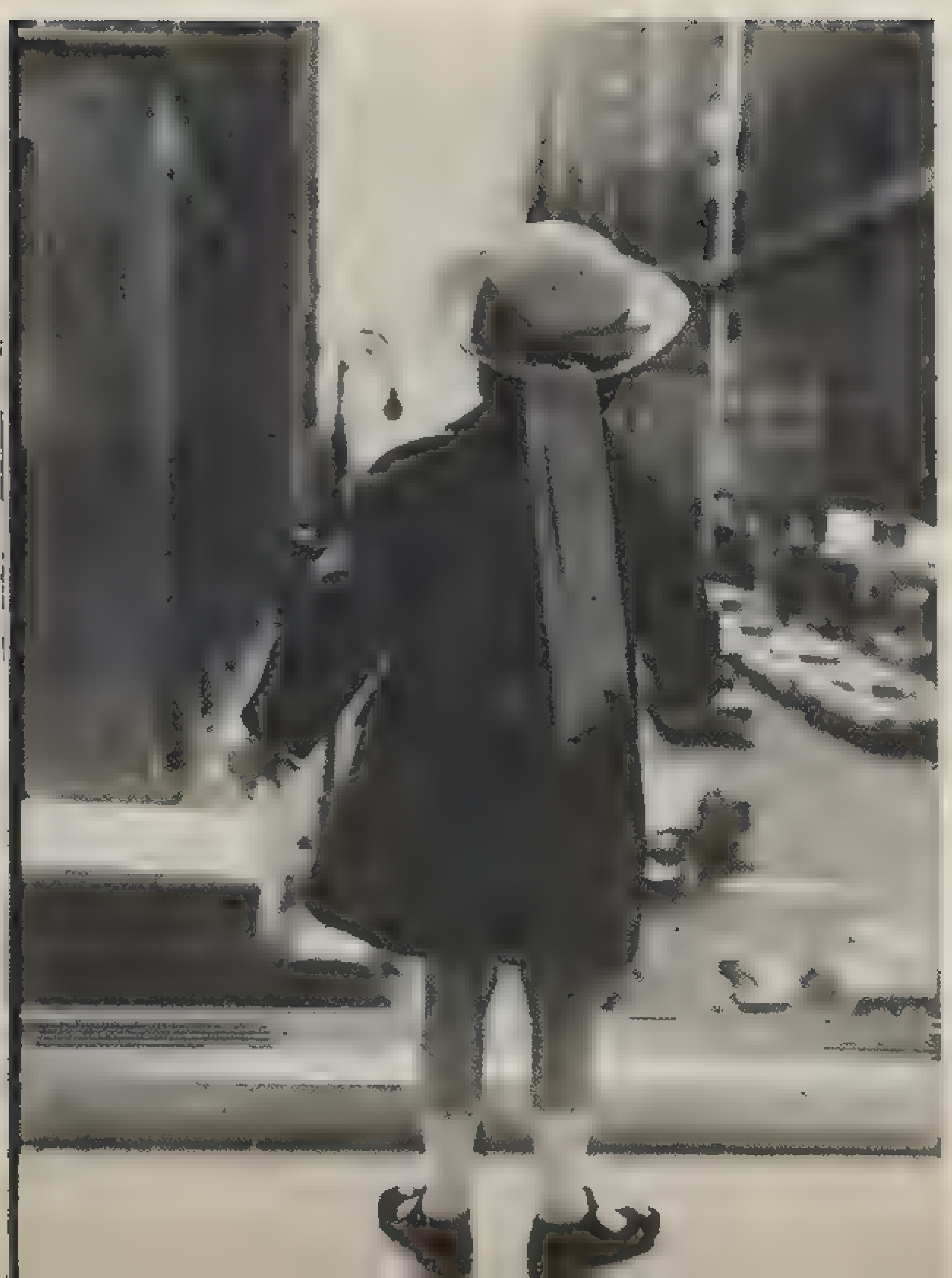
5. All five places. Provincialism is not purely for the provinces but a universal taste fault popping up as readily in a great metropolis as in a hamlet. Provincialism can be applied to taste in decoration, cooking, architecture, fashion. As a way of dressing, it can turn up as relentlessly safe clothes—as irrelevant selection ("I bought it because I liked the buttons")—as a *(Continued on page 139)*

Star fry—three little girls with limelight parents



The three little charmers on these four pages all live with the stars, their parents, big fry in the theatre. Amanda Plummer, a disarming little twig of a girl, has an exact thumbprint resemblance to her distinguished young actor-father, Christopher Plummer. In her baby voice is the first hint of the rasp that identifies her mother's alluring unmistakable voice. Her mother is, of course, the unsinkable Tammy Grimes, now touring in *Molly Brown.* Amanda poses here in small fry's clothes, photographed in New York, at the Stanhope Hotel and the Union Carbide Building. *Right:* Party dress of sheer white cotton embroidered in deep blue, big back bow. By Suzy Brooks, sizes 3-6X, about $11. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Dayton's. *Top left:* A dress to visit in—aunts, uncles, grams, cousins—navy-blue cotton broadcloth with a white eyelet apron that's a quick cover-up for sudden spots on other dresses, too. This, by Joseph Love, sizes 3-6X, about $9, at Altman's; Joseph Magnin. *Below left:* Brass buttons on a fire-engine red coat that goes neatly over any one of these dresses. (Coat front has pockets and welt-seam waist.) By Childcraft of doeskin wool flannel, a Stevens fabric, sizes 3-6X, about $30 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. *Below right:* An unusual use of pale-blue denim in an everyday dress with tiny brass buttons, red stitching, and a string back-sash. By Shepardess of Arnel and cotton, a Concord fabric, sizes 3-6X, about $9, at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel.





FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

Star fry—little girls with limelight parents

continued

Two more little girls—one, photographed twice—who are the children of notably talented parents, wearing the kind of easy, becoming spring suit that would make any parent feel rather talented for having picked it out. Vittoria Gassman is the eight-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Shelley Winters, spirited young American actress, and Vittorio Gassman, a star of the Italian stage. Jamie Bernstein, who is nine, is the daughter of composer-conductor Leonard Bernstein, and his pretty actress wife, the former Felicia Montealegre. Both little girls go to school in New York; both play the piano quite well. Less predictably, Vittoria also shows a strong interest in science. *Left:* Vittoria Gassman in a bright-navy blue knitted wool suit, the cardigan jacket edged in red-and-white braid, the skirt a swing of pleats. The jacket fastens in front. By Girltown. Sizes 7 to 14. About $25. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neusteters. *Right:* Jamie Bernstein's bright-red wool flannel suit has a jacket trimmed with navy-blue braid on collar, pockets; a pleated skirt, elasticized at the back. By Mode Kiddie. Sizes 7 to 14. About $30. John Frederics natural Milan straw hat. Suit and hat, both at the Boys & Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. *Below:* Vittoria again, in one of this spring's wonderful grey flannel suits; notched jacket, pleated skirt, optional white collar (not shown). By Lortogs, in wool flannel; sizes 7 to 14. About $18. Gimbels; Rich's. Cotton gloves on all pages, by Hansen.

Jamie Bernstein photographed, above, in front of the Union Carbide Building on Park Avenue.

Vittoria Gassman photographed (at left and right) at the new Chase Manhattan Bank headquarters, in downtown New York.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

The price is light

The most important ingredient here definitely isn't money—it's the sort of fashion sixth-sense that can spot a look in the making. For instance, the two suits at left—no-search-for-a-season looks if we ever saw them. *Facing page:* Now-and-summer suit of black and white checked cotton, the jacket gently inflected over a shirred skirt. By Leonard Arkin, about $70. At Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Stewart Dry Goods. The black hat, by Emme. *This page:* Pared-to-the-bone camel-coloured suit—in three parts. By Abe Schrader of Or de Laine wool; about $90. Altman's; Rich's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. The white pith helmet, by Emme.

SANTE FORLANO

The price is light

More about dollars and fashion sense—with a bonus here in fabrics as light as the prices. The striped dress weighs little more than a pair of stockings—and packs in about as much space; the brisk plaid cotton (traditionally non-weighty) has so much substance that it's practically fleecy. *Facing page:* Black and white stripes, mulled around and around on Arnel tricot. By Nelly Don, about $18. At Stern's; Rich's; Goldwaters. Gloves by Superb. Hat by Sally Victor. *This page:* Dress and friend, in a black, brown, and white plaid; the jacket ties at the throat. By L'Aiglon, of cotton; about $30. At Lord & Taylor; Himelhoch's; Wm. H. Block. Earrings by Monet. The taupe leather gloves by Kislav.

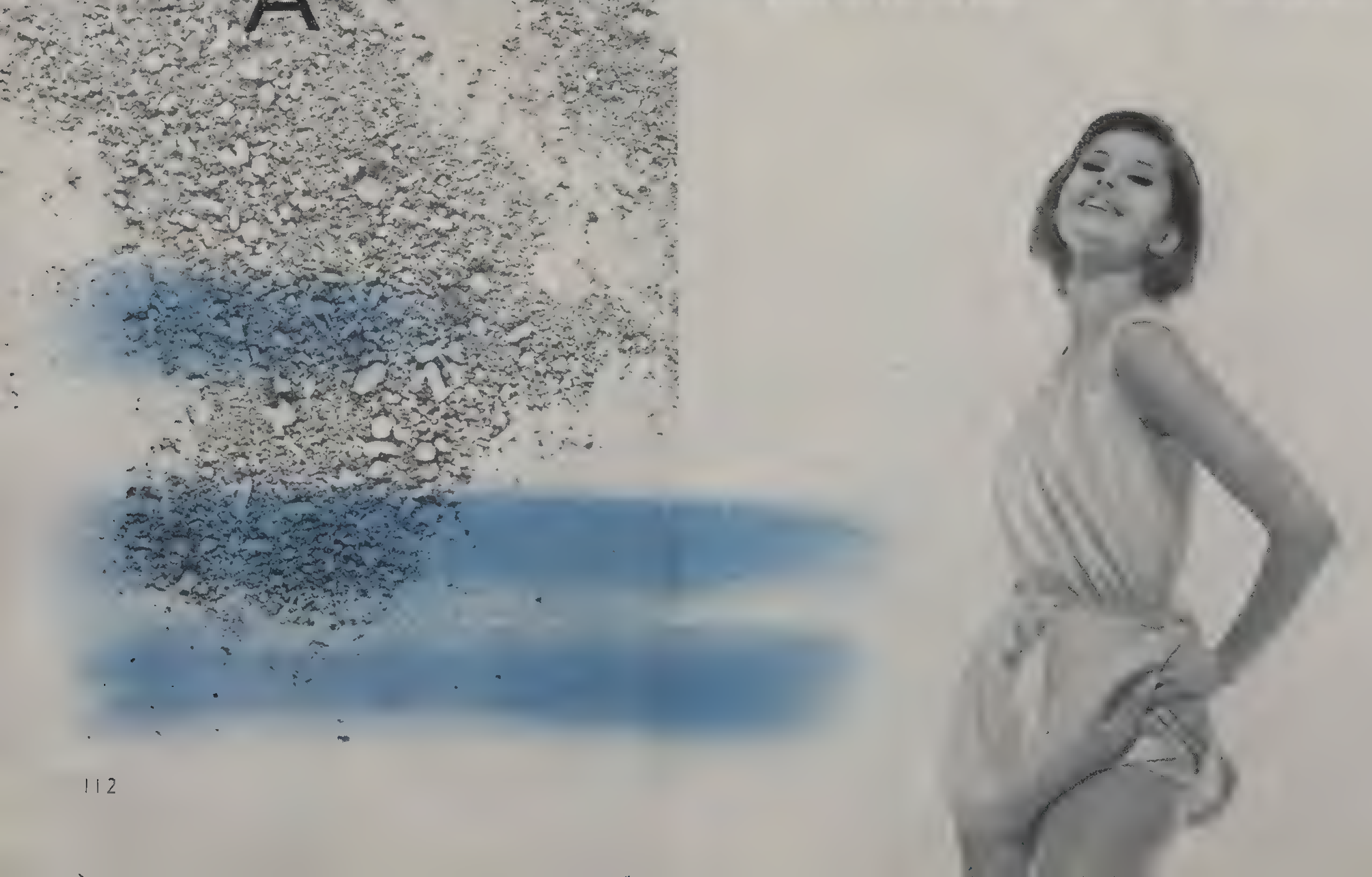
SANTE FORLANO

The price is light

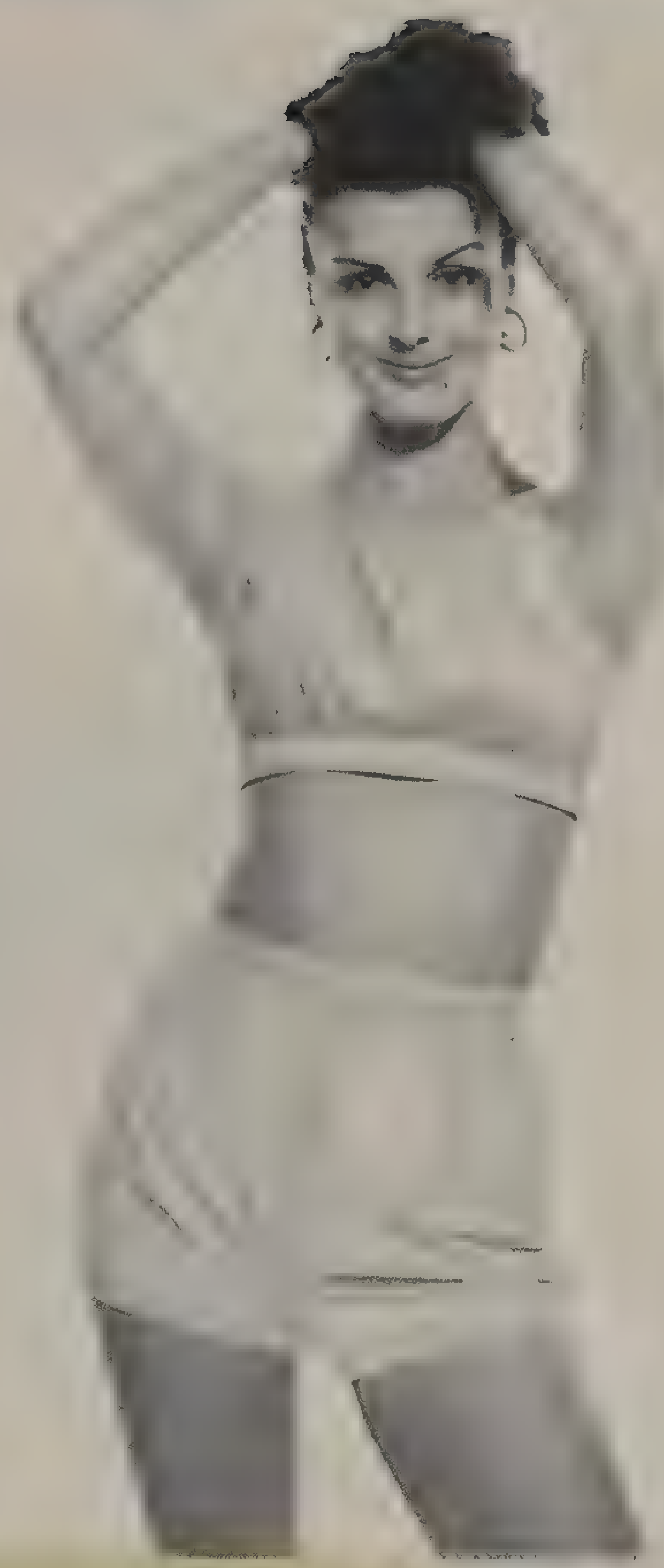
The price tags make light reading, but the fashions pack a real wallop: the close-waisted coat dress is a shape to watch for now; the suit is one of the famous sort American women won't give up. *This page:* Black and white checked coat dress, its lines finessed smoothly through a firm waist. By Leonard Arkin, of rayon and silk fabric by Julius Werk; about $70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. *Facing page:* Black and white checked suit after the manner of Chanel; more checks drawn on the unsleeved white put-over. By R & K, of acetate-rayon-silk by Earl-Loom; about $25. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Wm. H. Block. The beret by Sally Victor.

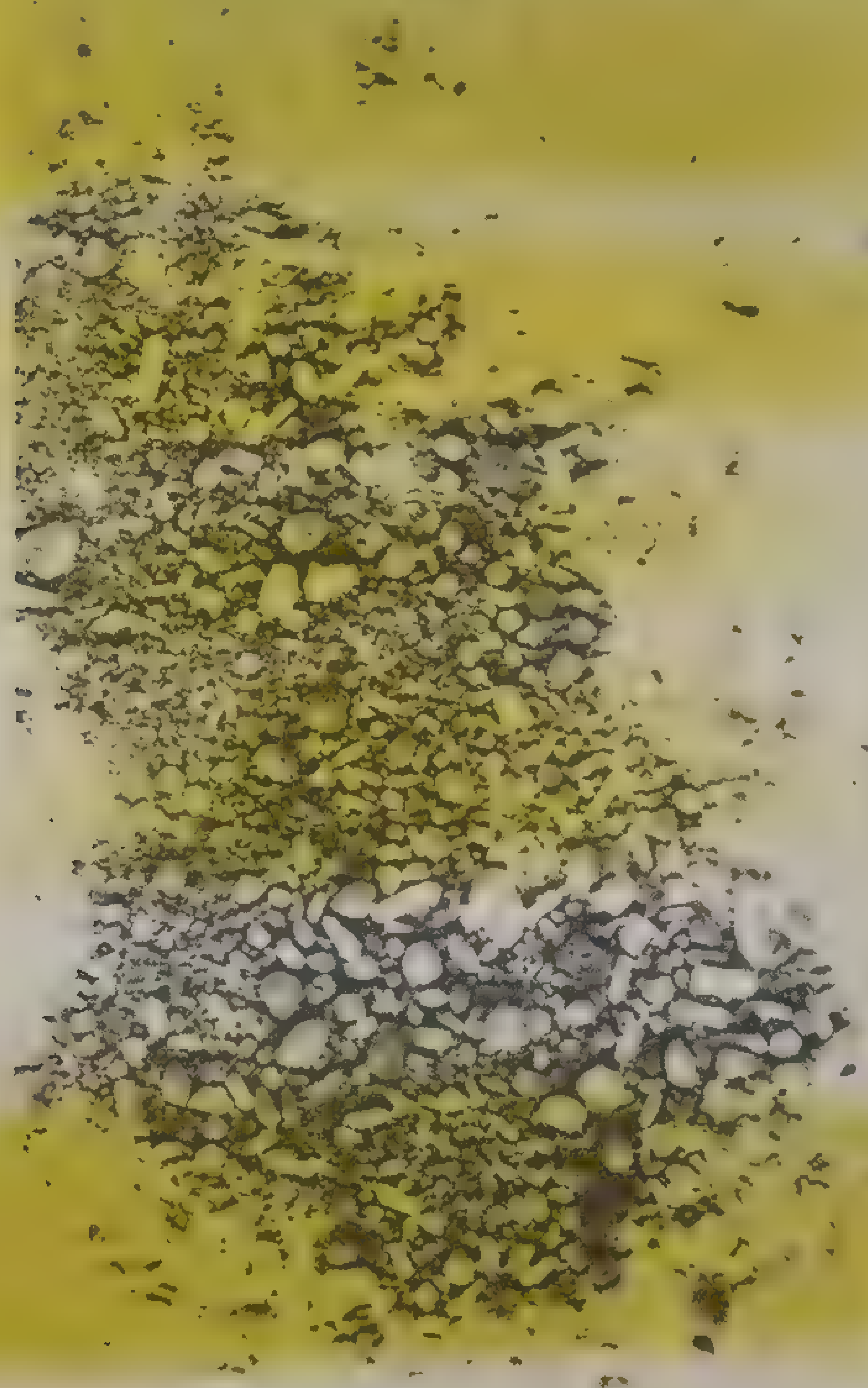
SANTE FORLANO

A look comes to the beach



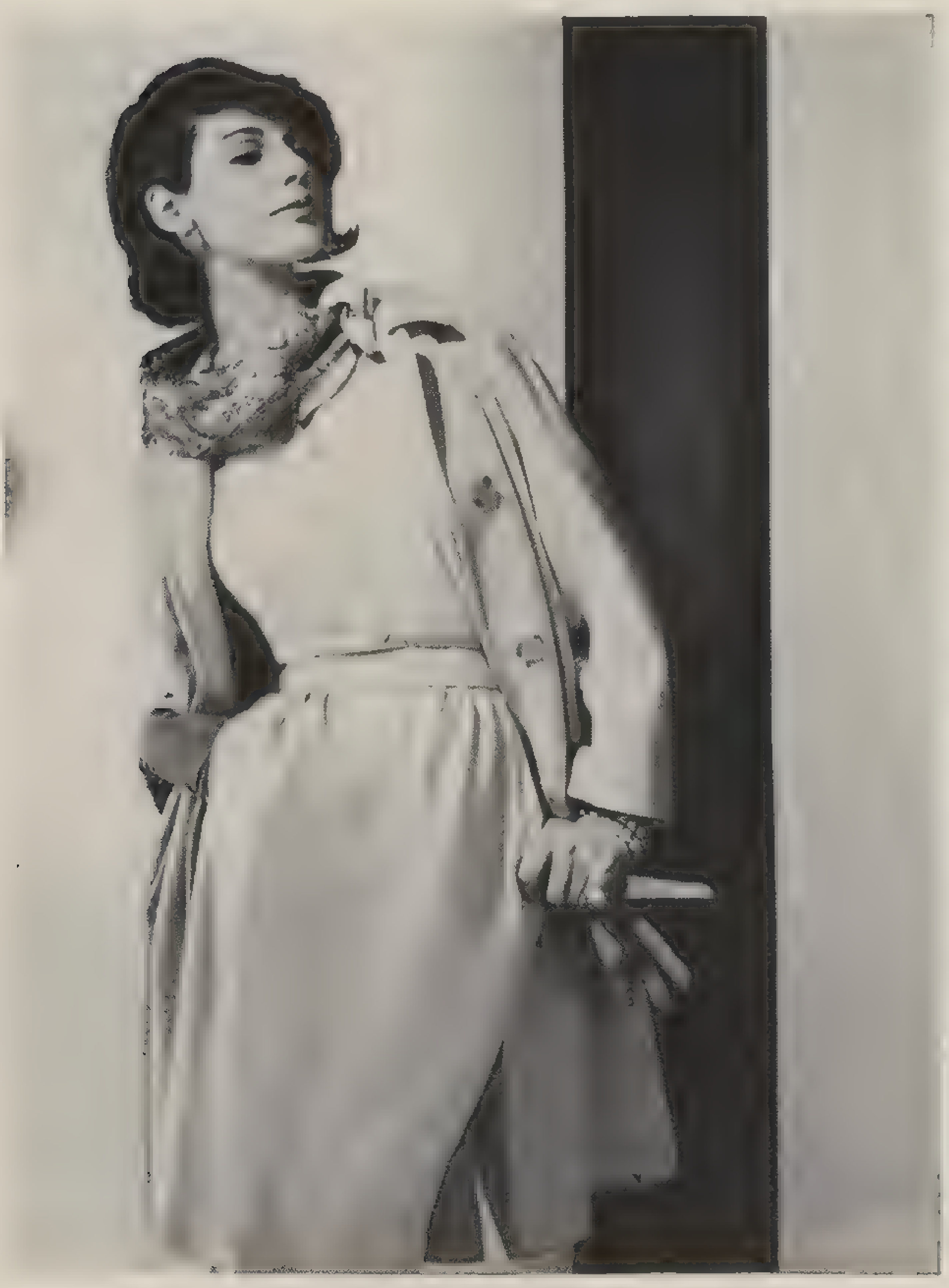
What a look is—we hardly need mention—is a certain stated opinion about clothes, a definite opinion that agrees absolutely with itself. These beach clothes have it: they couldn't be more opinionated about softness. Everything's eased; nothing's boned or built. While they're not for everybody, because they're clearly not for every body, all five versions could belong to one woman, who might change her bathing suit three times a day, use one or another as a short beach dress, add a shifty beach shirt—all without contradicting her look. Colours are bright watercolours: sky blue, brilliant pale blue, sunlit green, white. Material's the same throughout this bathing-suit collection: Arnel-and-nylon jersey. *Directly right:* Briefest of the nothings on these pages, two-piece suit, $18. *Directly below:* In-and-out-of-the-water tank dress, $13. *Right below:* A knowing-little-look bathing suit, $19. *Directly left:* Lanky, long white shirt, a wonderful beach cover-up over bathing suits or shorts. Of Arnel jersey; $14. *Lower left corner:* Amphibious dress with mushroom pleated skirt and separate little boy shorts, $22. *All the beach clothes* on these two pages are by Sacony. All at Saks Fifth Avenue.



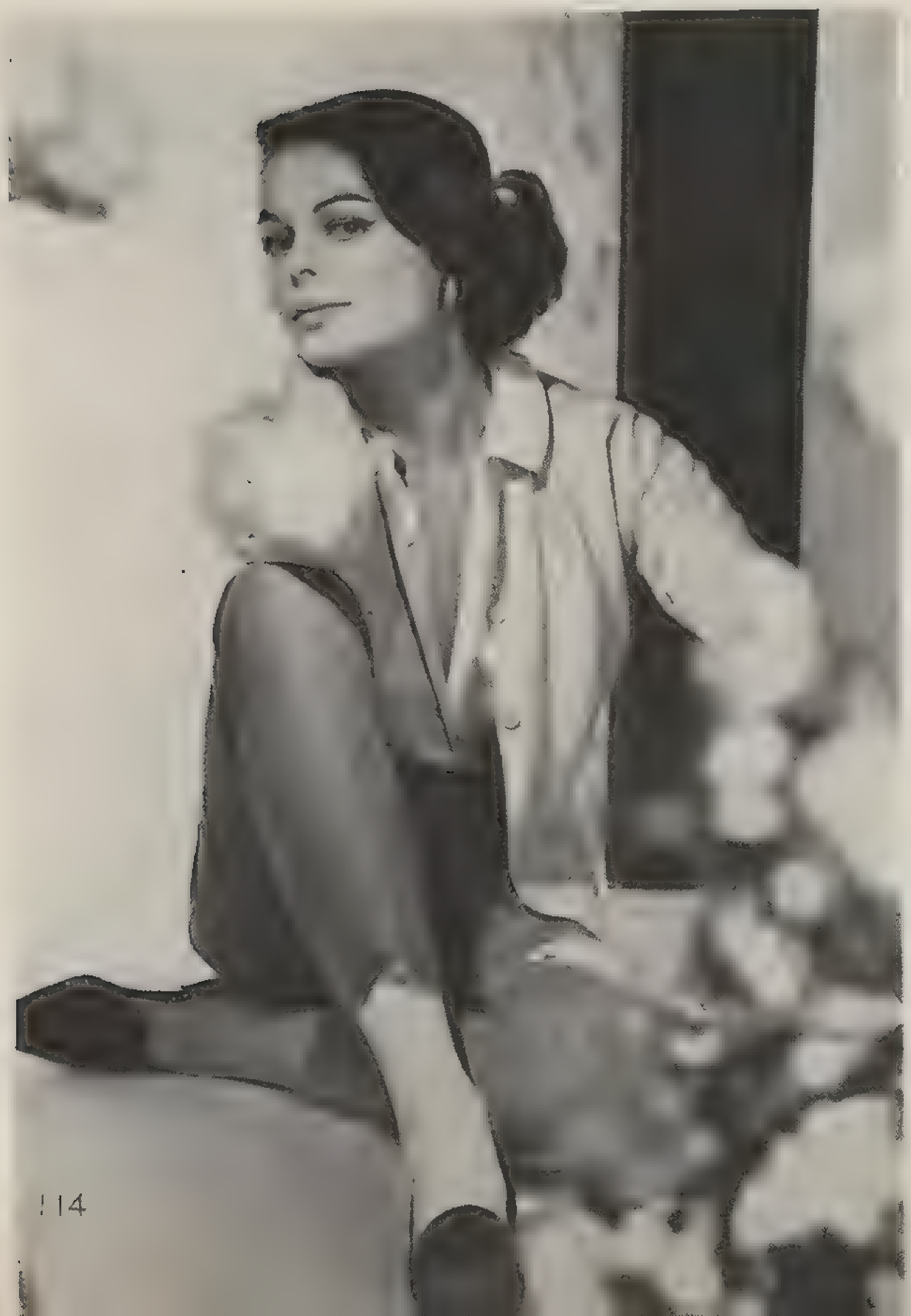


SANTE FORLANO

Naturals for a weekend wardrobe

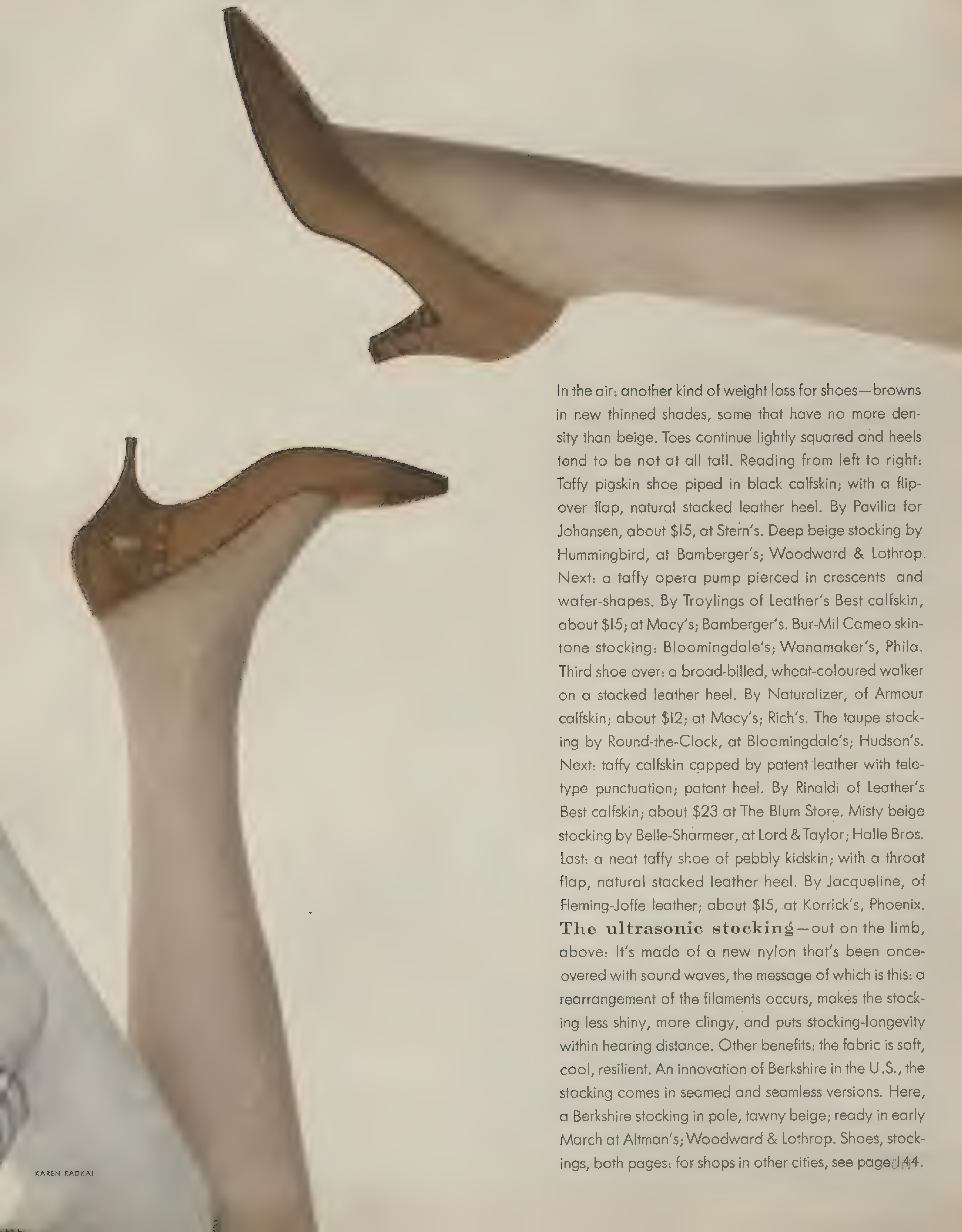


The life of a weekend wardrobe—suitcased or at home—is what clothes like these can be. Among them they keep up an effortless exchange of fashion-natural ideas, succinct and portable. Take the pale narcissus yellow and beige tweed skirt and the beige wool shell top, right. What they amount to with the tweed jacket—a well-defined suit look; with the beige hopsacking topcoat, upper left—a meant-to-be trio. The topcoat makes beautiful sense with the 1962 version of the mushroom wool shirtwaist dress, upper left, as well as with the tan bark trousers, lower left. No small part, incidentally, of such an agreeable weekend wardrobe is compact colour-thinking, worked out in advance—this, pale narcissus yellow, bark, and mushroom. *Right:* Jacket and skirt going as a suit, wool tweed with beige blouse. Skirt, about $17; jacket, about $35; top, about $14. Sally Victor hat. *Left:* Blanched-beige wool topcoat with a self-tied belt, worn over a mushroom wool shirtwaist in the grasp of a belt, as it should be this year; the skirt eased on the bias. Coat, about $60. Dress, about $36. *Lower left:* Sweater, pants, blouse trio—V-neck bone-shade cardigan, ivory cotton blouse, bark-coloured wool pants. Pants, about $17; blouse, about $9; sweater of lamb's wool and cashmere, about $17. All of the clothes on these two pages are by Pendleton; all of them are at Wallach's; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Meier & Frank.



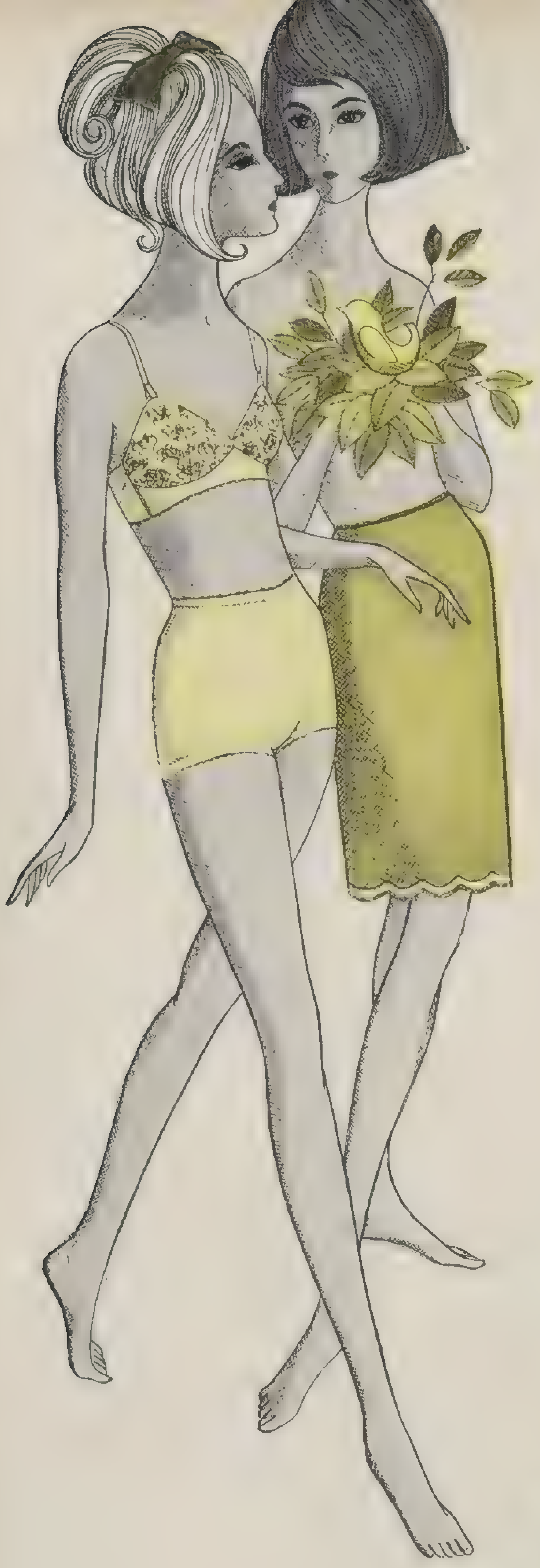
HORST

The less-brown browns and the ultra-beiges



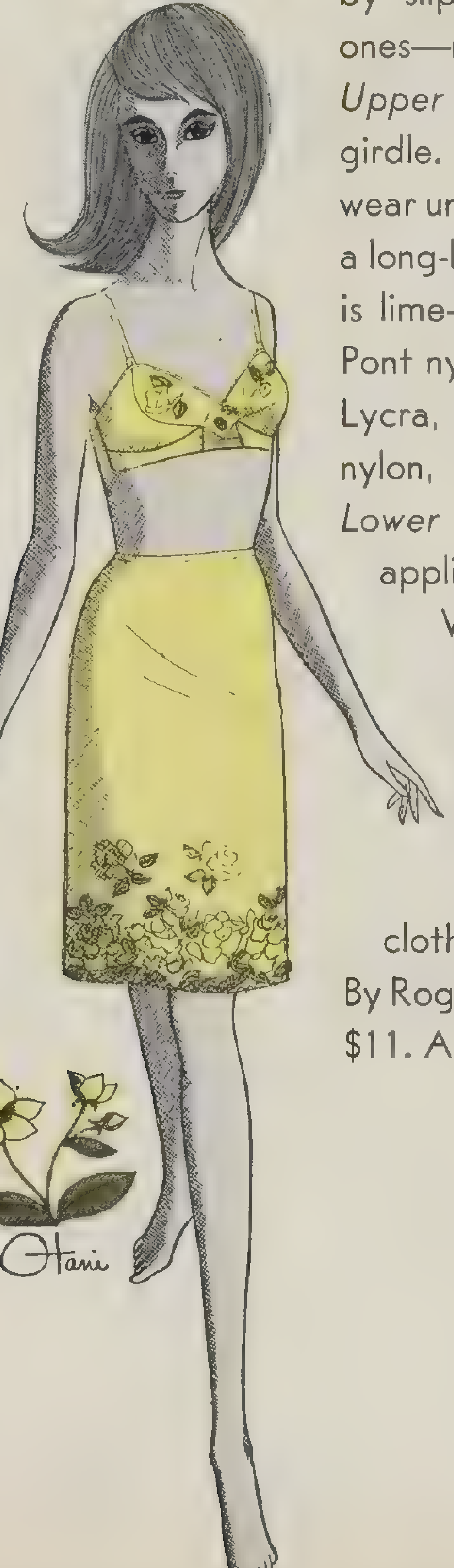
In the air: another kind of weight loss for shoes—browns in new thinned shades, some that have no more density than beige. Toes continue lightly squared and heels tend to be not at all tall. Reading from left to right: Taffy pigskin shoe piped in black calfskin; with a flip-over flap, natural stacked leather heel. By Pavilia for Johansen, about $15, at Stern's. Deep beige stocking by Hummingbird, at Bamberger's; Woodward & Lothrop. Next: a taffy opera pump pierced in crescents and wafer-shapes. By Troylings of Leather's Best calfskin, about $15; at Macy's; Bamberger's. Bur-Mil Cameo skintone stocking: Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila. Third shoe over: a broad-billed, wheat-coloured walker on a stacked leather heel. By Naturalizer, of Armour calfskin; about $12; at Macy's; Rich's. The taupe stocking by Round-the-Clock, at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. Next: taffy calfskin capped by patent leather with teletype punctuation; patent heel. By Rinaldi of Leather's Best calfskin; about $23 at The Blum Store. Misty beige stocking by Belle-Sharmeer, at Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros. Last: a neat taffy shoe of pebbly kidskin; with a throat flap, natural stacked leather heel. By Jacqueline, of Fleming-Joffe leather; about $15, at Korrick's, Phoenix. **The ultrasonic stocking**—out on the limb, above: It's made of a new nylon that's been once-overed with sound waves, the message of which is this: a rearrangement of the filaments occurs, makes the stocking less shiny, more clingy, and puts stocking-longevity within hearing distance. Other benefits: the fabric is soft, cool, resilient. An innovation of Berkshire in the U.S., the stocking comes in seamed and seamless versions. Here, a Berkshire stocking in pale, tawny beige; ready in early March at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop. Shoes, stockings, both pages: for shops in other cities, see page 144.

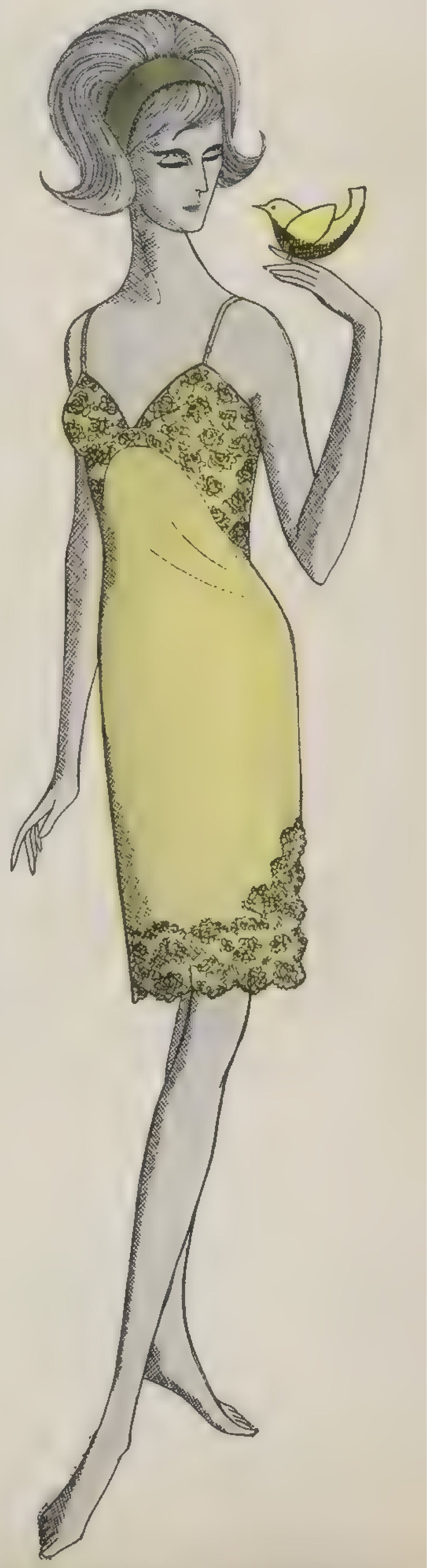
KAREN RADKAI

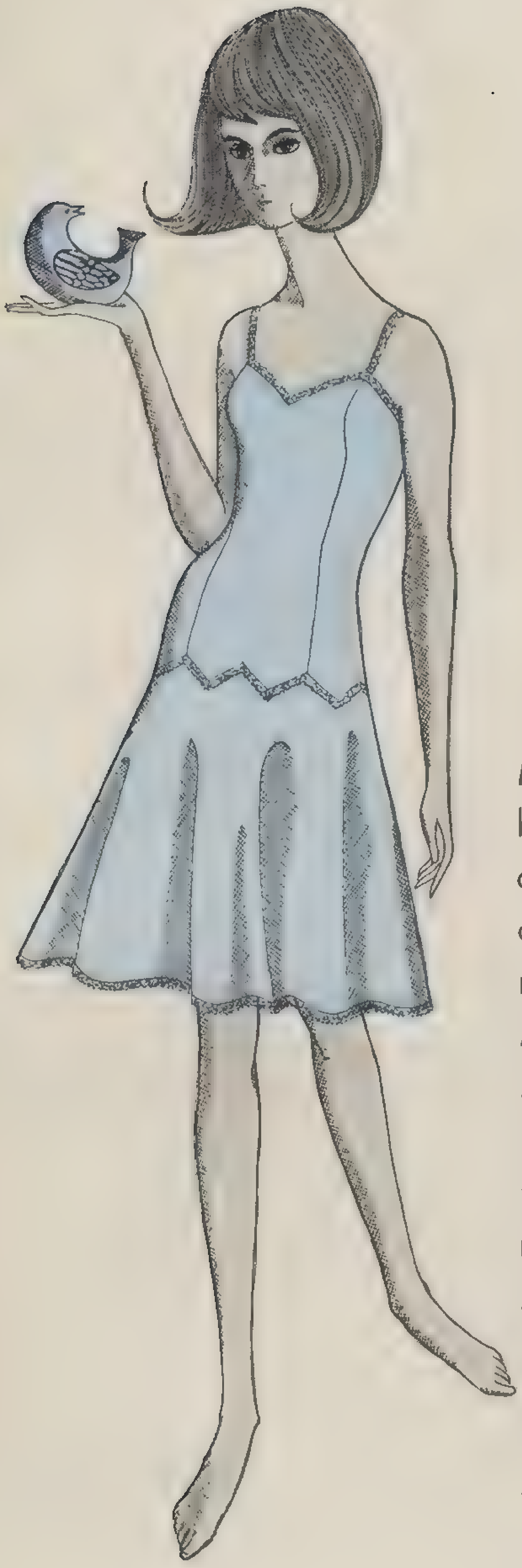


SHE SAID IF THERE'S ONE THING SHE CAN'T BEAR IT'S HAVING TO MAKE CHOICES. SHE'LL HATE THIS SPRING'S LINGERIE SITUATION.

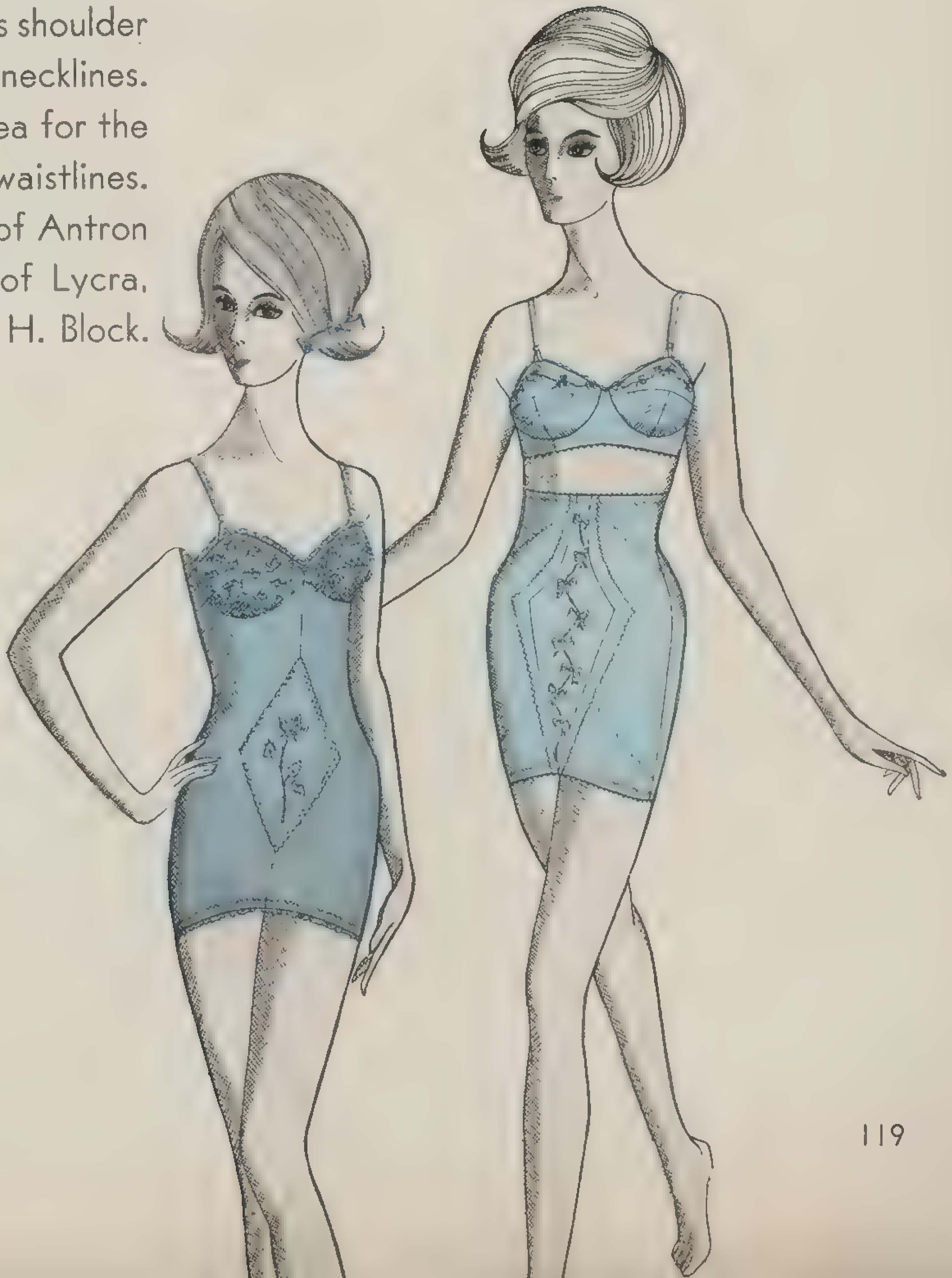
Spring colour—a quick private showing here that won't really help her to make up her mind. Yellow greens, green yellows, blues, green blues—we mention them because they're among the tones plus half-tones that multiply the spring colour range. That in turn is multiplied by slips, half-slips, brassières, girdles, all-in-ones—not to mention the self-multiplying print. *Upper left:* Fresh yellow brassière and pantie girdle. The brassière is gently contoured to wear under soft blouses, the girdle brief—gives a long-legged look under full skirts. The half-slip is lime-green. By Vanity Fair. Brassière of Du Pont nylon lace and Lycra, about $4; girdle of Lycra, about $5. Half-slip in tricot of Du Pont nylon, about $3. All: Bloomingdale's; Rich's. *Lower left:* Pale-yellow brassière and half-slip appliquéd with rose-patterned lace. Both by Van Raalte. Brassière of Du Pont nylon and Lycra, about $5; half-slip of nylon satin tricot, $11. Brassière and half-slip at Bloomingdale's; Bamberger's. *Right:* Pale yellow-green slip that has a smooth midriff for wearing under clothes that are fitted at and above the waist. By Rogers, in tricot of Chemstrand nylon. About $11. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's.







Left: Pale-blue princesse slip with a low flaring bias-cut skirt. It's smooth enough for soft crêpe dresses; its only trimming—narrow bands of lace. By Vanity Fair, in tricot of Du Pont nylon. About $9. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. *Near right:* For good control, a pale-blue corselette made of elasticized nylon and reinforced lace—hookless, zipperless, it just slips on. The firming front panel is made of nylon voile—does not stretch. The back is cut low. By Lily of France. About $15. At Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's. *Far right:* Matching brassière and girdle in blue-green. The brassière is lightweight, has shoulder straps that are adjustable for wide necklines. The girdle has a high waist—good idea for the growing emphasis on definite normal waistlines. Both by Bien Jolie. Brassière in satin of Antron nylon with Lycra, about $6; girdle of Lycra, about $25. At Bloomingdale's; Wm. H. Block.



What's new about MASCARA and how it's getting on—and off

Making eyes now: mascara in so many new shapes and forms that choosing one becomes cause for pause. Basically, mascara comes three ways: in cake, tube, and what is known as wand—this, the now-popular spiral applicator with a nice magic-action connotation. The actual mascara in tube and wand forms is much the same in formulation, although that in wand forms is sometimes of a thinner consistency to suit this *modus operandi*. Tubes and wands further subdivide into waterproof and non-waterproof—chemists tell us, after consulting their recipe books, that non-waterproof mascara is made of, among other things, wax and colouring thinned with oil and water; in waterproof mascaras, the ingredients are usually thinned with mineral spirits instead of water, requiring a solvent other than water to disturb their stay-putness. Cake mascara, since it's always used with water, is obviously not as waterproof although even non-waterproof mascaras, now, are fairly staunch against tears—barring sudden rainstorms or a re-run of *Camille*, they usually hold up. These, as stocking-makers say, are run-resistant, not run-proof. One test for waterproofness: take a brushful and dip it in a glass of clear water; as in the old fudge-test, if it stays in a firm mass without clouding the water, it passes. Waterproof mascara is more dependable while it's on, but can be tricky to take off; since it's not soluble in water, and attempts to scrub can cause lash breakage, other means of removal—cream or oil—are necessary. Special pads soaked in this kind of mascara-remover are available now; these are non-sting, easy to use, often made with side benefits that pamper the skin around the eyes (the most delicate skin we have), and help avoid dryness. One mascara now has built-in treatment qualities that encourage lashes to be soft and lustrous; this is available in a waterproof wand, a less-waterproof cake. For overly sensitive skins and eyes, there are hypo-allergenic mascaras that have managed, now, to eliminate irritants; these are non-scented, live up to their waterproof label, are available in wands now, tubes soon. (Hypo-allergenic mascara may be the answer for women who wear contact lenses which, in some cases, make eyes more sensitive.) Another lashing to take, on occasions: false eyelashes, now convincingly made, easy to put on. These, in various colours and thicknesses, are pre-glued for immediate fluttering, can be mascara'd over and over since they're wash-and-wear. More details on the news in eye make-up, on page 22.

New slip length—eye-shadow colours

Brush-stroked in shadings of blue, green, olive, *opposite*, a slip swirling in news—the demi-length that just covers the stocking-tops, clearing the hemline for already-lined skirts and dresses; the tricot of Antron nylon that looks and feels heavenly; the non-decorated surface that won't mar sleek clothes lines. This and the stockings by Munsingwear. Slip, about $9 at Altman's; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson.

KAREN RADKAI

An art curator's house and famous collection

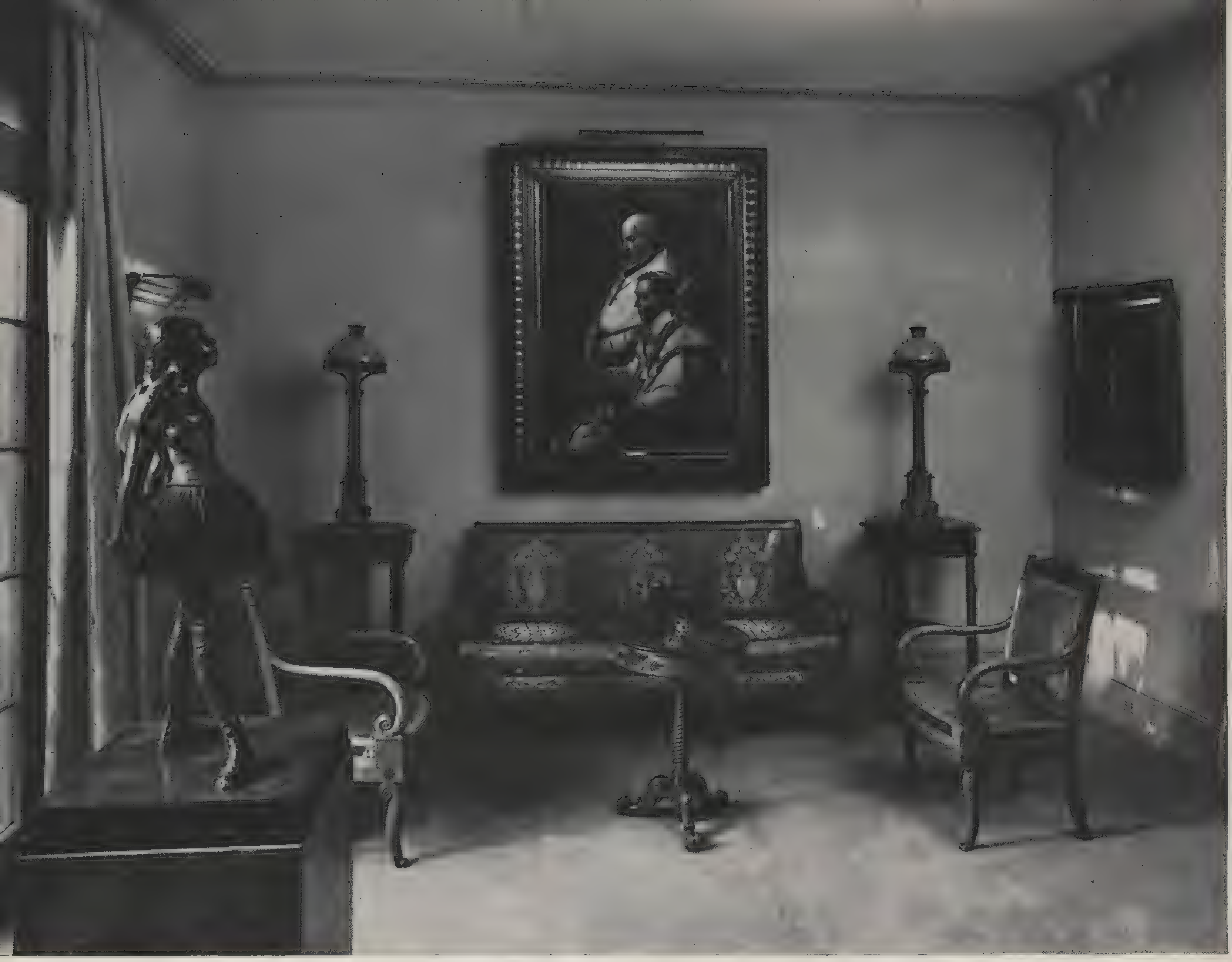
THE HENRY P. McILHENNY HOUSE ON RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

In his tall, 1850 red-brick house, Henry P. McIlhenny, Curator of Decorative Arts at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, relaxes as though the place were one great easy chair with, in view, the things he likes—master drawings, Charles X fruitwood furniture, magnificent paintings by Renoir, Van Gogh, David, Seurat, Degas, South Indian bronzes, and Cambodian bronze heads. Around him, this tanned, attractive man with a low voice, a skimming mind, and a feeling for the amenities, has a clear memoir of his life. They envelop him. In the long L-shaped drawing room—its major colours cerise and gold in damask and bright green-olive in velvet—on a table stand the Egyptian bronzes he bought at fourteen, on a schoolboy's trip, fresh from Philadelphia where his Georgia-born father was deep in utilities and the manufacture of gas meters. From his parents, Mr. McIlhenny inherited superb Philadelphia and English Chippendale, some of it now in his bedroom. On his own he bought, while still at Harvard, five of his most important paintings: the famous Cézanne of Madame Cézanne in a blue-and-white striped blouse, Toulouse-Lautrec's "Moulin Rouge," a big pink Matisse, a Delacroix portrait, a Chardin still life with a dead hare, plus drawings by Seurat, Corot, Matisse, Degas, and Renoir.

In the colour photograph here, part of the short end of the L-shaped drawing room is shown, its central interest the Ingres portrait of the Countess de Tournon, over an early nineteenth-century Italian mantelpiece on which stand a pair of marble obelisks, a pair of flower vases, and a Sèvres bust of Louis XVIII. At the far end: Renoir's "Mademoiselle Legrand" above a superb French Empire chest. Nearby on a table easel, an Ingres drawing, with, on the wall, a Prud'hon nude on blue paper, touched up with Chinese white. Here are four of his marvellous Charles X chairs and fire screen, and a Savonnerie rug. To Mr. McIlhenny there is special appeal in the formal sturdiness of Charles X furniture—named for King Charles X of France, the grandson of Louis XV and brother of Louis XVI who lost his head and of Louis XVIII, a reasonably prudent man. An unpopular anachronism whom revolution had not discouraged in his belief in the absolute powers of the monarch, Charles abdicated, but, like others in his family, left his name on furniture. *(More on next page)*

ANDRÉ KERTESZ

FASHIONS *in* LIVING

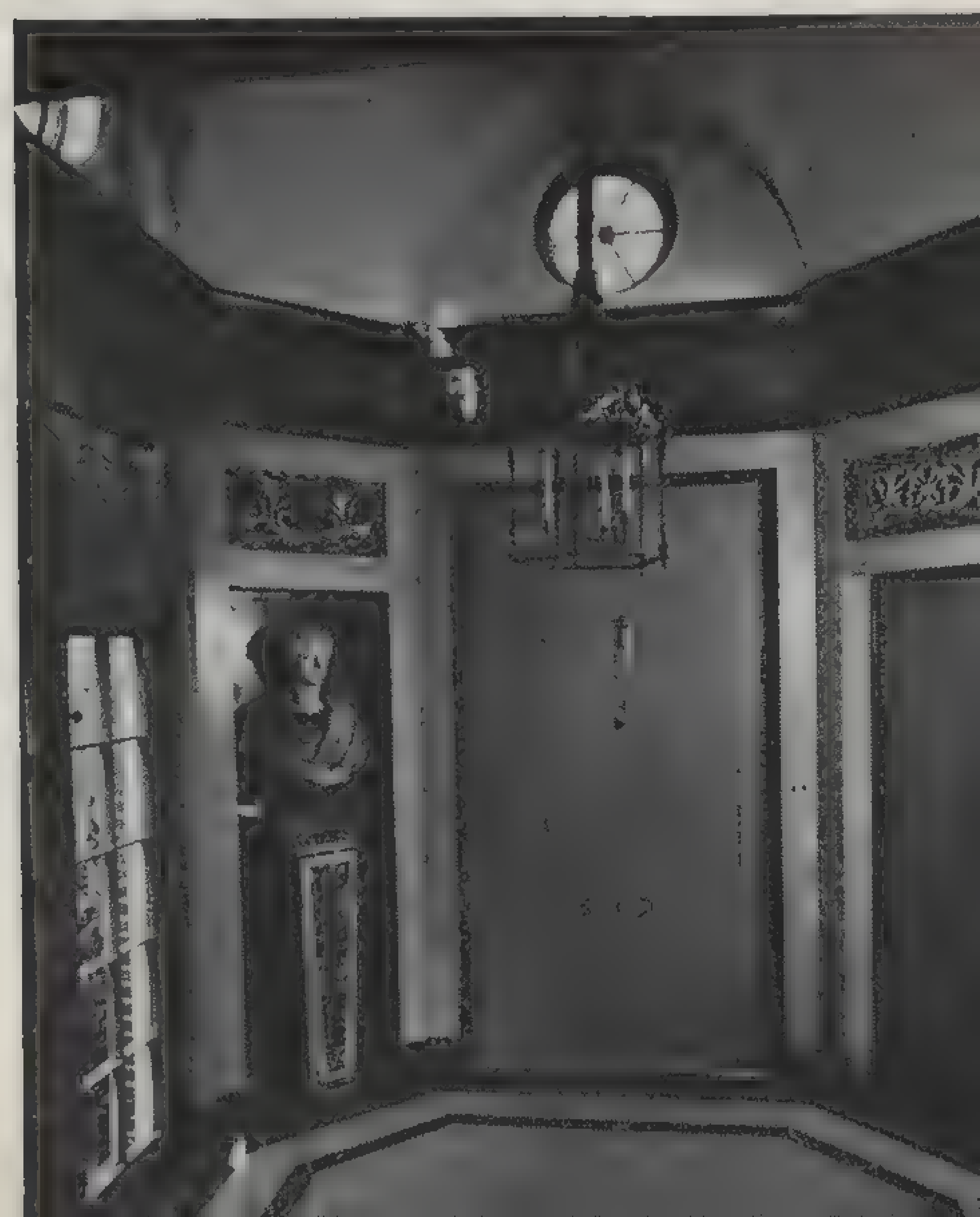


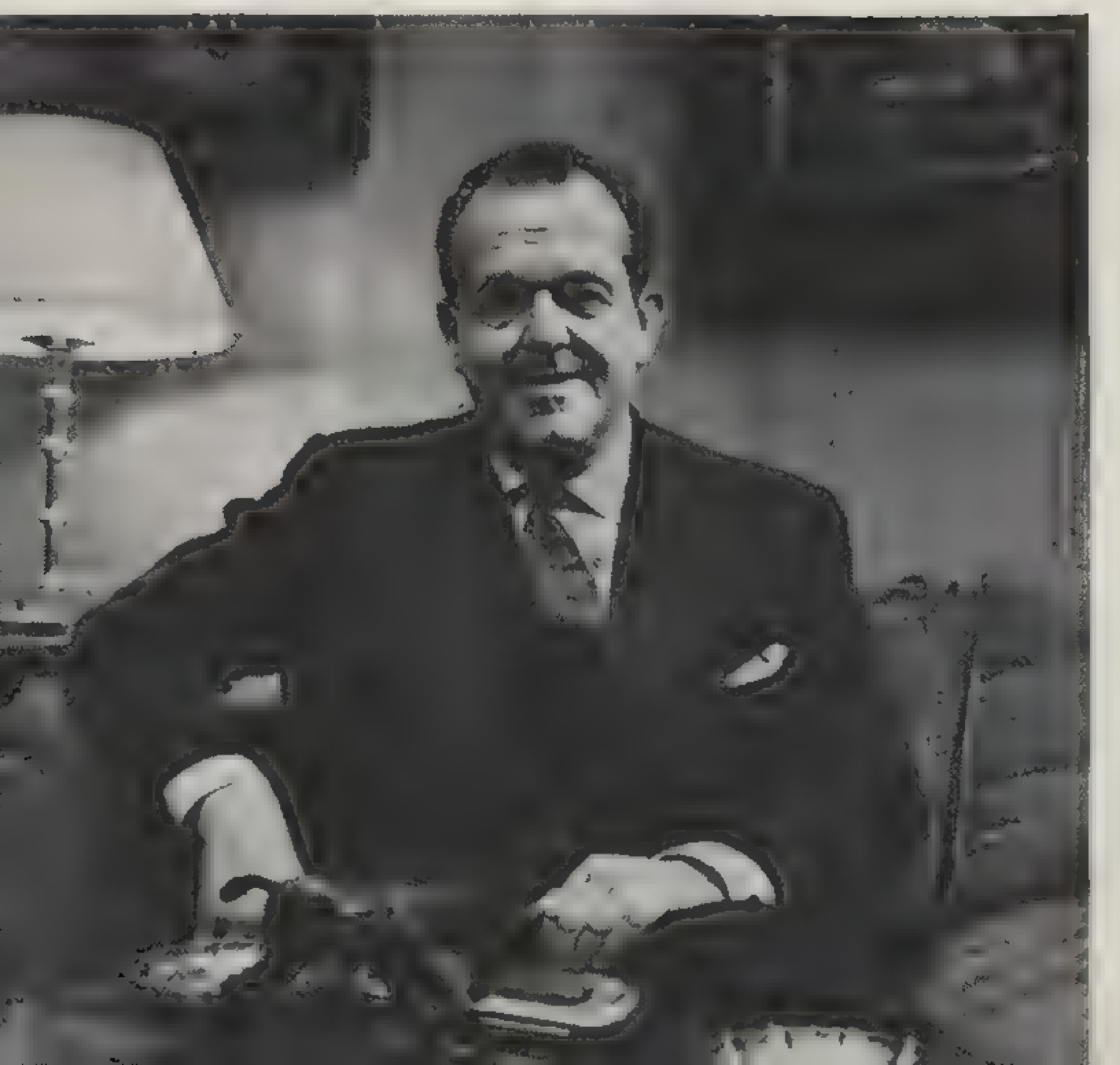
In the drawing room, Charles X settee and chairs, Degas' bronze "Ballet Dancer," and the great David double portrait of Pope Pius VII with Cardinal Caprara

The Henry P. McIlhenny house in Philadelphia *continued*

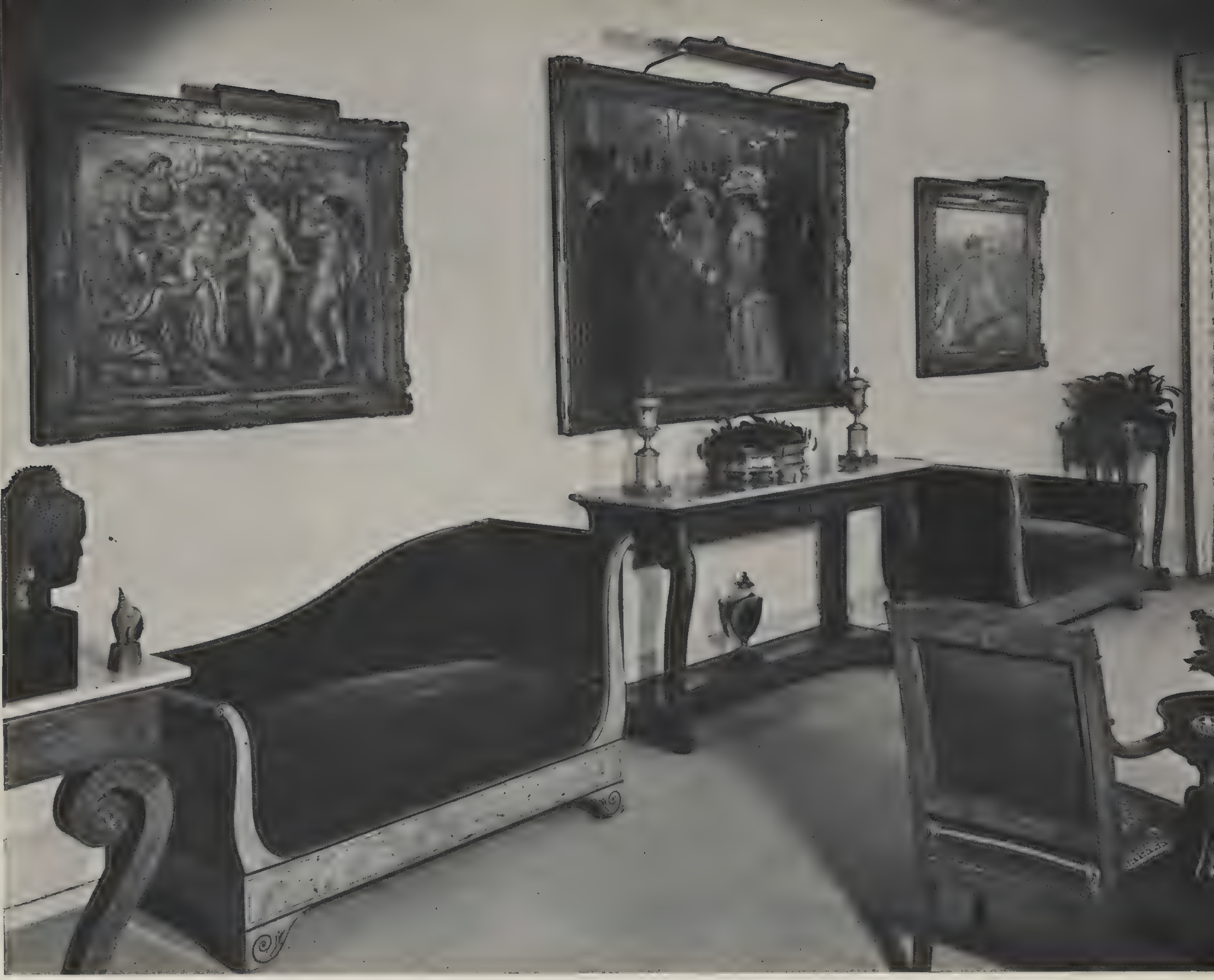
The red-brick house, showing the domed, octagonal entrance hall.

The hall: apricot-pink marble, with green marble bands, grey and gilt doors, two 17th-century Italian marble heads.





Henry P. McIlhenny, Curator of Decorative Arts at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.



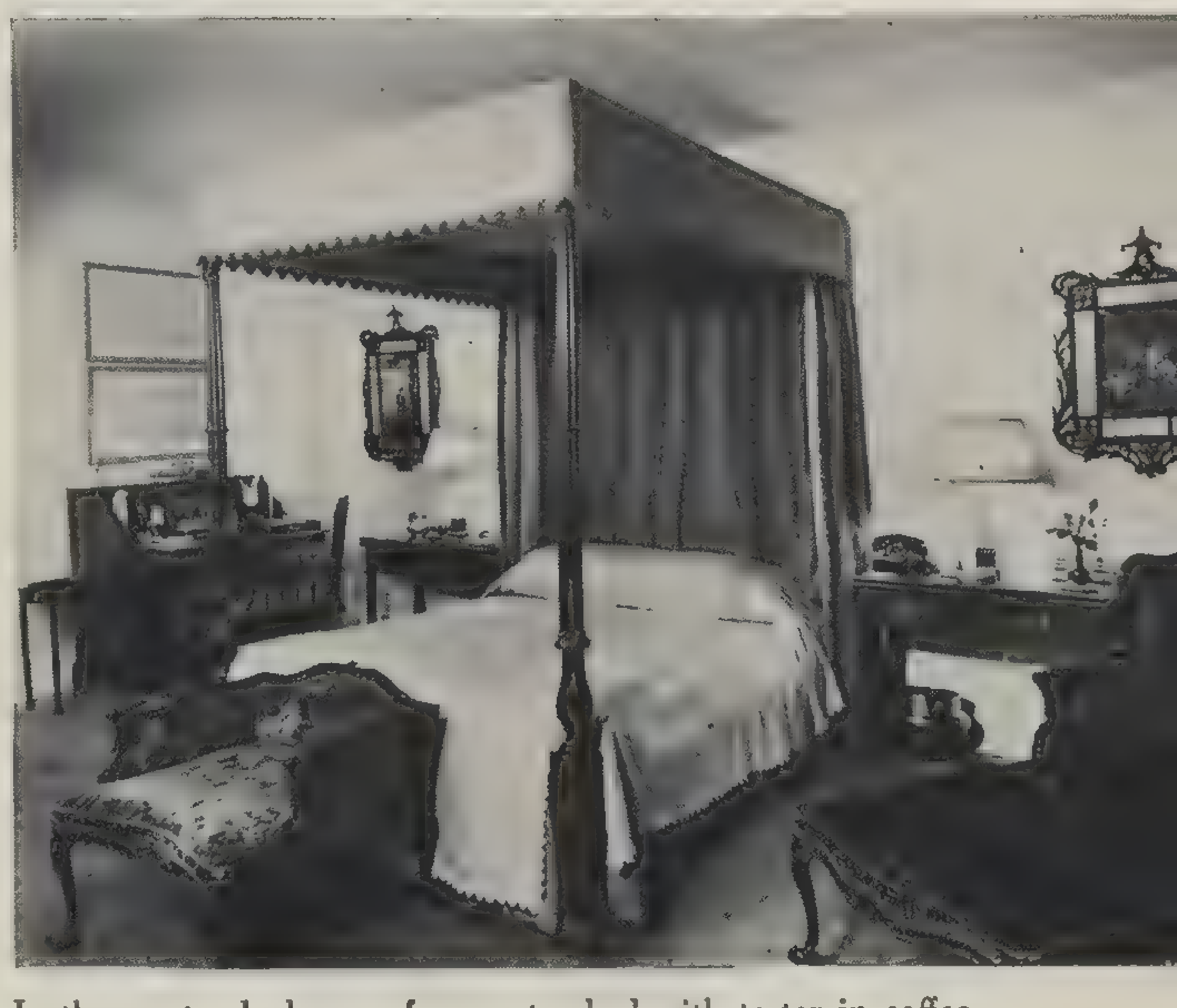
Three more masterpieces: l. to r., Renoir's "Judgment of Paris," Lautrec's "Moulin Rouge," and Van Gogh's "Rain," with Charles X sofas in olive-green velvet

In almost all the rooms of this Victorian house are books and magazines, with the minutiae of collecting. Everywhere stand flowering plants and loose bunches of flowers, great winter bowls of magenta roses, the sudden cheer of thick clumps of straight yellow chrysanthemums.

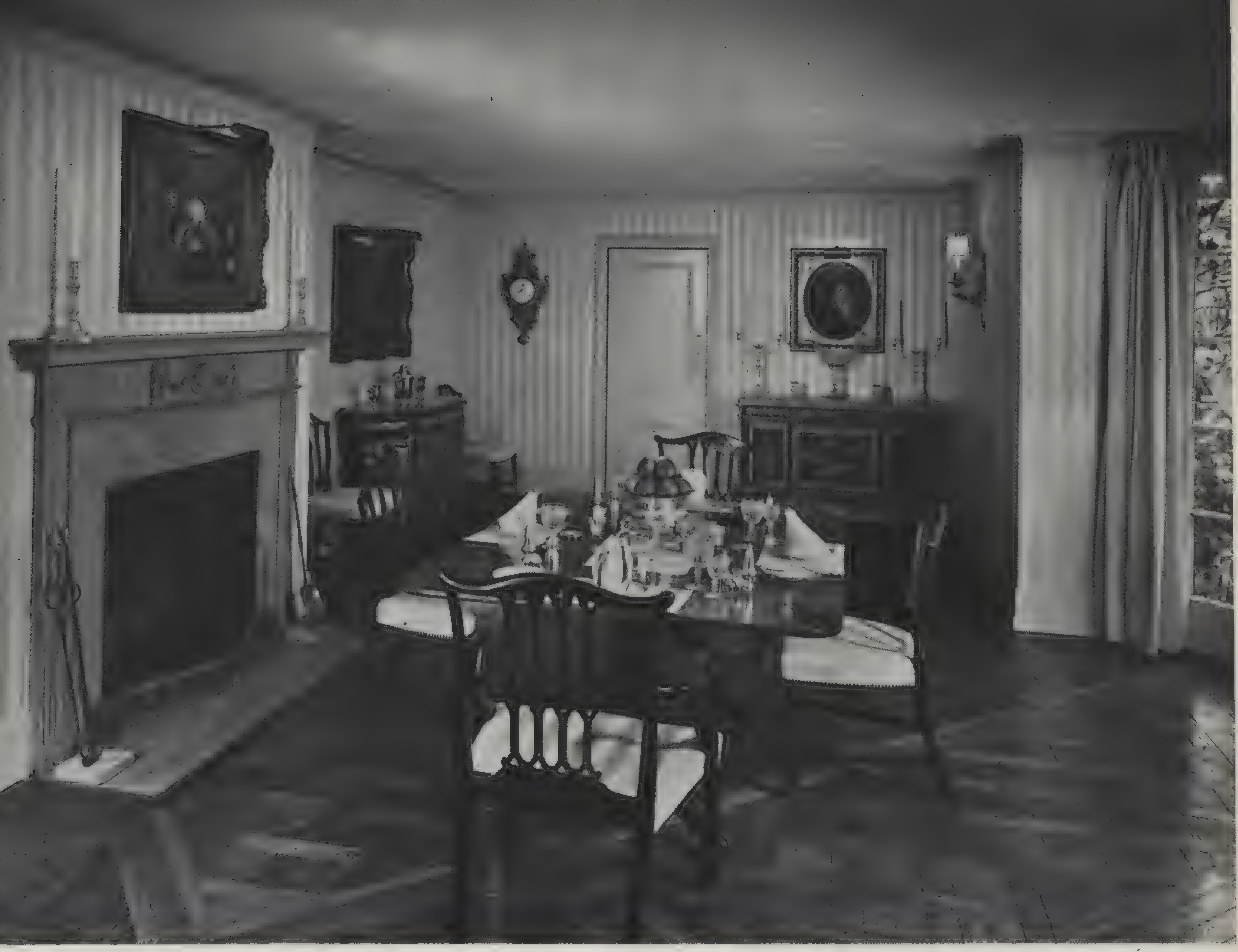
The eye is interested but not distracted—there is no sense of restlessness in the house. Mr. McIlhenny dislikes pure, undecorated surfaces, immaculately period rooms without a past, all memory shifted out of sight. In fact, his house is a big souvenir, constantly added to, for it shows his life in depth—his work, his travels, his scholarship. He has a way of going deliberately vague in conversation, which leads him directly to look up in his many reference books the exact spelling, the right date, the dealer who sold him the piece. Only those who know him know that he was graduated *magna cum laude*, Phi Beta Kappa, that he is a product of the famous museum curator course of Dr. Paul Sachs, and that he has remained in his first job—greatly enlarged—since 1935.

After Mr. McIlhenny had lived in this house for about six years, he bought the house next door, tore it down, built the octagon entrance and increased the drawing room. This superb room holds, in addition to those works shown here, Delacroix's "Death of Sardanapalus" of which there is an earlier and larger version in the Louvre, Seurat's "Les Poseurs," Degas' pastel of Mary Cassatt, Cézanne's portrait of his wife, a Corot drawing, a Chassériau portrait, and a Renaissance bronze. Note: most of the Charles X furniture is signed J. J. Werner. For his bedroom, Mr. McIlhenny, whose speciality is colour and proportion, likes ecru, garnet cut velvet, and a little chinoiserie. Beside his bed he keeps a black and white silk embroidery, worked by Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, showing Glenveagh Castle, his Irish place in County Donegal where he spends his summers gardening—usually in the rain. *(Continued on page 126)*

ANDRÉ KERTESZ



In the master bedroom: four-poster bed with tester in coffee-coloured silk, Irish eighteenth-century desk, Philadelphia card tables, Chinese paintings on glass in Chippendale frames.



In the dining room, orderly beauty: Cézanne, Chardin, Delacroix, French and English furniture, a parquet de Versailles floor

ANDRÉ KERTESZ

The Henry P. McIlhenny house in Philadelphia

continued

In all the halls, nineteenth-century grey French wallpaper.

A rostral column; Egyptian figures; unset rock crystal, amethyst, and topaz from Jaipur, India.

No great shock of colour, but serenity, is the key to the McIlhenny dining room with its grey-striped silk walls, its eighteenth-century English dining table and chairs, its dark-brown eighteenth-century parquet de Versailles floor, and its view, through floor-to-ceiling bow windows and French doors, of the enclosed garden, intimately formal. The glory of the room, however, lies in three pieces of magnificent furniture and the paintings on the wall. In the photograph above can be seen a Delacroix portrait of a boy with. beneath it a great japanned lacquer chest, attributed to the master Weisweiler. At its left, a Chardin still life with a dead hare hangs above one of a magnificent pair of ebony and ormolu Louis XVI Boulle chests. Out of sight here stands the other Boulle chest; over it a ravishing large Matisse—pink tablecloth, pink wall, table, and fruits. Note: Mr. McIlhenny bought the Chardin when he was a Harvard sophomore, the Matisse when a senior, and the Delacroix when he was a graduate student. The focus of the room is the masterly Cézanne still life, "The White Sugar Bowl," with lemons and pears.

Just above the dining room is the library (not shown)—a rather informal small room with big stuffed chairs, like Idaho potatoes, an enormous fireplace, and above it a richly painted still life with a friendly skull by an artist whose name Mr. McIlhenny can not keep in mind. He does not forget, however, the Franklin Watkins portrait of him, the small Dali surrealist painting which contains both a figure with a lobster head and an impression of Millet's "The Angelus," a Corot Roman landscape, a Constable sea scene, a Dali drawing of Harpo Marx, a Picasso Cubist watercolour, a Miró watercolour, and two Rouaults side by side—a large Crucifixion and a small "Veronica's Veil." All of these, plus the paintings and drawings from the other rooms, will go to San Francisco next summer to the Palace of the Legion of Honor for an exhibition of the masterpieces and the minor delights of the Henry P. McIlhenny Collection.

"THEY LOVED EACH OTHER"

(Continued from page 91)

lar Wesleyan espontáneo was to be my father. And my mother's first view of him, one eye open over her muff, was kneeling with his hands clasped.

"O Arglwydd, rho lais i dy was, O Lord, give to thy servant a voice . . ." Twenty, she guessed, same age as me. Dark close-cropped hair, widow-peaked—in truth a crew-cut, for he was a stoker aboard the transatlantic *Lucania*—a face square-to-round, eyes shut and out of action. "Pechaduriaid igyd, pob dyn, pob ddynes, Sinners all, every man, every woman . . ." A trim moustache over lips perhaps too curved for the rarefied discourse emanating between them; a resonant voice; a splendid command of Biblical Welsh, histrionic but sincere; and a touch of the "hwyl"—the vocal trapeze on which Welsh preachers swung to dizzy heights—just enough to show he could do it, "amen."

Collecting umbrella and pulling on gloves in the dim porch, one was introduced. Now that Stoker Williams had taken leave of the Deity and his eyes were open, they were revealed to be deep-set and blue; after his stern demeanor in the celestial witness box, his flashing smile and chuckle were startling. What part of Wales? That settled it, brother Jabez—impressed, a pray-er himself—asked him back for refreshments. It was a warm evening. On the stroll, past the trams and the slums, Mr. and Mrs. Jabez flanked the minister in front while the other two brought up the rear; Mary found herself on the inside, his manners were impeccable. All in black—bowlers, ties, gloves, umbrellas—they were a small funeral. But the praying stoker's conversation was not very redolent of the end of life, or even of the Sabbath; she was surprised to hear him poking fun at the gentleman who had prayed before him. He made her laugh outright twice, but she would have felt more comfortable laughing on a weekday. She thought he was a little "gwyneb galed," the epithet she most often applied in disapproval; it means hard of face, bold. Her instinct was infallible, but with the bold she condemned the original and the whimsical. Two slum children ran up, barefoot, poor things; he stooped and talked like a young Father Christmas and gave them a penny each; it was nice but he did not know them. He was from Ffynnongroew, no, she had never been, it must be a good fifteen miles from—had Mr. Williams ever been as far as Treuddyn? No, but he had been to Trincomalee, Tripoli, and Panama, in each of which he had a wife, was Treuddyn worth a visit? She gave him a swift sideways look and quickened her elastic-sided boots. Was she married? No, a maid. Even in Welsh—"forwyn"—that had a Shakespearean ring. A maid, outside Walton Jail.

Reverently they sauntered, past shop windows shrouding weekday delights as unthinkable to her as wrapped-up moonlight, past murkily respectable side streets which a high-minded councillor had dedicated to learning: Balliol Road, Exeter Road, Wadham Road. If a passer-by had informed Richard and Mary that these were named after Oxford colleges, they would have listened respectfully. The scholastic yielded abruptly to the theatrical: Viola Street, Portia Street, Juliet Street, one dingy bow-fronted heroine followed another, while lower down Othello and Macbeth jostled sulkily back to back. The cortège turned into Benedick Street. It is a temptation to report that Richard told Mary he lodged there, only to discover that she dwelt opposite in the Street of Beatrice; but she was still below stairs near Walton Jail and he considerably above, in the attic of a Seamen's Hostel. They were bound for Mr. and Mrs. Jabez's house. An enjoyable cold supper ("Another cup, don't be shy!") and he was invited back when the *Lucania* would next be in dock.

MY FATHER

Richard Williams was born in Ffynnongroew—"the clear well"—a village on the Dee estuary next to Mostyn, a station on

(Continued on page 128)

Natural Bridge®
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"THEY LOVED EACH OTHER"

(Continued from page 127)

the Chester-Holyhead line from London to Ireland. Most of the inhabitants worked at the adjacent Point of Air colliery, which gave the long straggling street, and the people, a smear of grit very different from the green of Treuddyn. Ffynnongroew was as Welsh, but tougher; the one nestled, the other wrestled, and the Clear Well had acquired a film of coal dust. My father was born, in 1870, at 1 Denbigh Row, the son of Robert Williams, collier, and Catherine Griffith: of his father's antecedents nothing is known, but Catherine was one of the eight children of William Griffith and his wife Catherine Williams of Capel Curig, who early in their married life moved here from Llanrwst, thirty miles away in Denbighshire, where the Griffith family still farms and deals in horses. This William Griffith, my father's grandfather, had a sister who married a Mr. Berry; their son became the Rev. R. G. Berry, M.A., for forty years minister at Gwaelod-y-Garth, South Wales, and a well-known dramatist in Welsh who toured the United States lecturing to Welsh Americans. His half-dozen plays, all in print, are simple studies of village life with racy natural dialogue; the best-known, *Ar y Groesffordd* (*At the Crossroads*, later to win the Lord Howard de Walden Prize), treats of a minister's love for a poacher's daughter and his clash with his congregation, then a daring subject. While I was growing up, playwrights were small enough fry in Wales for the existence of this fairly distinguished relative—my grandmother's first cousin—to be unknown to me. . . .

THE COURTING

Every time the *Lucania* docked, there were sing-songs on Saturday evenings and, out of the Benedick Street bow window, Richard's voice would soar in a curve more suitable to Naples than to Bootle—"O na byddai 'n hâf o hyd," Would it were Ever the Summer . . . Presents were brought, a framed engraving of the ship, a china ring tree (Mary had no rings, what an odd present). He would call for her at the top of the Ellsworthy area steps, the location of which never failed to amuse him—"I picked up your Mam outside the Jail!"—and then, by permission, he would be invited down like any Victorian policeman, given tea and presented to Mary's mistress, who was taken by the young man's grand manner and pedantic diction: "With regard to the trial of Mrs. Maybrick, whether she poisoned him or not, no doubt whatever but what she is in a desperate corner, isn't it?" "He has fine hands," said Mrs. Ellsworthy, "and he uses them very nicely in describing, my dear, are you going to marry him?" Timid Mary—"Oh no, ma'am!"—went red at the thought. She did not really like him.

But Stoker Williams knew what he wanted, and travelled the five-year courting road so patiently that his progress was only just perceptible. He even negotiated a tricky corner in any Welsh relationship, or French, German, Spanish: the moment when "vous" becomes "tu" and "chwi" in Welsh becomes "ti." When is the Welsh suitor to change from "Ydi chwi 'n aros, are you staying" to "Wyti 'n aros, art thou staying"? This negotiated, he called Jabez "Jab," and Mary he christened "Poll." Jab disapproved and so did Poll, but it was his name for her forever: rapscallion, warm, and unsuitable. Though she knew that to the world he was Dic, she never called him anything but Richard. It was indicative of their two natures.

He took her to a music hall called the Rotunda, "Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow," "Oh, Mr. Porter," "Ta-ra-ra-boom." . . . When they heard "In Trinity Church I met my Doom," no doubt Richard slapped his knees with laughter and Mary tut-tutted and blushed, for they were to be married in Trinity Road Chapel. The only time they patronized the legitimate theatre was to see, from the gallery of the old Royal Court, *Romeo and Juliet*. Jab, to whom Shakespeare seemed permissible for a Wesleyan sister, can have had no idea what an inflammatory example the evening might have set to two young walkers-out, but Mary came to no harm. "I did not understand much of what they said," she said of it later, "because they talked so old-fashioned." Once or twice her betrothed put her oddly in mind of her father, whom he did not resemble. Unaccountably, as he helped her on with her jacket she would be sitting on Job's knee, hob y derri dando. . . . Then she realized, with a shock, that the connection was not visual, but nasal. The praying stoker smelt of beer. But she brushed aside her doubts ("Led astray by shipmates") and hoped her brother would not notice. Jabez was already frowning on the long absences afloat as well as on the financial outlook, which was simple: both parties were impecunious. Every penny would have to be watched, and it became equally clear that the watching, as well as the waiting, would be done by the wife. Richard was honest and good-hearted, but nobody could call him money-minded.

On December the 3rd, 1894, Richard bent the knee for the second time in Trinity Road, but on this occasion, Mary, lost to the area steps, knelt by his side: she Spinster, twenty-five, he Mariner, twenty-four. . . . Her mistress parted with her even more reluctantly, giving her a clock, a tea set, a hug, and a tribute which the bride was to cherish: "Mary my dear, I'll never find another maid like you."

HAPPY PAIR, ILL-SUITED

The happy pair, as often happens when the confetti has dribbled into the dustbin, found themselves in essential ways ill-suited. She was conventional to the point of defeatism, shy of strangers and painfully conscious of the immorality of spending one penny unless there was a halfpenny behind it; her idea of married life was to sit by a careful fire with the coal hole replenished. She liked to know what the neighbours were up to, was even something of a curtain-tweaker, but had no desire to have them in her house or to enter theirs, while he, sanguine and impulsive, loved people, odd or ordinary: she called this "soft-hearted." When he entered a room, every soul—"And how *are* you, this long time!"—was made to feel that he or she shared a private joke with Dic. If these two could have pooled resources, he the optimist, she the realist, they would have made a rare character.

But the confetti was still fresh, and 39 Elwy Street, Toxteth Park, a mansion, four rooms between two people! Dic had a fine scheme: he had heard afloat that there was money in singing birds, and hung a dozen cages in the back room. Mary could not take to them, and when she stripped the parlour paper only to recoil from a wall swarming with life, she convinced herself that the birds had wooed the bugs. But they sang sweetly if not in harmony. After an untidy three-day honeymoon she waved her husband onto the tram, returned, a Penelope whose Ulysses was not due back till two weeks Friday, and started to settle in. Elwy was the only Welsh thing about a mean street flanked with low gravy-coloured dwellings debouching straight onto the pavement, the only sounds the grumble of a tram or the wail of a fog-horn, lowering to the spirit of an inland wife wed to the Atlantic. No dog, no cat, she had never known either. But everything found its place.

The parlour, over the years, was to move with her to other homes. Grandfather clock, corner cupboard ensconcing the tea set never to be used, and a mug—which had mysteriously stayed with Richard, cracked and mended, since he was seven, "On the Coming of Age of Llewelyn Mostyn, Esquire"; two horsehair chairs and sofa with casters and antimacassars; on the mantelpiece, two brass candlesticks, two solid glass spheres—leaden-heavy to hold and shot through, like gigantic marbles, with the hues of the spectrum—and an unexpected dinner gong, a hot-headed Oriental buy. On the dresser, amid the few family photographs and the ring tree, a vaulted glass globe housing a minuscule fairyland: three glass birds, with the delicatest spun-rainbow wings, poised amid crystal flowers and a frozen crystal fountain. On the main wall, the twin symbols of genteel matrimony: the paintings of the pair, heavily gilt-framed, copied from a daguerreotype with appalling expertise, the groom handsome and severe in stiff collar and braided coat, the bride handsome and meek in fichu and Alexandra fringe bunched on the forehead. Opposite, two smaller frames, also twin-gilt, each enshrining a quantity of lumpy foliage and a Welsh waterfall liberally laced with blancmange. The immense Beibl, the minister's wedding present, squatted on the spindliest of legs next to the hymnbook; these comprised the family library. Stiff spotless lace curtains, a blind decently drawn a quarter of the way; on a small table in the window, glimpsed by the passer-by as the edge of a red petticoat is for a second vouchsafed, a timid fuchsia. The tiny penurious shrine was complete.

LOBSCOUSE AND RICE PUDDING

Housekeeping passed the time and saved the pence, Sundays helped, and the Friday dawned. Richard had his jobs aboard to finish, then a bath, ashore and home by six for high tea and the Rotunda. Mary's plain cooking had done its unobtrusive best: lobscouse—"a sailor's dish, meat stewed with vegetables and ship's biscuit"—and rice pudding flavoured with salt as only she could make it. The kettle was simmering, the little kitchen shone like a jewel that had been lived in for a year, he had called it that, a jewel. There it came, six o'clock tinkling from the wedding present. Several times she was sure she heard that springy step, spelling foolishness and fun.

By the time seven tinkled, then eight, she felt she had been in her jewel for two years. A tram clanged callously past Elwy Street in the dusk, she would never get used to them, rampaging urban animals ready to maul you. Had

(Continued on page 130)

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"THEY LOVED EACH OTHER"

(Continued from page 129)

he just stepped off? Through the wall a neighbour poked at a grate, she remembered again that she had no idea who lived on either side.

She lifted off coal, to be restored when the front d—there it was, rat-a-tat. But he had his key—she was in the lobby by now, another sixpence for a new key—"Paper missus," the boy was gone. In an access of bookishness Richard had made her a subscriber to *Horner's Penny Stories;* she looked down at the journal, her still unfamiliar wedding ring bleary in the gaslight. Two people passed, strangers. . . . She sat down to read. "Duchess or Dairymaid, a Wife's Dilemma," no, the words were too difficult and she was not in the mood. Mending? His shirts and long underwear lay immaculate in the drawer with the blue serge and the clothes brush. If she had the sewing-machine—but at three shillings a week, put by in her secret tin box under the bed . . . She peered at the lobscouse; it was spoiling. From the three tea caddies on the mantelpiece Gladstone, Disraeli, and the Queen stared coldly down at her, filled with coiled string and bootlaces. She went and for the first time sat in the parlour, thought of the bugs and shuddered. From the dresser, postcard-framed and stern, she caught her brother's eye behind his glasses.

There must have been a storm; you can have it breathless in a port and three miles out, he had told her, the water boiling like fat. . . . She picked up the hymnbook and turned the black flyleaf under the lamp to catch the gleam of his writing, "Richard and Mary Wms, 39 Elwy St." A firm, godly hand, so unlike her own tottery scrawl—she lifted her head. A step.

She flew into the lobby; a measured tread, a policeman of advanced years. It stopped—peering for the number? A knock, to wake the street. Richard rolling lifeless in the Atlantic deeps . . . She opened the door. No policeman. Richard was rolling, but not in the Atlantic.

Wedding bowler on the back of his head, he was smiling as benignly as if he had won a lottery. The trim little moustache was stale with beer, and the blue eyes, candid and comfortable with children, were a pair of fumed oaks. He lunged at her for a safe-in-port kiss, stubbed his boot against the step and nearly knocked her over. She caught the parcel he was carrying, and backed panting into the kitchen. She could smell drink and burnt rice pudding.

At the crossroads of our life there should hover, on the shoulder of us all, a second self to whisper the couple of words we should speak, and to stifle the rest; and we can be one another's other self, she was later (resented, often) to be mine. But at that moment she stood, white and trembling, in need of hers, in need of a voice to say, "Smile, get off the subject, remember the Rotunda? When the clown fell over and what the red-nosed parson said? Hang on to that, say 'Yea verily a pint too much . . . ,' you will pretend to laugh too and he will fall burbling into bed. You may cry yourself to sleep, but tomorrow will be yours . . ."

"Cwilydd! Shame on thee!" It was a bolt from the pulpit. She said more. It was somebody else talking, quicker than she could think, and the somebody was her own overheard mother, with behind her thousands of pathetic wives with answers-back as futile in Welsh as in English, a fine husband my brother warned me sitting like a slave dinner going to ruin let me finish if it's the last thing I say . . .

He stared at her. This afternoon at the Shore Arms, his kitbag under the counter, that bubble of light where he had run into the two sailors from Llanrwst who had known his grandfather and they had sung a Welsh hymn in harmony to hilariously bad words, and the two had told him of a funny house in Algiers and he had told them how luckily he had married . . . The bubble had burst. Not a virago, you could fight that, but a kitten, whimpering righteous abuse.

They stood staring. Just as she was unrecognizable, so he had changed: his eyes glittered molten-blue with hate—where was the merry mariner, the child-lover? If she had gone upstairs, the evening might still have been retrieved. But she banged the shriveled meal on the table. He looked from it to her, and walked out into vast Liverpool. 39 Elwy St., home of Richard and Mary Wms.

She stood a long time. A draught, he had not shut the front door. No curtains twitching, thank goodness. . . . She looked down at his loose parcel and drew out a shawl, too garish to wear, and a printed card, "From a Sailor Boy to a Bowery Gal, N.Y." She blew out the lamp and went upstairs, the step of an older woman. When she did sleep, the birds in the back room taunted her awake. He was back in the morning with his kitbag, but they did not speak till evening. The die was cast.

But the Welsh language had no word for divorce, and if the procedure had been explained to her, she would have taken it as personally as the details of a cannibal feast. Though there was never to be question of another woman, she had two rivals, and a powerful and perfidious pair they turned out to be: the slut Beer, and her mad-eyed sister Whisky. It was to be a tough fight, but gradually the enemy succumbed and the marriage won long before the end, which came with death forty-nine years later. Once, when for the first time in the memory of her family she was to collapse ill into bed, he was to look down (just home from work) at the knife and fork laid for his dinner, then round the empty kitchen—empty with three sons standing in it—and burst into tears. They loved each other. . . .

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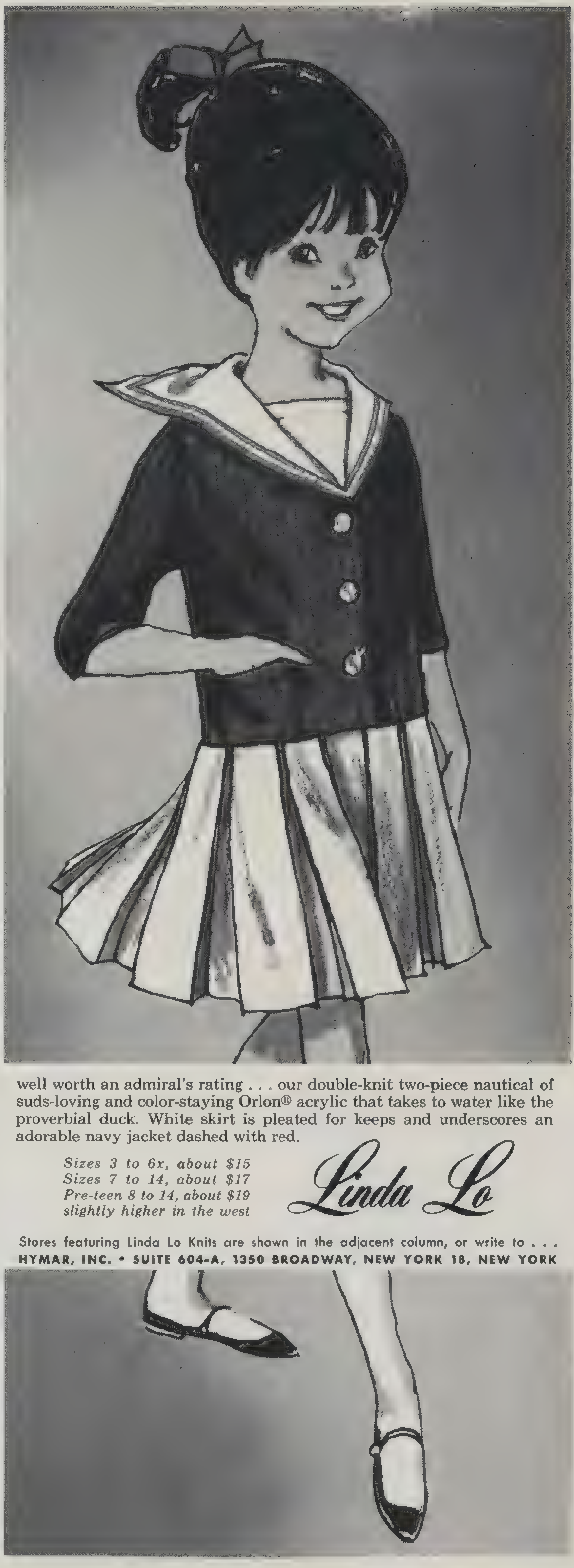

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SARDINIA

(Continued from page 94)

men is almost extinct in Europe. . . . His fierce singleness is quenched. The last sparks are dying out in Sardinia and Spain."

Although Lawrence died thirty years ago, there are still Sardinian men wearing stocking caps, the *berritta*, and they appear as inaccessible, as unconquerable as ever. But they are few, and they are old. One wonders how long Sardinia will resist the massive wave of uniformity sweeping Europe. The last remaining magic derives from these aged men in black encountered by chance in the course of a promenade.

THE BEST GUIDE BOOK. As Lawrence disclaims any pretentions as a Baedeker, more exact historic, economic, and sociological information must be found in other sources. There is the Michelin guide to Italy, which gives two precise, very important pages to Sardinia, but that is hardly enough for the hopes, fears, and revolts of a small continent whose past is charged with mystery. On the other hand, *Sardegna*, a guide with maps, edited by the Italian Touring Club, tells everything about the island: legends, dates, history, and villages without leaving a stone unturned. Although this is a serious guide, a perfect travelling companion, it is one which communicates only in Italian.

THE INVADERS. Since the furthest reaches of time, Sardinia has absorbed a record number of colonizers: Cretans, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Pisans, Genoese, and Spaniards. Her entire history is a series of incursions, invasions, and oppressions by enemies lured by her coastline of hidden coves and natural harbours sheltered from stormy winds. The first islanders were continually pursued, hounded, and condemned to forced labour under menace of death. Titus Livy, for one, alludes to a battle in which eighty-thousand Sardinians were either killed or captured. Thus the immemorial need to flee the coastal areas, to find refuge in the grottoes, to organize into bands in the mountains, to hide the harvest and the herd, at all costs, to resist.

This well explains the Sardinian attitude of "nothing finished, nothing final," which Lawrence noted in the negligent impermanence of the houses, in the spirit of the people, their remote stare, their air of looking through strangers. For the Sardinian, foreigners have always been invaders. The traveller is just one more invader, but one to be shown hospitality if not fraternization. In an economy of words, directions are given, questions are answered, and guests are welcomed in houses, but without the slightest servility or bowing and scraping. Cars from France, England, or Germany provoke no tumultuous gatherings, in fact, no one even turns round to look. The men of Nuoro, Arbatax, and Barùmini, mounted on burros hardly taller than goats—Sardinian donkeys are amongst the smallest in the world—go imperturbably on their way, dignified, but not gay by a long shot.

WHO ARE THE SARDINIANS?

Less than half a century ago during the first probings of such ancient civilizations as the Egyptian, Aegean, and Greek, the existence of a proto-Sardinian culture was completely unknown. It was generally thought that the first conquerors of the island found only a backward, half-savage population, although actually people, who doubtlessly came originally from Libya, had been living there in an organized society since two thousand years before Christ. The mystery is who taught these people architecture, their astonishing knowledge, their conception of death. The man who redeemed this forgotten world, bringing Sardinia out of darkness into light, was an archaeologist named Taramelli, who about 1905, excavated remote regions, unknown caverns, and countless sepulchres. His work was later taken over by a group of archaeologists, and continues today under the direction of Professor Giovanni Lilliu. At last, the island has become aware of the immensity of its past, and to understand, discover, and know the Sardinians of the second millennium, it is necessary to visit their extraordinary towers, the nuraghi.

MORE ENIGMATIC THAN THE PYRAMIDS. There is nothing comparable in ancient civilization to the nuraghi of Sardinia. These great Cyclopean fortress towers served as a refuge for the tribes and their chieftains, as granaries, and as shelters for the herds. Level upon level of sinuous corridors, endlessly long, darker than grottoes, lead to enormous portals, vaults, and cupolas of massed rocks, terrifyingly heaped and supported heaven knows how, as there is no evidence of mortar. One must lean against these walls, stumble over them, question them with echoes, to penetrate their unfathomable mysteries.

Some seven thousand nuraghi are spotted about the island, many of which have been only partially explored. Whether staying in the north or south of the island, or just winging around, there is always an explorable nuraghi nearby. The three principal ones are Santu Antine in Torralba, a village in the north between Olbia and Alghero; Losa, near Abbasanta, in the centre; and further south, near Barùmini, the most recently discovered and impressive of all, Su Nuraxi.

To delve more deeply into the nuraghic world, however, one should visit the museum of Cagliari which stashes an amazing collection of treasure gathered from the digs: jewels, sickles, candelabra, chests, utensils, and earthenware vases of a totally original form. But the most elucidating art forms of all are the hundred or so small bronze figures of musicians, praying shepherds, helmeted chieftains in swirling capes, as though still blown by Sardinian winds, archers, and valiant warriors with four eyes and four arms brandishing tall swords —these are the figures that give some idea of the seriousness and toughness of the forebears of Sardinians today.

If, by chance, people are not attracted by the solitary sea, pre-history, or museums, there are many other things to see in Sardinia. The ferociously beautiful women, for example, ("stiff as Velázquez's princesses," according to Lawrence) who have straight, queenly backs, hair as brilliant as jade, skin of amber, and an inscrutable look. In the inland villages, their pleated skirts flap at their ankles, their heads are tied in a monkish kerchief with one end drawn across their mouths. If their grave beauty ap-

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pears melancholy, they should be seen in the blinding sun dancing the *Su duru-duru*, a swift, complicated roundelay accompanied by a piercingly shrill flute. These flutes, the *launeddas*, reeded instruments with three perforations, stem from nuraghic times, and are indigenous to Sardinia. And these are not the only survivors of antiquity. There are masks carved by the peasants of Mamoiada in black wood, worn at Carnival season, that bear a boggling resemblance to the proto-Sardinian bronzes, an amazing coincidence, as surely the peasant-sculptors have never darkened the door of the Cagliari museum. Indeed, folklore is the unconscious memory of the island.

A FULL CALENDAR. As good Christians, Sardinians honour more saints than actually exist, some with surprising names, such as Saint Lucifer and Saint Bacchus. In fact, there is such a surfeit of seductive festivals, it would be incredible if a traveller's timetable did not jibe with one of them.

For the Feast of the Ascension in May, thousands of brilliantly-dressed pilgrims come from every corner of the island to Sassari to join the fantastic pageant, the *Cavalcata Sarda*. The feast of San' Efisio is celebrated in Cagliari with harness races and throngs in gaudy costumes. At Sedilo on July 7 Saint Constantine Emperor serves as a pretext for a frenetic *palio*, a horse race which degenerates into a cross-country cavalry charge. And of course, there are all the Madonnas, the Immaculate protectresses of every village and port to be feted with long processions winding for hours to their remote sanctuaries. On feast days, fireworks explode in the sky, pompons dangle from the bridles and harnesses of horses, bread is baked in a special form. Everyone makes something for the occasion, perhaps a festoon of flowers, a swatch of lace, a pretty trinket. To turn day-to-day existence into a dream, to make of nothing a world of marvels—such is the stuff that Sardinian festivals are made of.

AN EXCEPTIONAL HOTEL. Combining all the Sardinian charms of beauty, solitude, and peace the Hotel Is Morus is happily placed at Santa Margherita di Pula, within thirty miles of the museum, shops, and airport of Cagliari. Built by the architect, Signor Capo Bava, on the solid and honest lines of a Sardinian bastion, it seems like a sumptuous country house with fresh, cool rooms, and covered terraces. There are the pleasures of tennis, riding, a sea-fed swimming pool, endless beaches, plus the added pleasure of silence. A few sundry pine trees have been left in the roadways to discourage cars and to force Vespas to slow down.

THE EIGHTH INVASION. The Sardinian bourgeoisie calls the sudden, massive arrival of foreigners to their island, the eighth invasion. This, however, does not apply to travellers, often obliged to put up with second-rate places if the Hotel Is Morus is fully booked, and who leave after a fortnight's holiday with armfuls of attractive things. These unmoneyed transients usually limit themselves to the charming wicker baskets, pottery, rugs, and hand-woven tapestries for sale in the village markets and shops. The eighth invasion applies to those foreigners attracted to Sardinia for more ambitious projects, the investment people who are buying up the island itself.

The price of land in the north around Arzachena is going up in a vertiginous spiral, and debates between the old and new proprietors are often long and tedious. Once the deal is made, however, the former owner is apt to realize that his new neighbour is perhaps the Aga Khan, or a world-known banker, or a company so famous that its name adorns the café walls: L'Aqua San Pellegrino, to mention only one. After the Phoenicians, Genoese, and Saracens, gold is assaulting the island.

Soon Sardinia will be as overrun as Cannes or Beaulieu, so now is the time to streak over the deserted roads and to eat the freshest lobsters in the world. Before long, arrows will point to palaces, there will be snack bars in the nuraghi, and Sardinia will have ceased to be what it still so majestically is: the last island of silence. *Translated by Mary Roblee Henry.*

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VEGETABLES—WITH VERVE

A famous English chronicler of French cookery who here gives 15 recipes

BY ELIZABETH DAVID

Eaten for themselves alone, as a separate dish, vegetables take on a very different significance. Both their charms and their defects become more apparent.

Often it is the commonplace ones like onions and beetroot, carrots and spinach and leeks which make the most delicious dishes. True, we can not often obtain those little round flat onions which, golden and glazed, appear so frequently in French cookery, although mostly as a garnish to meat dishes. And potatoes. When, oh when will some enterprising grower supply us with the right firm-fleshed varieties such as *Kipfler* or *Belle de Juillet*, which make such infinitely superior salads and chips, not to mention sauté and soufflé potatoes? And how nice if, just for a change, we could buy the little non-wrinkling peas to make *petits pois à la française*. Is it too fanciful to hope that in the near future we shall be able to obtain these things? It is in the matter of vegetables and fruit that a country's eating habits evolve most rapidly.

There was a time, after all, when there were no potatoes in England, when the tomato was new to Italy, when *petits pois* were first brought to France (and caused a furore at the Court of Louis XIV), when bananas, grapefruit, and the cultivated mushrooms we now take for granted were exciting novelties. Not so long ago French beans meant only coarse scarlet runners, but now we can buy several varieties of string beans and dwarf beans. Exotic vegetables and fruit, such as eggplant, sweet peppers, and avocado pears have become commonplace in our shops. Enterprising growers supply us with little zucchini, as an alternative to gigantic squash.

So, I wonder if, eventually, we shall not come round to the habit, taken for granted in French cookery, of regarding vegetable dishes as an important part of the meal rather than simply as an adjunct to the roast. If we do, we shall surely find that we enjoy the meat course more as well as the vegetables, for both must, when required to stand on their own, be more carefully bought and more meticulously cooked.

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Artichauts

LEAF ARTICHOKES

Globe or leaf artichokes are a kind of thistle. There are a great many varieties; the enormous round ones which look like water lilies when they are cooked and opened out a little are called *Camus de Bretagne*, and are grown mostly in northern France; these are the kind most suitable for serving plain boiled, to be eaten leaf by leaf, with melted butter, sauce hollandaise or vinaigrette. Despite their size, they take only about 25 minutes' cooking, in plenty of salted, acidulated water.

Artichoke hearts, or *fonds*, are used a good deal in French cookery as a garnish for rather ceremonial meat dishes, and are also served as a separate dish, usually with some rather rich stuffing or creamy sauce. In a country where artichokes are plentiful and cheap, it is natural that a large variety of such dishes should have been created but, truth to tell, I think that elaborate or luxurious concoctions, rich creamy sauces and *foie gras* stuffings can not but detract from the delicate and unique flavour of the artichoke.

Artichauts à la Barigoule

LEAF ARTICHOKES STEWED IN OIL

This method of cooking artichokes seems to be one of the oldest of Provençal dishes. There are many versions, and in the course of time it has been elaborated to include all sorts of extra ingredients, but Provençal cooks mostly agree that it is best in its primitive form.

Rather small young artichokes (the long violet-leaved variety are the most common in Provence) in which the choke has not yet formed should be used. Rub the artichokes all over with lemon; cut off the stalks, leaving about ½ inch. Then cut off about ¾ inch from the top end of the artichokes, and remove about two layers of the outer leaves. Put them in a saucepan or sauté pan or deep frying pan. Pour in olive oil to come halfway up. Then cover with water. Turn the heat as high as possible so that the oil and the water come rapidly to a fast boil (it is the same method as that used for a bouillabaisse) and amalgamate. Let it continue boiling, spluttering and crackling (uncovered) for the whole cooking time, which is from 15 to 20 minutes, according to the size of the artichokes. Towards the end, you can see that the artichokes have turned golden brown and crisp and the outer leaves have spread out. Finally, the liquid will stop spluttering because all the water has evaporated leaving only the oil. Take out the artichokes and arrange them, stalks in the air, on a hot dish, so that they look like beautiful little bronzed flowers, with the crisped petals spreading out. Sprinkle over a little of their cooking liquid and some salt. Allow two artichokes per person if they are small.

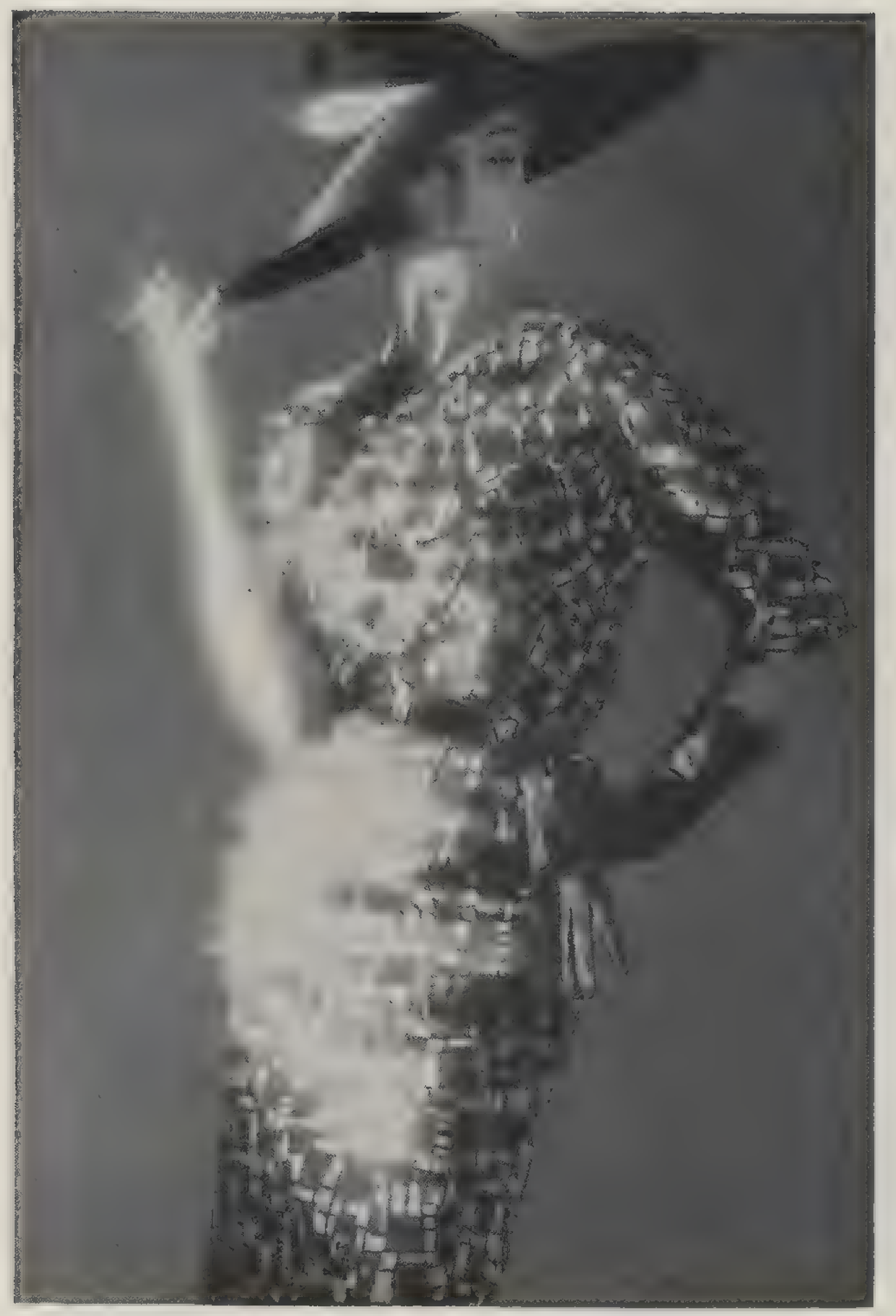
Etuvée de Celeri Rave

CELERIAC STEWED IN BUTTER

Celeriac, or celery-root, is appearing in increasing quantities in the shops and makes most delicious winter salads and vegetable dishes as well as soups.

Peel a celeriac, rinse it, and shred it into fine strips. If you possess a *mandoline*, it is a matter of moments to do this on the fluted blade. Cook the celeriac in butter in a frying pan for about 10 minutes, turning it over and over; towards the end of the cooking time, add salt, pepper, a teaspoon of French mustard, a dash of tarragon or wine vinegar, and a little finely-chopped parsley. The celeriac should retain some of its

(Continued on page 137)



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QUICK HAIR REVIVER: THE COLOUR LINGERS ON

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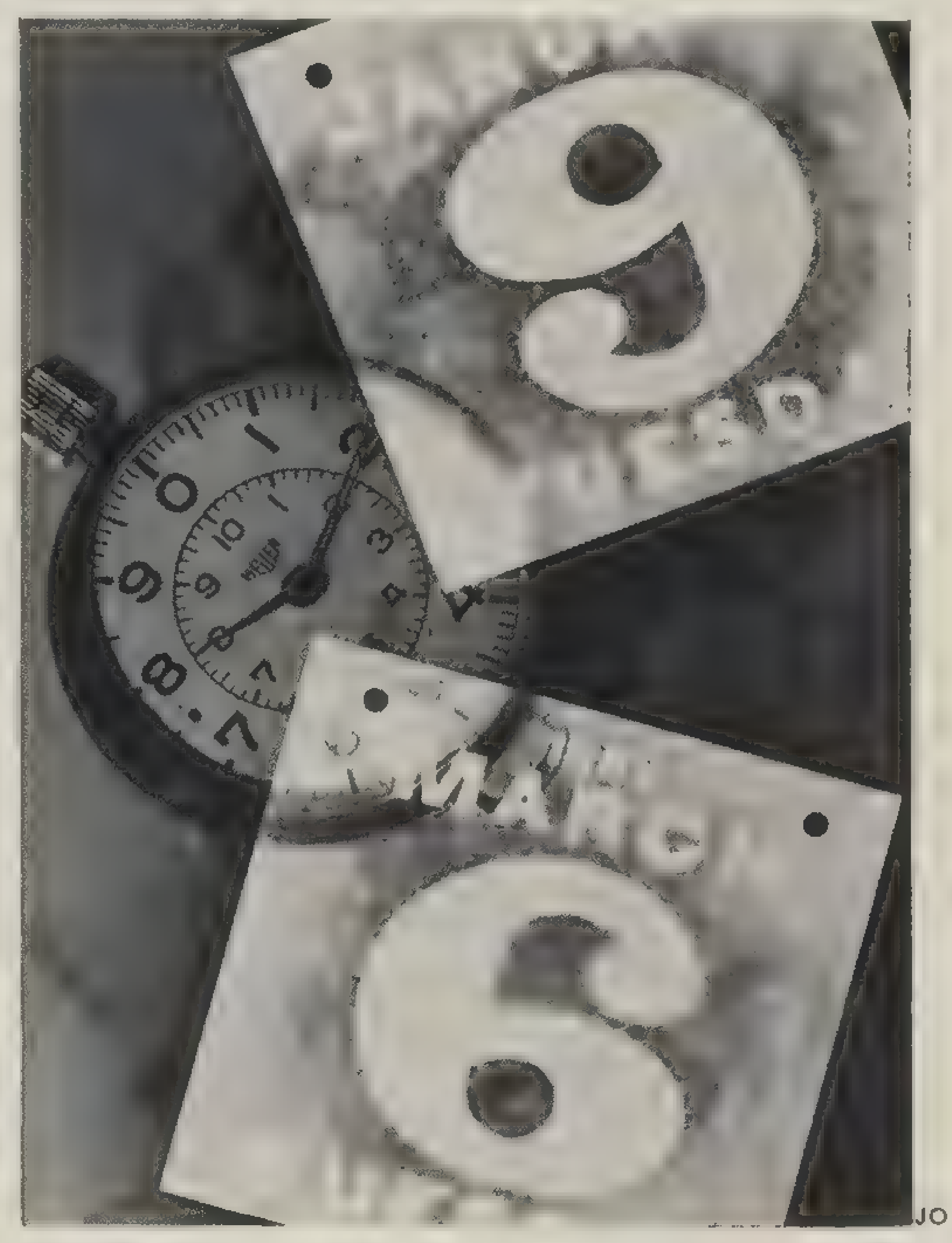


JOHN STEWART

The how-to couldn't be simpler: rub the liquid through the hair, wait fifteen minutes, then rinse. By Shulton in 12 shades (pick the one closest to your natural colour). A bottle—enough for one application—costs $2.

VEGETABLES—WITH VERVE

(Continued from page 134)

crispness and its bite.

Blettes à la Crème

CHARD WITH CREAM SAUCE

The large fleshy-stalked green leaves called *blettes* are known as Swiss chard. They have not a great deal of flavour and the best way to serve them is in a creamy sauce.

Wash the leaves, remove the hardest part of the stalks and leaf centres, and cook them in a little water in the same way as spinach. Drain them, press them as dry as possible, and chop them.

Prepare, for 1 lb. of chard, a béchamel, and enrich it with ¼ pint of cream. Cover the bottom of a wide *gratin* dish with a thin layer of the sauce, put the chopped chard on the top and cover it completely with the rest of the sauce. Put a few little knobs of butter on the top and cook in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes, until the surface is barely beginning to turn pale gold. Enough for two, as a separate course.

This is also an excellent way of serving coarse-leaved spinach and beet spinach.

Aubergine

EGGPLANT

The English name of aubergine, eggplant, is presumably due to the fact that there is a variety which produces white fruit almost exactly the shape and size of an egg. The other two main varieties are deep violet, one long like a fat sausage, the other round. There is also a violet and white striped variety, *zébrine*, now being grown in France as well as in the Near and Far Eastern countries. Except for certain purées and salads, eggplant should not be peeled. The skin provides flavour as well as holding them together. Before cooking they are sliced, either lengthwise into thinnish long strips, or crosswise into rounds, or into small cubes. Put them in a colander, sprinkle with salt, press a plate down on top and leave them an hour or two so that excess moisture and the bitter juices drain off. Dry them carefully and always use oil for cooking them.

Some of the world's most renowned vegetable dishes are made with eggplant—the Balkan *moussaka*, in which minced beef or mutton also figures, the Provençal *ratatouille*, a stew of eggplant, tomatoes, onions, and peppers, the Sicilian *caponata*, a wonderful cold dish with a sweet-sour tomato sauce, the salad or purée of highly-seasoned eggplant which is sometimes rather idiotically called *aubergine caviar*, and, best of all, the Turkish *imam bayeldi*, a rich and marvellous mixture of onions, tomatoes, spices, and eggplant cooked in oil and eaten cold.

A convenient aspect of stewed eggplant dishes is that, provided they have not been overcooked in the first place, they nearly always improve with reheating and are also, with the exception, of course, of fritters and other dishes in which they are quick-fried, just as good cold as hot, and sometimes even better.

Brouillade d'Aubergines

STEWED EGGPLANT WITH TOMATOES

A Provençal recipe:

Cut 3 medium-sized unpeeled eggplants into small squares. Salt them, leave them to drain for an hour and dry them in a cloth. Heat a coffee cup (after-dinner size) of olive oil in a thick frying pan, and in this cook the eggplants, but not too quickly or the skins will burn. When they are getting soft, drain off any excess of oil and add about 1 lb. skinned and chopped tomatoes; continue cooking until they are reduced almost to a pulp. Stir in a little chopped parsley and garlic, and add salt if necessary. Can be eaten hot or cold. For four.

Beignets d'Aubergines

EGGPLANT FRITTERS

Cut unpeeled eggplant into long, thin slices. Salt and leave them to drain. Dip them in frying batter (see below) and cook them 2 or 3 minutes, until they are crisp and golden, in a deep pan of very hot oil. Drain them on kitchen paper and serve them piled up on a hot dish with lemon.

Pâté à Frire

FRYING BATTER

Sieve ¼ lb. of flour; stir in 3 tablespoons of olive oil and a pinch of salt; gradually add approximately ¼ pint of tepid water. Stir to a smooth cream. Leave to stand 2 hours.

Before using the frying batter fold in the stiffly whipped white of 1 small egg.

This is the frying batter I have always used in preference to any other. It is one which is light and crisp and makes only a thin coating for the food to be fried, rather than a heavy greasy blanket.

Endives Belges

BELGIAN ENDIVES

Belgian endives, chicory, or witloof make first-class winter vegetable dishes as well as salads. It is a mistake to wash them or to give them a preliminary cooking in boiling water; all that is necessary is to cut off the tough part of the root end, to remove any outside leaves which are wilted and brown, and to wipe the endives with a soft cloth. Use a silver or stainless steel knife.

Endives au Beurre

ENDIVES STEWED IN BUTTER

Allowing 2 whole endives, prepared as above, for each person, put them in a thickly buttered fireproof dish in which they will just about fit. Arrange the endives in one or two layers, interspersing them with a plentiful amount of butter cut into little knobs, with more on the top, altogether about 2 oz. of butter for 2 lbs. of endives. Cover the dish with buttered paper or foil and, if possible, a lid as well. Cook them in a low oven for about 1½ hours. By the time they are ready they will be golden brown and, of course, very much shrunken, so for appearance's sake transfer them to another serving dish, with all their buttery juices. Now, and not before, sprinkle them with salt and lemon juice.

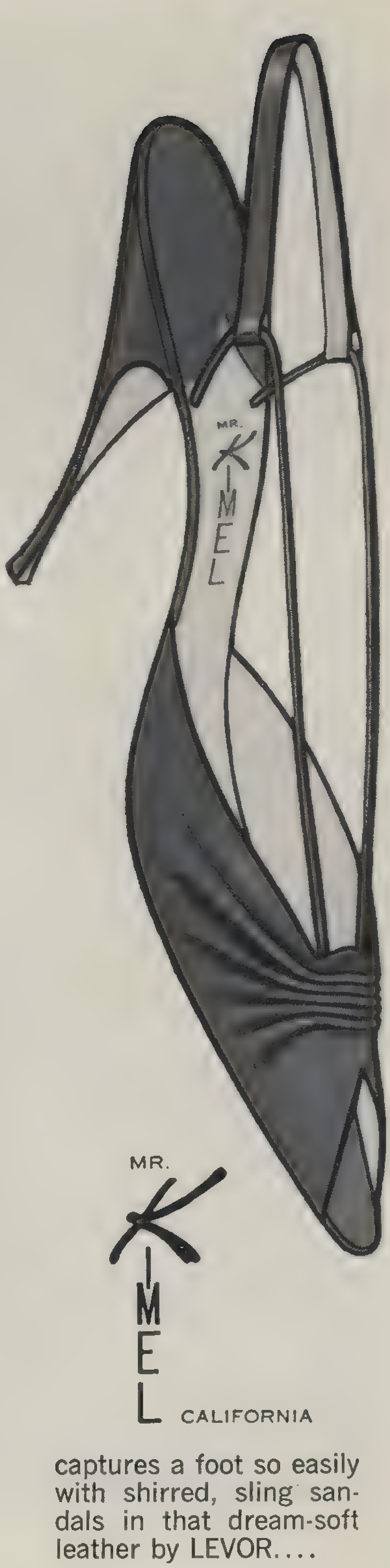
Haricots Verts à la Provençal

FRENCH BEANS WITH TOMATOES

For this dish coarse French beans or scarlet runners can be used.

Top and tail the beans, slice off the strings, break the beans into chunks, blanch them 10 minutes in boiling salted water, and drain them. In a frying pan heat 2 tablespoons of olive oil; put in the drained beans and 2 or 3 skinned and roughly chopped tomatoes and a clove of garlic. Cook gently for 10 minutes until the tomatoes have

(Continued on page 140)



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BEAUTY IS IN THE I.Q. OF THE BEHOLDER

(Continued from page 101)

collection of ideas instead of a central plan.

6. Beautiful manners. There can be such a thing as rude taste, and this applies to clothes particularly. Taste is never: clothes for ostentation, clothes for status-seeking, clothes for one-up-manship (the furiously self-possessed); but it can be clothes that communicate an idea, outward signs of an inward grace.

7. Art. Once there was an era—when Schiaparelli was using door-hinges for suit-fastenings—when fashion was a sort of surrealist decoration. Now—in an age of no one-look—there is a clear feeling of fashion as an art form, dependent on line and colour and the additions each woman gives to it as a matter of personal commitment.

8. Spirit. There's a very deep attachment to the idea that taste and money go hand in hand. And they quite often do—as Dr. Johnson once said, "Poverty makes the practice of all virtues hard and some impossible." It *is* harder to indulge taste or display it without money, but it's far from impossible, and if you were to say, "Beauty is in the bank account of the beholder," wouldn't that be nonsense? Time, too, is helpful to have, but not essential. If you listen carefully to "I haven't the time . . ." doesn't it sound like an excuse? It is. The exercise of Taste does require a certain energy—moving that muscle in the mind, perhaps—and then, it's a free spirit.

9. Always. There isn't such a thing as a really mute object. Each inanimate thing, even if scrupulously picked for anonymity, will have its say. A vase, a glass, a sweater, a pair of gloves, if chosen by you, will talk about you. And the dreariest coat in the world has just as insistent a little voice as a zebra jacket's.

10. Contemporary—which means managing the present with a great deal of ease and *not* that any of the furniture was necessarily designed the day before yesterday. The most contemporary room imaginable could be pure Sheraton without the intrusion of a single stick from another era. A magical ability with flowers, a trick of lighting, or a juxtaposition of pieces that wasn't heard of in the eighteenth century could be the immediacy here. The reason there is something faintly wrong with "we've left it just as it was during the Civil War" is that taste never lives in the past, although the past may be all about it, but gives, above everything else, a sense of the moment.

SCORING

Score one point for each right answer. 10 right answers—you must have looked. Any count from 6 to 10—your taste is in good shape; 4 to 6—you lack conviction; 3 or lower—maybe you weren't interested.

The new swing to bright, cloudless lip-colours

There's a whole new trend in lipsticks—toward clear, bright, outspoken colours. The reds are true reds, the pinks practically essence-of-pink—there are fewer borderline blends that aren't quite one shade or the other. One result: Coty's new line-up of ten true, bright, unclouded colours. They range from the light-brights—Pure Apricot, Pure Honey, Pure Mango—through vivid reds like Pure Cherry (swatched on the face on the cover) to a marvellous pumpkin-orange called—what else?—Pure Pumpkin. All, Pure Brights, in the new Coty "24 A" formula—named for its measured-in-hours longevity: when the lipstick is creamed off at night, a light gloss of colour lingers on.

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VEGETABLES—WITH VERVE

(Continued from page 137)

turned almost to a purée. Shake the pan from time to time so that the beans do not stick. Remove the garlic, add a little parsley, and turn into a hot serving dish.

Champignons de Couche

CULTIVATED MUSHROOMS

About ten kilometres from the little town of Apt, in the Vaucluse department of Provence, the curious village of Roussillon stands on the side of a steep hill. Its orange and saffron and terra-cotta coloured houses look as if they are about to come crashing down the cliffs. Its steep narrow streets are barely negotiable by car; and about Easter-time the lilac trees and the wisteria come into flower, so that a backdrop of mauves and pinks and greens against the ochre rocks makes the whole place look highly theatrical. Apart from ochre-mining, these rocks provide the district with a flourishing little subsidiary industry, for they are honeycombed with caves which are used for the cultivation of mushrooms.

While staying in a neighbouring village some years ago, the local mushrooms proved to be our most valuable resource in the way of vegetables during the very early spring, for most of the root vegetables were finished and the *primeurs* had not yet started. Our kitchen was not conspicuous for planned comfort or modern amenities; most of our cooking had to be of the quick and simple variety, and the mushrooms were a blessing in this respect. But these local mushrooms, as with most French cultivated ones, required very meticulous cleaning and washing, for they are grown in very sandy, gritty soil.

English ones are rather easier to deal with. They can simply be wiped with a soft damp cloth, or given a brief rinse in cold water, if they look at all gritty. They can be rubbed with a cut lemon to preserve their whiteness, but neither peel nor stalks should be removed.

The following dish is among those we used to cook with the little cultivated mushrooms.

Champignons à la Crème

MUSHROOMS WITH CREAM

For ½ lb. of mushrooms, cleaned as above, heat about 1 oz. of butter in a frying pan and add a tablespoon of olive oil. Slice the mushrooms fairly thin and cook them at a moderate pace for a minute before adding salt, pepper, a scrap of nutmeg, and a tablespoon or so of finely-chopped parsley and shallot. Shake the pan so that the mushrooms do not stick. Stir in 3 or 4 tablespoons of thick cream. It will thicken naturally: 5 minutes' cooking altogether is enough—when people complain that cultivated mushrooms are insipid, it is nearly always because they have been overcooked.

The dish goes well with steak, veal, and chicken; with little triangles of fried bread it makes a good dish on its own; to go with sausages and bacon it is better without the addition of cream. Enough for two.

Les Asperges de Cavaillon

CAVAILLON ASPARAGUS

The following recipe was given on the wrapping paper of asparagus exported to England from Cavaillon in the Vaucluse. Apart from those of Lauris and Argenteuil, the Cavaillon asparagus are supposed to be the best in France.

"Rake each asparagus with an office knife and throw them one after the other in a large earthen pan full of cold water: wash them carefully, fasten them in bunches of 10 or 12 asparagus, according to their size, put them in slightly salted boiling water, and maintain boiling during 10 to 12 minutes on a lively fire. The asparagus are cooked when they melt under the finger's pressure. To avoid the breaking of the soft part of the asparagus in cooking, it is preferable to put the asparagus upright with the heads out of the water; this part of the asparagus being more tender than the rest, the water which re-covers them in boiling suffices to make them well done."

Asparagus are always best served in a straightforward way, with melted butter or hollandaise sauce, and the Cavaillon recipe, peculiar though the English is, is perfectly sound, although 10 to 12 minutes is rather on the scanty side for any but freshly picked and rather thin green asparagus.

A small quantity of cooked asparagus tips, particularly the small thin ones which are often sold very cheaply, make a first-class garnish for eggs *en cocotte* with cream.

Les Poireaux

LEEKS

Leeks are tiresome to clean, but once ready they seldom need more than 10 minutes' cooking. Trim off all the coarse green part of the leaves, the outside covering of the white part, and the root. Cut all the leaks to approximately the same length. Make a cross-cut on the top of each. Hold them under a running cold tap for a few seconds, then turn them upside down and shake them. Leave them, heads downward, in a jug or saucepan of fresh cold water for half an hour before cooking them. Any grit left in the leeks will by then have seeped out or become apparent in little dark patches under the outer leaves. If it is difficult to get at, make a little slit along the leek and rinse it again.

Poireaux au Vin Rouge

LEEKS WITH RED WINE

Unexpectedly, perhaps, when wine is to be used in the cooking of leeks, the French always use red rather than white wine.

Choose small leeks, all of a size. Having cut them down almost to the white part and cleaned them thoroughly, put them side by side in a frying pan in which you have heated 3 or 4 tablespoons of olive oil. As soon as they have taken colour on one side, turn them over. Season with very little salt. Pour over them, for 1 lb. of leeks, a wineglass of red wine (look out for the spluttering), let it bubble, add 2 tablespoons of good meat stock, or water if no stock is available, cover the pan and cook at a moderate pace for 7 to 10 minutes, turning the leeks over once during the process. They are done when a skewer pierces the root end quite easily. Put the leeks on a shallow oval dish, cook the sauce another few seconds until reduced and pour it over the leeks.

Serve hot as a separate vegetable course, or cold as an hors d'œuvre. This is an example of a dish for which one would not buy wine specially, but which is delicious if you happen to have a glass to spare. It is a dish of particularly beautiful appearance, with the green of the leeks and the dark purple of the wine sauce.

Pommes de Terre à l'Ardennaise

POTATOES WITH JUNIPER BERRIES

This is a curious recipe but extremely good if you like the pungent flavour of juniper berries.

Peel a pound or so of potatoes and shred them as fine as matches, on the fluted blade of the *mandoline*, or alternatively on a coarse grater. Put them in a sieve or colander and rinse them thoroughly under running cold water to get rid of the starch. Shake them dry in a cloth. Heat a couple of ounces of butter and a spoonful of olive oil (to prevent the butter's burning) in a heavy frying pan. Put in your potatoes and let them stew rather than fry in the butter. Add a seasoning of salt, freshly-milled pepper, and half a dozen crushed or chopped juniper berries. Turn the potatoes over from time to time. When they have amalgamated into a mass and are quite tender, turn them on to a hot flat dish and, on top, put whatever meat or poultry they are to accompany—veal cutlets, a roast, fried or grilled chicken, grilled pork chops.

Sauté de Carottes et Pommes de Terre

SAUTÉ OF CARROTS AND POTATOES

This is a delicious and simple vegetable dish which goes equally well with a roast of lamb, a chicken, or a beef stew.

To 1 lb. of rather large new potatoes, you need ¼ lb. of carrots, 2 or 3 shallots or little onions, parsley, seasonings, and about 2 oz. of butter. Boil the scraped potatoes and carrots separately in salted water until they are only two-thirds cooked. Drain them and cut the potatoes into inch squares and the carrots into thick strips. Chop the peeled shallots or onions, mix all together, and finish cooking them in a frying pan in the foaming butter, turning the vegetables over and over, and shaking the pan until they are all buttery and beginning to turn crisp. Then lower the heat and cook gently until the potatoes and carrots are tender. Stir in a little chopped parsley just before they are served.

Pommes Fondantes

POTATOES COOKED IN BUTTER

This is a good example of the method by which potatoes are cooked in butter without first being boiled.

Choose small new potatoes all of a size and, to cook them in, a heavy pan in which they will all fit in one layer. In this pan heat one ounce of butter for each pound of potatoes, put in the potatoes, cover the pan and leave over a very gentle flame, simply shaking the pan from time to time to make sure they don't stick. After 15 minutes, turn them over very carefully, cook another 5 to 10 minutes and test with a skewer to see that they are done. Salt them before serving.

Pommes Purée *or* Pommes Mousseline

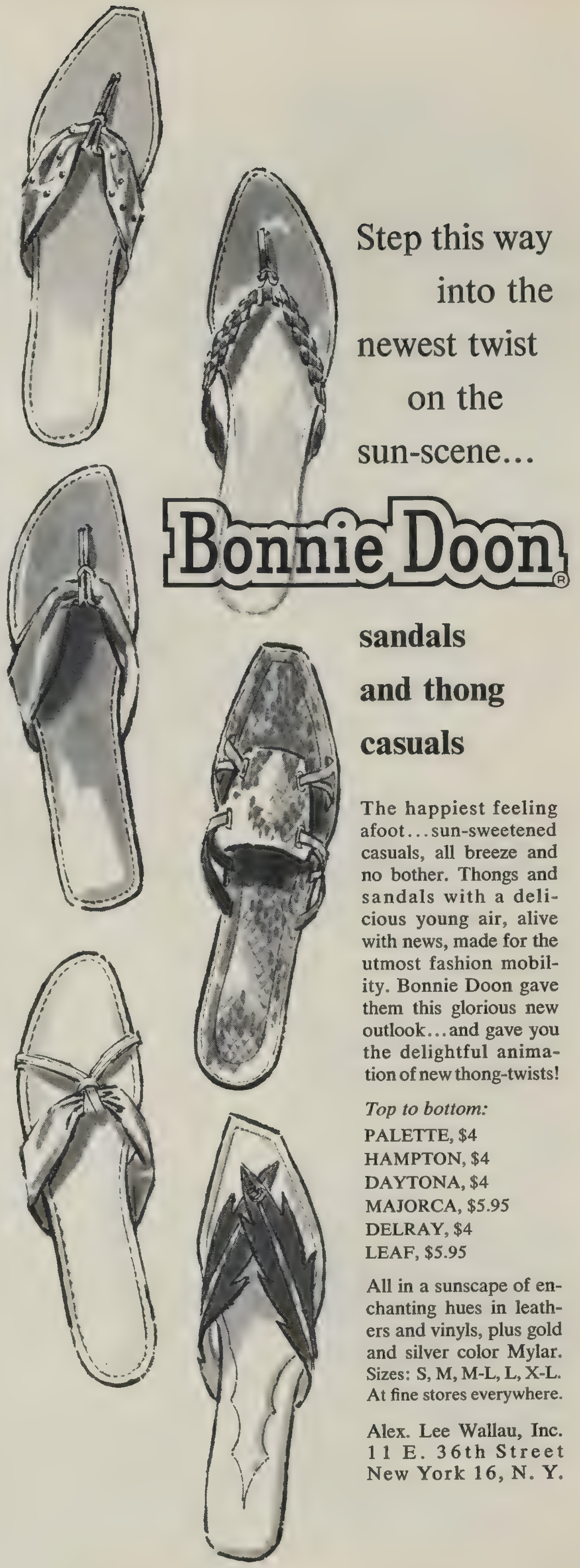
POTATO PURÉE

Cook 2 lbs. of good quality potatoes in their skins, either in the oven or in a small amount of water. It makes a great difference to the ultimate consistency of the purée if the potatoes are quite dry when cooked. If they become waterlogged to start with, it is impossible to obtain a good purée.

Having skinned the potatoes as soon as they can be handled, either sieve them through a *mouli* or mash them with a wooden masher or a heavy wire whisk. Gradually add half a cup of very hot milk, whisking with great thoroughness; season; beat in 2 oz. of softened butter and whisk and whisk until your arm aches. Only in this manner can you get a really light purée, but the whole operation should also be done with as much speed as possible.

Many French cooks have remarked upon the difference between the English and French methods of making a potato purée, stressing the fact that whereas the French like theirs to be very creamy and on the runny side, the English one is a much more solid affair. Carême, whether by accident or design one can not quite be sure, calls English potato purée *mass*-potatoes.

Some French cooks like to use stock or broth instead of milk when making their purée, which certainly makes it a little lighter, although it then loses its creamy whiteness.



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BY LORD KILBRACKEN

Some years ago I was walking with my brother, at just this time of year, in the mountains of Vaucluse somewhere between Aix-en-Provence and Avignon. Rounding a rocky corner, we came to an expanse of ground, triangular in shape and perhaps three or four acres in extent, which had been painfully cultivated. The mountains rose steeply from it on all sides, but here, with much labour, the red earth had been compelled to bring forth a useful crop; it was a sudden level valley, semi-fertile, 1,000 feet or more above the prolific plain.

At the apex of the triangle we could see the white cottage, completely cut off from the world, in which—we rightly guessed—lived the owner of these hard hectares. We headed on towards it. The principal crop was grapes, and the well-tended vines stretched in dead-straight lines away from us. It was the time of the *vendange*, and harvesting, we could tell, had been in progress all day. But now the sun had fallen behind the peaks and the vineyard was empty. I began to wonder idly about the economics of viticulture, and to speculate on what kind of living could be scratched from such terrain. When we reached the cottage, we saw that the owner was standing beside it, watching us; a little later, we had fallen into conversation with him.

His name was Antonio; he was a short man, little over five-foot-four, but stout and strong, and with a cheerful round face burnt a very deep brown from his all-day, all-year travail on the land. He must have been in his late sixties. He wore rough working trousers, their turn-ups reddened with his own red clay, a collarless shirt, much-darned socks, and an old pair of slippers. He was, it turned out, Italian; he had come on foot from Tuscany as a young man, he told us, working here and there but always moving on, until he reached the village below us where my brother and I were staying. Here he had fallen in love with a beautiful, slender French girl "bien plus grande que moi," as he put it; he had wooed her, married her, and at once settled down.

That was forty years ago; after a decade or so he had saved enough francs to buy this property, and he had been there ever since. He was interested (and a little surprised) to learn that I, too, was a *cultivateur*, and for a while we compared notes on the respective methods and techniques employed in sun-drenched Vaucluse and rain-washed Leitrim, which could hardly have been more different. Antonio explained that his chief cash crop were the *primeurs:* the early vegetables such as artichokes and asparagus which fetched high prices on the Paris market, not to mention his cherries and his peaches.

He had a few chickens, he told me, and a goat, and half a dozen rabbits, for which he grew a small patch of lucerne. And then there were the sheep; he had grazing rights over the whole mountainside surrounding his little valley, which may well have totalled several thousand acres, but were mainly rock and crag with only occasional patches here and there of rough and wiry herbage.

"Regardez, monsieur," he said, and pointed with his stick high up into the mountains, where I could just detect his flock, 1,000 feet above us. "Il y en a une centaine...." They fended for themselves all round the year, he told me; he would climb to have a look at them perhaps every week or two.

But he said nothing of his grape crop, which occupied, quite clearly, the greater part of his holding.

It was at about this moment that his wife, Thérèse, who, we learned, had been milking the goat, appeared at the front door. The remnants of beauty were still clearly to be seen; and somehow it did not seem comical that she was a good six inches taller than her husband. What, she asked him, was he thinking of? Had he not the intention to invite the two *étrangers* to take a glass of wine? And so, a moment later, we were entering their living room, and Antonio went off to the cellar, deep-dug in the cool earth, returning with a large label-less bottle of his own homemade white wine. It was memorable: almost without colour, and unbelievably dry, and impeccably chilled. The glasses were emptied and filled again.

"But tell me, monsieur," I asked. "What happens to your grape crop?" The eyebrows of Antonio were raised a full inch.

"What *happens* to it?" he said. "Evidently, we drink it."

"*You* drink it? Yourself and madame? You drink the whole harvest?"

With a laugh he assured me that this was indeed the case. Between them, he calculated, they consumed anything, depending on thirst, from five to ten bottles a day—something in excess of 2,000 bottles a year, anyway. And, in a normal season, that was conveniently his total output.

There was now an unexpected interlude while I pondered this information. My brother had noticed an upright piano in a corner of the room and, at the third glass, asked madame if she played. She admitted it and, after a little persuasion, agreed to do so. Whereupon, without a score, she proceeded to play Beethoven. The only other sound, for fifteen minutes, was the occasional refilling of our wineglasses.

"But we live very well, monsieur," said Antonio, when he came back with the second bottle. "We have the *primeurs*, we have the fruit, we have the lambs, we have the wool; they bring in, between them, the little cash we need. From time to time, I kill a sheep; we have the milk, we have the eggs. *Naturellement*, as you see, we have the wine, and it is good wine. We have Beethoven. And we have one another. What more is there, monsieur, that any man could need?"

I was still pondering this question as we made our way back down the mountain path to the village, rather carefully, rather circumspectly, but at the same time rather dizzily, two bottles later. I'm still not sure of the answer.

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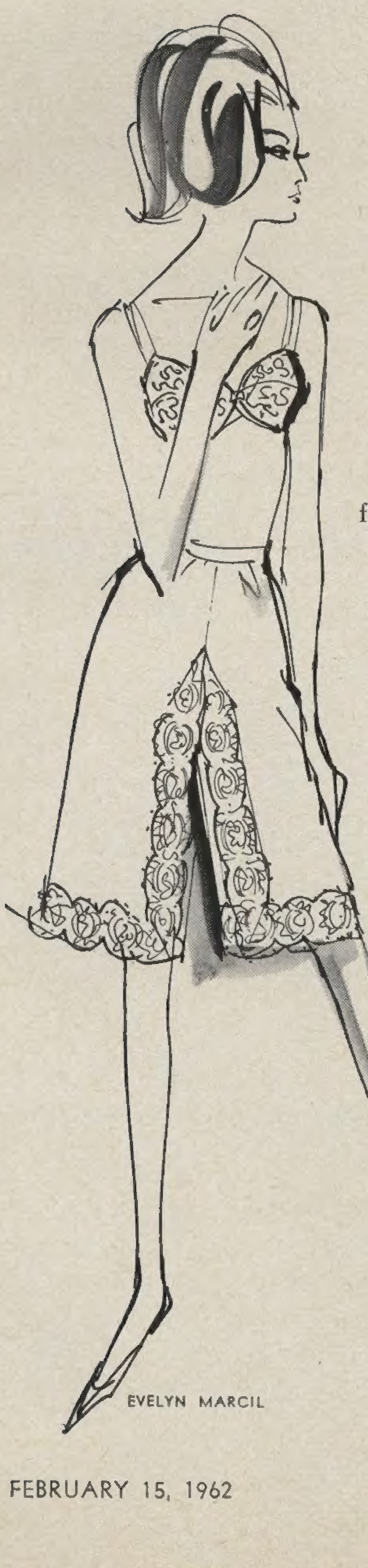

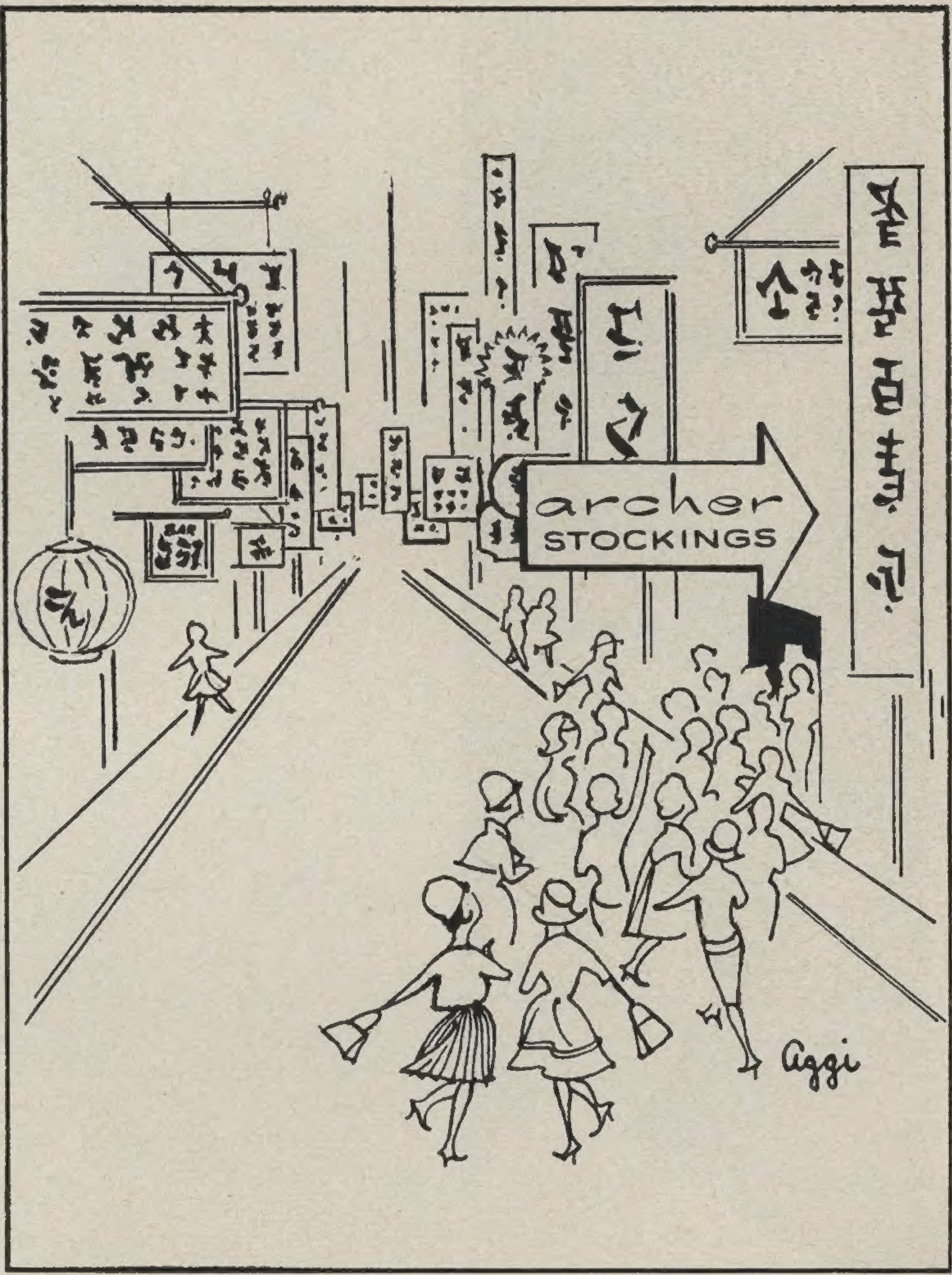

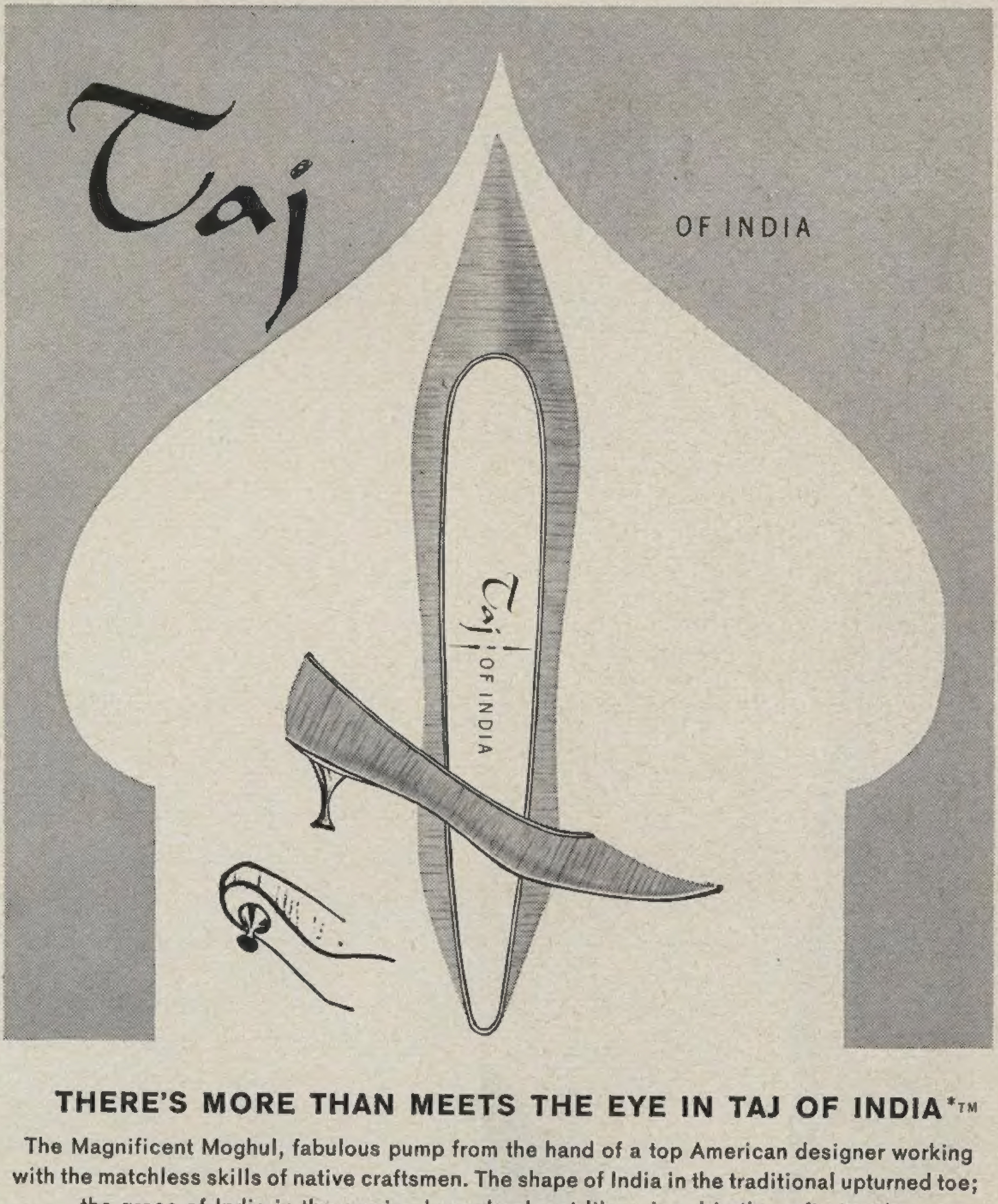

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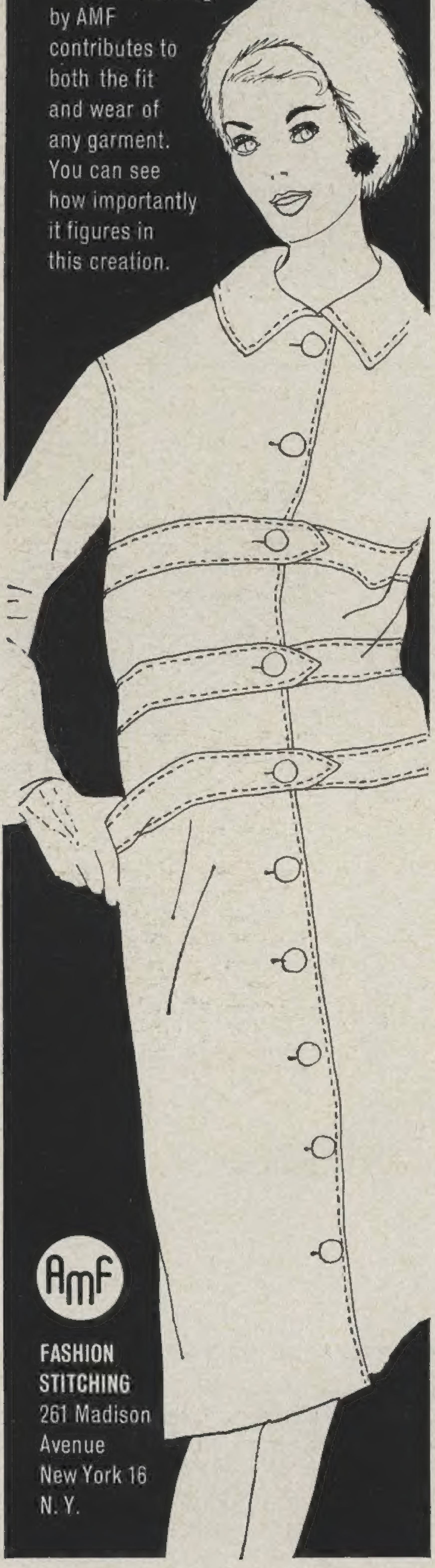

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SHOE DETAILS

PUMPKIN PYTHON *(Continued from page 58)* Margaret Jerrold opera pump at Rich's; Halle Bros.; Joseph Magnin.

SLIMMED-DOWN SHOE *(Continued from page 68)* Andrew Geller shoe at The Blum Store; Makoff. Gotham Gold Stripe stocking at Gladding's, Providence; Wanamaker's, Phila.

WALKING SUÈDE *(Continued from page 64)* Herbert Levine shoe at The Blum Store; B. Forman; Famous-Barr; Neusteters; Best's Apparel.

IN THE AIR *(Continued from page 117)* Johansen shoe at Spence Shoe Co., Knoxville; Sidney's, Roanoke. Hummingbird stocking at Rich's; Sanger-Harris.

Troylings opera pump at Macy's; Bamberger's. Bur-Mil Cameo stocking at Jordan Marsh, Miami; Halle Bros.; J. W. Robinson.

Walking shoe by Naturalizer at The Broadway. Round-the-Clock stocking at Sanger-Harris; J. W. Robinson.

Rinaldi opera pump at The Blum Store. Belle-Sharmeer stocking at Woodward & Lothrop; Meier & Frank; Bullock's, L.A.

Jacqueline shoe at Morehouse Fashions, Columbus, Ohio. Berkshire stocking (ready in early March) at Strawbridge & Clothier; Miller & Rhoads; J. W. Robinson.

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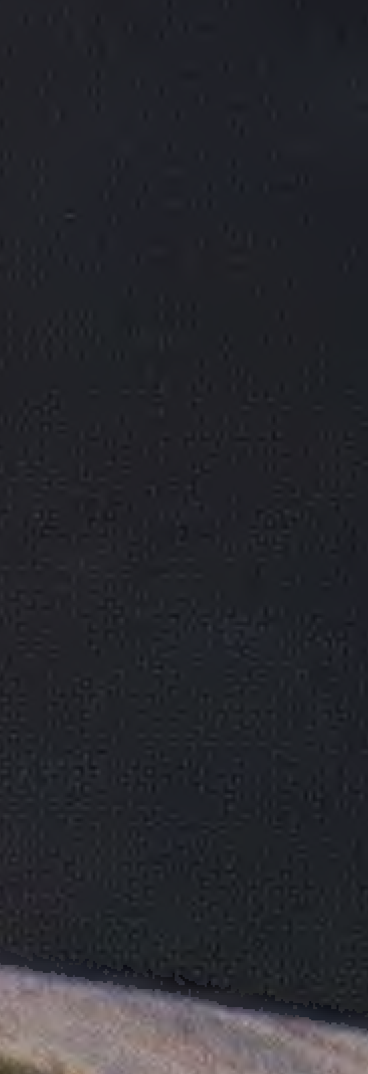
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